

Issue #21

ROCK AND ROLL

DÖPPE, NOIZMUNDA, HARDCORE F

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distribution

DISTRIBUTION: *Heartattack* wholesales for 5¢ plus postage.

America:	\$5 box = 30+ 'zines
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SUBSCRIPTIONS: *Heartattack* is basically free, but we have to pay a lot of postage to send them to you. So individual issues of HaC are available for \$1.50 each in the United States and for:

America:	\$1.50 each (1 copy)
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Back issues are available at this rate as well. When ordering please specify if you want a subscription or distribution, and which issue numbers you want. Make all checks or money orders payable to Ebullition, not HaC.

- #3-#6 the usual HaC shit
- #11 discussion about rape continues
- #15 the Steve Snyder highlight issue
- #16 discussion about rape continues
- #17 interview with 'zine editors
- #18 the sex issue
- #19 1997 Poll results
- #20 D.I.Y. issue

All other issues sold out.

PRINTING: HaC is printed with soya inks on recycled paper. Recycle it, don't toss it!

CLASSIFIEDS: Classifieds are \$3 each with a maximum length of 40 words. No exceptions to the 40 word limit. Cash only. Please, no more than 40 words per classified!

COMPUTER INFO: *Heartattack* is fully computerized... so if you can, please send all contributions on disk. You can use IBM or Macintosh disks, but please save all files as text only files!!! You can also submit via e-mail, but again please save all files as text only. If you don't have access to a computer or typewriter then use a pencil or pen.

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: *Heartattack* contains extremely small text in large abundance. Prolonged exposure may cause blindness, dizziness, bagel tossing, headaches, or anal leakage.

STORES

If you would like to get copies of *Heartattack* then please contact Ebullition Records at (805) 964-6111 or by fax at (805) 964-2310. Ebullition also distributes many of the records advertised and reviewed in HaC. If you know of a store in your area that should be carrying HaC or other Ebullition stuff then send the store's fax number or address to Ebullition.

Issue #21 • 11,000 copies
February, 1999

DEADLINES: *Heartattack* is a quarterly magazine. The actual issue will be out around the 10th of the following month.

January 1st	:	April 1st
July 1st	:	October 1st

ADVERTISING RATES: Advertising is available on a first come first serve basis, and please only one ad per person. All ads need to be in by the deadlines. We do reserve the right to reject any ad for any reason. Make all checks or money orders out to Ebullition, not *Heartattack*. If you send your ad in on disk then it needs to be saved as a TIFF or EPS file and usable with photoshop or pagemaker.

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CONTRIBUTIONS: We need articles, interviews, letters, and just about anything you can think of. Most of the things in *Heartattack* were just sent in by random people. You can do the same. We print what we like. Throw in some stamps if you want your shit back.

heartattack

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With eighteen hours left before UPS picks up HaC #21 for next day delivery to our printer I discover that there are two blank pages. I shuffle some elements around, and end up with a third page of blank space. I decide to write a column. I am left with nothing but artifice. The only words that come are regurgitated tripe. I am scratched and endlessly repeat myself.

The problem is that I can't get it out of my head. The need for meaning. The need for an end to the ambiguity. Everything comes back to the need to know, to understand, to belong.

I am influenced by lots of things, as long as those things relate to the question.

I've written five or six paragraphs going on columns in the last twelve hours. They all end up the same. Speculation on the meaning of life, and how to scratch the itch.

Like a blank page in a magazine, life is just empty space. You fill it with words or actions. Sometimes it has meaning and sometimes not.

One day you get to the last page and it ends.

I can't think beyond the void.

I am an intellectual thief. A pretentious one at that.

Space.

10:57 PM Sunday, January 31st, 1999. I restate my existence.

I await my epiphany. I wait and I wait. I find no solace in the nothing. The mystery taunts me. I glimpse a ray of truth, but it shimmers and vanishes. Learn to live with the question. I do that every day. But I still yearn.

My words haunt me: we can exist in ambiguity, but it means the deepest loneliness.

I seek an understanding. The frail flesh wilts and the ticktock rings louder with each passing breath. I need to know. No meaning. No value. Artifice.

Still, I love life. My last act of self-determination on hold.

And so I wait.



Women's Issue About Women's Issues

The next issue of *Heartattack* is going to be a theme issue dedicated to women's experiences both within and outside of the punk community. We are looking for submissions of all types—columns, articles, artwork, stories, etc. The deadline is April 1, 1999. Please get in touch if you have any questions or concerns—either through regular mail or you can e-mail Leslie at heartattack@ebullition.com

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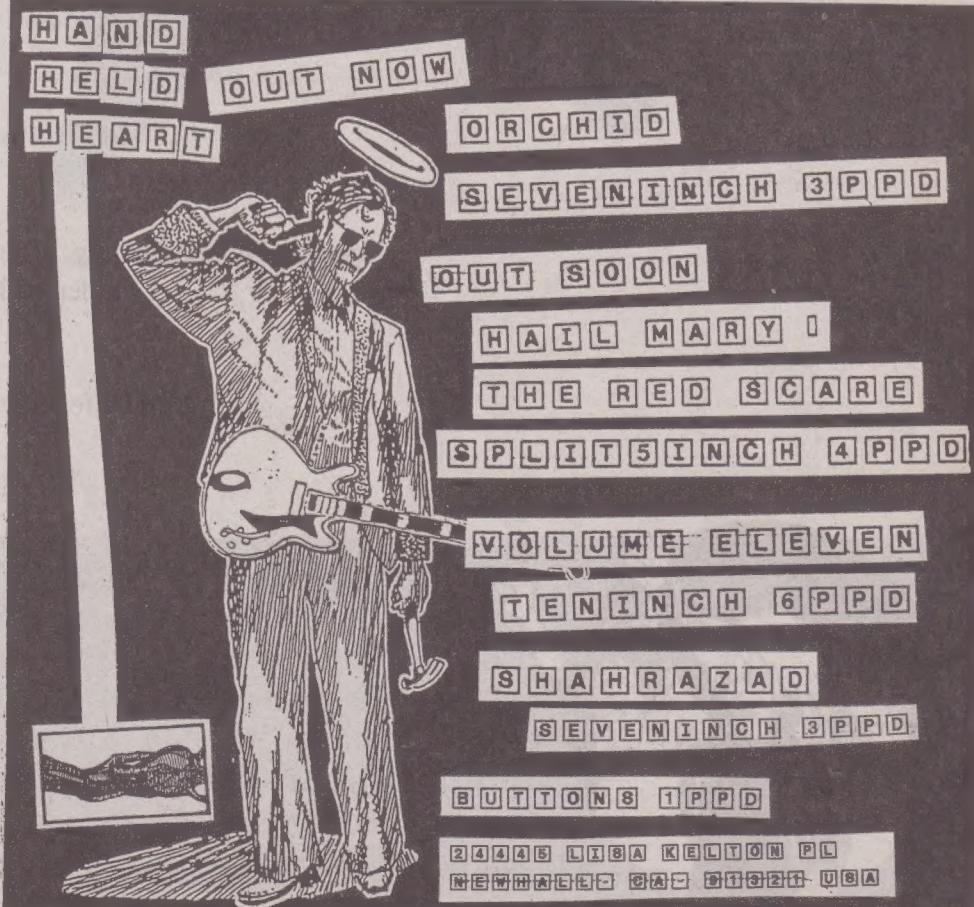


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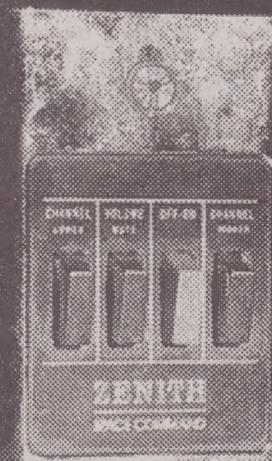
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"TRAGEDY"



In the late 1990s, hardcore has lost momentum. Bands are turning to other scenes to promote their music and, thus, watering down their ideas. With all of these mediocre bands watering down their music and message, there still are a few who inspire those who love hardcore. Born Dead Icons are one of these bands. Never compromising for a second, these kids are some of the nicest and most intelligent with whom you can talk. Read on as these ex-members of Drift let you know what's up. This interview was conducted by Greg with the help of Nathan and Will in Golden Park in Roanoke, Virginia in early August 1998 amidst swing sets and slides. — Greg; heretic@vt.edu

HaC: Names; instruments.

Alex: I'm Alex, and I play drums.

Phil: I'm Phil, and I play bass and scream.

Vince: I'm Vince, and I play guitar.

Francis: I'm Francis, and I play guitar.

HaC: How has the tour been?

A: Alright, but definitely not a good as last year was. We have nothing out, and maybe it wasn't such a good idea to go on tour without anything out. But, we had the chance to do it, and we had fun so it was worth it.

HaC: How did you guys come together after Drift broke up?

A: The drummer left. It was getting weird toward the end. We would try to write new songs, and nothing would come out. This happened during the first three or four months after we got back from last year's tour, so the drummer felt weird about being in the band. He left and we just wanted to go on and keep playing. I covered on drums.

HaC: What were some other crazier things you've seen touring the US?

A: The worst thing was in Texas when we arrested for swimming in a public pool. There were six police cars and just four of us jumping out of the pool and over a fence, and they were screaming things at us. Then they put us in jail, and we each had to pay a thousand bucks each just to get out. I know that if we had been caught by the police in Canada jumping a fence and swimming in a swimming pool at night that they would have just reprimanded us, and at the worst fined us, but not more than ninety bucks.

HaC: You guys have crossed the border several times. Is it hard as a band to come to the United States from Canada or vice versa? I know of a lot of bands that have problems doing that. How do you guys normally go about doing that?

P: We're always freaked out just before [we cross]. We always stop before the border and talk about a story that is going to make sense and that everybody is going to say the same thing if we get pulled over. We've never had much of a problem. **A:** We always change our clothes and show papers that we can do shows in the states. Each time we have always been lucky, like this year they didn't even have us go to the "office" because usually, like last year when we crossed to go into the US, two times we had to park the van and go to the "office" and they checked our identifications. But, this year, she just said we should have our birth certificates next time.

P: The story this year was that we had a show in Canada, and we were crossing the border to save money on gas.

A: But, last year, we had to cross twice because we went into the US and then back to Canada and back to the US from Vancouver, and we had a fake recording contract to do that, but we just said we were going to record and they never asked for it. That time we put the t-shirts in the guitar cabinets. We just unscrewed the back of the cabinets and put our t-shirts into them, and I don't think that was a good idea because if they found out...

P: The thing is that if you go to cross at the border and they like you then they are going to let you

pass and if they want to they can pull you over and harass you.

A: It's all about the impression you give them because when we crossed back we had problems at the border. You are allowed to have service in French or English, and our drummer was driving. He asked for service in French, and the guard seemed kind of pissed about it because they had to get another guy that could speak French, so they had us pull over and they searched our van for half an hour and asked us all kinds of questions and had us in their "office." They fucked with us, but I guess that was just because they were pissed. That's the only time we've had trouble getting back into Canada. I guess they were looking for drugs or something.

HaC: So you had to give them the right impression?

A: Yeah. That's the better thing to do. We played with Jesuit in Florida, and they went to Canada to play a few shows. They were on tour with Botch and Botch just crossed really easily. They (Jesuit) tried to cross the border, and they asked if they had anything to declare and they said "oh alcohol" and stuff like that, and they pulled them over. They found all of their shirts and records and were like "you should've declared that" and they had them pay tax for it. They even fined them for not having declared it in the first place.

HaC: Yeah. Someone told me a story of Matt Weeks, the guy who does Council Records, went to the Toronto Fest one year, and he had all of his stuff. They fined the crap out of him for it and seized all of his stuff.

A: Someone told me a story of some band trying to go two years ago to the festival in Toronto, and the flyer had the prime minister of Ontario on it with a target on his face, and when they found the flyer, they banned them for five years. They don't have the right to go back into Canada.

P: They always say "If we find out you are playing in the US, you're going to get in trouble," but they're not going to find out about a punk band playing in a small place.

A: Because we don't have a permit to work in the US, I think if they found out that we were playing shows here and making money then we could be fined up to \$15,000 or something.

HaC: Wow.

A: I don't think that's ever happened to anybody.

J: When Born Against played in Sherbrook, they even changed their name. They freaked out and got a new name for the Canada. [laugh]

HaC: It's pretty obvious you guys have been into punk rock and hardcore for a long time. How have you seen it evolve and change or has it changed at all?

A: Yeah, it has. Especially this year or maybe last year too. I think people are getting jaded. It seems like not a lot of people are getting into it, and a lot of people are getting into indie rock and more stuff like that. You see a lot of people going to shows, but there is not a lot of interaction. They just go there because their friends are there.

HaC: It's like a habit almost.

All: Yeah...

HaC: Do you think there are a lot of bands who are using the hardcore community?

A: Yeah. It seems like a lot of bands are just using it just to do something that has nothing to do with the hardcore community, and there's starting to be more... well I guess it's always been like that, but there's a lot of divisions. People are into this kind of music, and they hate the people who are into that kind of music. It's like a lot of people who find out a band talks about politics are like "Oh, we're not really into that. We're just into rocking."

HaC: Just rocking out?

A: Yeah, and I'm not saying that's bad. It just kind of sucks. It can be really positive when there's

a message, not just some music and some shows. **HaC:** It's kind of what separates punk from the other musical genres.

A: Without politics, it's just going to be like the mainstream and like other music circles.

HaC: It becomes less enlightening. Do you guys still have faith in DIY: having records and shirts, etc., and using those to help tour? Can you tell a difference between when you had more stuff to sell and this year?

A: Yeah, in a way, it's our money on this tour because the shows just really pay for gas. The money we get for the shirts just pay for those since we made a hundred of them.

[this is discussed for a bit then the conversation moves forward a bit...]

P: We talked with some band, and they told us that some label is going to give them 1000 bucks for going on tour.

A: When the label, Hydra Head, signs their bands they give them \$1000 just for signing the contract. I think Jesuit got like \$2500 to go on tour just to buy a van. I think that it still can be done without having any support like that because that's what we did. Nobody knows us, and we went on tour. I think it's good in a way, but when too many bands do it, that's when people lose interest. When there's too many bands touring and there's five shows a week, sometimes people get bored and lose interest, and I think that's a bad thing. Bands should wait to go on tour. Maybe we should have waited.

HaC: Do you think paying bands to go on tour and other such things like that is trappings of the mainstream in the punk community? Do you think that high door prices and glossy stickers and press photos are what's killing hardcore in a way?

A: Definitely. For some labels to give money like that to tour, I guess they say it's part of their budget. They say it's marketing money to give bands money to tour so they can sell more records. It's not about doing something you're really into. It's just about selling records.

HaC: It's not about ideas or issues. It's just about making money.

P: That's why we want to do records with someone we know and not a major or some big label person you don't know who gives you money for being a product.

A: When it's about signing contracts and having a lawyer to ensure a good deal, I don't think that's what hardcore is about. It's just about friends and getting some ideas expressed. If you get someone you trust to put out your records, you have to make sure that you share these ideas with that person.

HaC: Do you still talk about fucked up things in this world in this band as you did in Drift? For instance, on the first [Drift] 7" you have a song about working and how it's all pretty much like slavery. Is it more like that...

A: It's pretty much the same really. Most of the lyrics we have right now are all about working.

P: We were supposed to have lyric sheets tonight, but we didn't have time because the show was starting at eight. [laughter all around due to the untimeliness of the show and the slackness of the promoter]

A: You see everybody going to school all day long, and they see all the things they could do in life. Then, they start working until do so until they are sixty and then they realize they've done nothing all of their life except work for something they'll never get because they're too old to do what they really wanted to do with their life. I think that's very fucked up. Everybody wants to believe that it's normal to work their entire life for some good that they really don't need.

P: ...and at the same time you give money to the person who you work for.

HaC: You are part of the machine that keeps on moving, and you thus sell you labor to the person



BORN

who owns the means of production. That person does nothing and makes money off your labor. I guess that's the whole basis of capitalism.

A: When you think about it, with the knowledge and advances there are today, if we were working for the really necessary things like... because most people are working so that other people make money. It's not a job like producing vegetables.

HaC: There's no...

Will: subsistence. Working to make money and shit like that...

HaC: There's building of capital. There's no business working to build parks for kids so that they have some kind of recreation that is sort of positive. It seems like to me that all that work is



DEAD

building capital for some higher up guy and that person is rich beyond belief, unhappy beyond belief and has a shitty life just like everyone else because he is fucking so many people over. He doesn't even realize it and just has so much shit that he doesn't want or need. He cannot buy what he truly desires.

A: I think people are really trapped into it because they have been taught since they were born that working is what there is in life and if those people were just to imagine working for something that was necessary, they would get freaked out just imagining losing their comfort. For them having a job is a security thing. They always need to have



ICONS

money to buy a car or something like that.

HaC: It seems the more money people are making the more they try to live beyond their means through credit and everything like that, so everyone that's a worker has to keep on working harder and harder just to keep above the debt and stay alive even. They're so acclimated to their standard of living and way of life that they have to work harder and harder until they just die.

A: You ask somebody: "Why are you working?" and they reply, "What would I be doing if I wasn't working?"

Will: Like my Dad, he works twelve hours a day, five days a week, driving trash trucks, and now he is on vacation and he has no time for relaxation because of all the plans he made to get done during vacation.

HaC: You can only do so much with your free time.

Nathan: You can do anything.

Will: It traps you in a town you don't want to be in. You can't travel. You can't do anything.

A: A week ago, we were in Tampa, and we were looking at people sitting on the side of the beach doing nothing and were discussing that these people work the entire year waiting for two weeks of vacation, and they just go sit on the beach doing nothing. If that's what it's like to work a full year then I don't want to do it. I want to do what we're doing. It must suck to be them.

HaC: What do think of the American lifestyle compared to what you've seen in your country? Do you think it is overly excessive?

A: In Canada, the lifestyle is pretty similar to here. Maybe in Quebec it's a little different because they were colonized by French people whereas the rest of Canada was colonized by the English. The most different is in the south like in Arizona and Texas where people are more redneck and more conservative. That and Canada are definitely different, like seeing some cowboys in a jacked up pickup. [laughter]

HaC: So you guys have had some crazy redneck encounters down here?

A: We saw some in Arizona because we had van trouble, and we had the van towed to a garage. There was a real redneck convenience store there. There were pictures of Bill Clinton, like fake pictures [inaudible], and some guys came in with guns on their belts and said, "Be careful. There's some ammo in there." [laughter from the Roanoke kids] They were selling some military crap like empty bombs and bullet shells. There are some people like that in Canada, but not as much and they get more shit for being like that in Canada where I guess in the South everybody is like that [laughter from the three southerners]. It's hard to tell, but, in general, just from Quebec compared to Ontario people tend to be more conservative in Quebec like about religion. In Quebec, all the churches are closing down because nobody believes in religion anymore. The government gives them money to stay open because they say they are cultural buildings. When compared to here, everywhere we go there's some...

P: "I Love Jesus" sticker.

A: Some signs on the side of the street that say "Jesus loves me" or maybe something like that will happen in Quebec in a short time. I think there is some conservative wave that is coming. From what I see, America really gets

more and more right wing.

P: When I'm here, I'm always thinking about how America has its hand everywhere in the world. They want to control everything.

A: Yeah. You see all of this, and, at the same time, you think the rest of the world is kind of paying for this. For Canada too. Pretty much for the whole western world.

P: There's someone paying for this right now in the world.

HaC: With their lives, I guess.

A: Yeah.

P: Yeah.

A: I guess Canada is just as fucked up as the US. There used to be a lot of social programs, like more than the US, like nationalized healthcare and the welfare system. But, even in Canada, people are trying to abolish most of these things, and I guess that's because of US influence. The same conservatism that I was talking about before results in this.

HaC: Like the United States' form of imperialism creates this...

P: We're kind of like the butts of the United States in Canada. We're always doing the same thing in international affairs. We do the same thing the US wants us to do.

A: The only thing the two governments disagree on is trading agreements and the Cuban question; like the Canadian government has no problem trading with them. I guess every government has that question on their minds right now. Other countries will probably want the embargo ended, but if the Congress from here gets pissed about it then the other countries will probably back down.

HaC: The globalization of American corporations is forcing different countries to bend to their will because they're so dependent on what America gives them and only allows them to have. It seems like the whole deal with Cuba has to do with the US being pissed because Cuba's like, "Well, fuck you guys. We'll keep socialism in our country, and we won't back down." I guess that can be seen as a bad thing because Fidel is speaking for the people but the Cubans love Fidel because no one starves or goes uncared for due to neglect. But, they're getting choked out economically by the rest of the world because America has so much control over the Canadian government and Latin American governments, etc.

A: Just before we went on tour we went to a conference where Ché Guevara's daughter was doing a small tour in Canada. She was mostly doing a conference that was pro-Cuba. There were people there from Bosnia and South American countries, and they said for them that Cuba was a "light" that they always follow, and I think that's what the US government is afraid of because it is an example of other countries that they can make it without relying on American corporations.

HaC: Will you guys keep being involved in punk in the future?

A: Yeah because, for me, hardcore has done a lot for me. I wouldn't be a vegetarian if it wasn't for hardcore, and I know there are a lot of people right now that have lost faith in it, but I still think that there are a lot of people that do care. I don't expect that everybody who gets into hardcore is going to act on these ideas that are made known, but they are at least exposed and some people are going to take what they have learned even further.

HaC: Anything else?

P: Yeah. We've been thinking about this on tour, and our roadie is from Seattle and Tooth And Nail, the christian label, is from there. I think that all of the christian bands and this christian label have nothing to do with punk because religion has nothing to do with it. Fuck them. [laughter from all]

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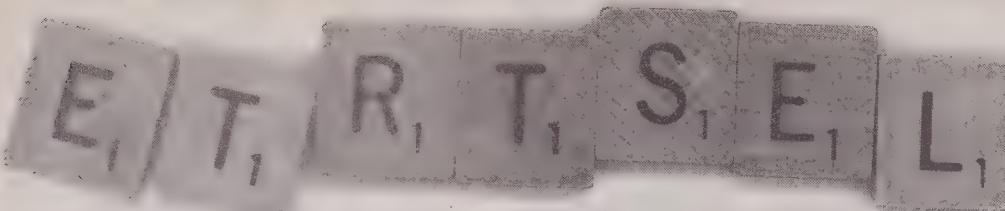
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Dear *Heartattack*,

I was very interested in the DIY issue. I think about this a lot. DIY has meant pretty much everything BUT business to me for the last 10 years or so, having been more on the support staff than an actual "DO-ER"—making food, having guests, listening to practice tapes, paying tour phone bills, going to shows, advising cover art, lyric ideas and general ranting and raving and so on. So my role has been more of the informed insider/outsider to those around me who are and have been more deeply immersed in the biz side of things. What Kent outlined most clearly has been one of my biggest observations, that of Compromise. I see it, hear it and smell it all over the legacy of the last 5 years or so of DIY and particularly in the submissions of issue #20. Really thinking about compromise, I think you have to come to terms with what you are willing to give up in order to reach the desired end. Why am I alluding to compromise being "bad"? Because I have seen it cause the slow leak of genuine creative and heartfulness in our expression, not to mention suck the spark out of too many awesome people.

I have worked for small businesses for about 15 years now and have watched some really nice, well intentioned folks become either totally broke failures or complete assholes—exactly the opposite of their initial stated goals and desires—virtually because capitalism just isn't ultimately flexible, rather, it is what it is at its core and while it may adapt in order to survive, it has no intentions of transforming into something pliable and humane. I have seen first hand, over and over, from friends doing 'zines to record labels to record stores to xyz small projects that business is in the business of growth, of sustaining itself in light of competition.

I think a lot of people start businesses in hopes to really do it differently, to really have this streamlined way of spreading the word, so to speak, and because our cutting edge community has been noticed as a niche market for growth, capital swells in response. People have made money and the word has spread. But as new niche markets emerge, the money and inertia goes away, and the reality of sustaining this trip gets less clear and easy, and the bottom line ends up being the focus of our pursuits, not getting the music or whatever, to the kids. When we start businesses as a way of building infrastructure to our community/ies we risk supplanting our drive to help build community with once again the dreaded bottom line.

It is a crazy cycle I watch daily at the homespun hippy/punk biz I work for now. Even though the 26 year old boss knows all the words to the Faith and Soulside songs, he still acts and decides in the interest of his biz—it's health and longevity are what is important, make no mistake about it.

So when I read folks stressing about infusing ethics into business practices, I have to sigh because I just see it as this huge oxymoron.

I respect those who try to do good to their employees and not exploit their customers, in fact as a worker I expect it, but really, the nature of the game does not allow for either, in fact it thrives on disregard for both. Try to inject a conscience and you'll go out of business or have to scale back to a point that won't sustain itself for very long, I have seen it dozens of times. The business game makes sense when you are inside of it, and it creeps up on you and before you know it, its big money and big decisions and not a lot of time or space to be ethical. The elements that have your attention are the economics of a press run, the draw of this band versus that band, the salability of this image over that image, rather than the intact creative process that is allowed to emerge in projects not hemmed in by market dictates and bottom lines.

But hey, I understand not wanting to work for the man, so you make a living off of something you love, sounds great but really, you have only eliminated the middleman, so to speak, and are now a little more

directly involved in getting money to survive. What is the alternative? Working shit jobs and spending that money on these projects has been the option/reality for many, including myself. I have financed countless tours, vans, shows and 'zines. It has been sometimes quite painful, but always "worth it" in the long run. Funny how there was a time not so long ago when this approach was seen as dreaded middle class crapola and being an entrepreneur was the radical model of survival, never an end to ironies.

But of course, this small approach really requires that things like bands and 'zines stay small, national tours are harder to finance as are printing, postal costs etc. When faced with the "why not use big distro" arguments in the past, I have always argued that smaller is better and the myth that supports the need for big/major distribution is that some lonely kid with a lot of unmined potential will stumble upon the 7inch that will change her life. This may have been the case for a lot of us, 15 or 20 years ago, but it really underestimates the creativity and power of concentrated local energy and scenes. Big and wide does not necessarily mean good. It relies on big business to get our word out which, as Ebullition has proven, isn't necessary or even desirable. For better or worse, the kids take good care of each other, and it is up to us to spread our inspiration to those outside the circuit, by being sharing and communicative members of our communities. By giving a shit and getting excited about what we can do... and doing it. This whole hardcore scene has never been about just music, even if it feels that way more often than not.

I know too well that observations and critical thinking don't do anything if they just spill out and have nothing to offer in return. Just as Kent rethought and invigorated a new way of distributing records many moons ago, I think it is time to rethink and get active in the new something or other, whatever it is that's relevant to us now. The music oriented, creative community of hopefully politically minded young and young at heart people listen up! We don't have to compromise those values that are non-negotiable. I don't know what it will look like or how it will be, but a big change is coming. I believe it starts in asking yourself, how do I want to live? What will it require for me to live a dignified life? The answers will lead to the plans. It is time to say bye to DIY and hello to DIT, do it together. Sorry no concrete solutions are coming out of this long winded letter, just know I am working hard to keep on keeping on, and I hope you are, too. Thanks, Carrie Crawford/3269 25th St./San Francisco, CA 94110.

Heartattack,

Is DIY dead? No, I don't think so, I just don't think anyone gives a shit about it. Honestly, when was the last time you saw a flier for some band you've never heard of that was playing in some kid's garage for a buck a pop and decided to yourself, "Hey, I think maybe I'll go check these guys out." I can guarantee you the majority of you haven't. To me records aren't DIY unless you, the band, or one of those "unofficial" members who's at every practice and a good friend, designs the covers, labels, inserts, records it in yer fuckin bedroom/living room and pays for it out of yer own pocket. Don't get me wrong, I love records and all, but I still say anyone who accepts an offer from a label they don't know or even one they do, but don't know the guy personally, is not doing it themselves.

It all boils down like this: if you're in a band, you're in it for some type of success or acceptance, no one wants their band to be hated by everyone. To attain this goal it is damn near fucking impossible to do it all yourself. The bands that do do it all themselves, no one ever gives a shit about, because there's so much shit it's pretty much impossible to devote all the time and money needed to make the band survive.

Unless you're from Nashville you've probably never heard of Brazen Youth, the Cheapshots,

Junkie War Stories, Team AIDS (they were actually from Illinois), Of His Own Hand, or a shitload of other great bands that fell because no one came to see them because they didn't have a record on Whatevthefuck Records or an ad in *Coolestzineever* or whatever. The demos that the HaC crew seem to hate reviewing so much (but still do, which is largely the reason I respect them so much) and that HaC readers probably never even glance at are the ones who are out there doing it themselves, though most of the readers will never know it because they're too busy cranking the new record by a band they don't even know the name of, because the only reason they bought it is cause it's on that hip new label run by Johnny Superedge from Murder All The Potheads or something like that.

Like I stated earlier, I don't have a problem with all these labels, but if you're looking for DIY, it's there you just aren't lookin' in the right places. Well, that's about it for me. If you'd like to discuss this further and have me prove you wrong some more, feel free to write me at Michael O'Flinn/103 Seward St./Smyrna, TN 37167; TUMMLER@webtv.net

Heartattack,

After reading the thoughts on DIY, I thought this would be a good time to respond. All too often in our so called "scene" people seem to end their DIY ethics when the music stops. I cannot understand how people can denounce big business while asking their buddy for a Marlboro.

People think that just recording their records DIY really fucks up big business. Most recordings are only DIY on a single tier in that it is paid for by the band or band's "DIY" label. In order for this to be brought up to the second tier, the materials could have been obtained by the bands to produce the record. The third tier would be to actually mine the resources and to print the inserts, make the materials to print the insert, make the machine to make the paper for it, make oil drilling equipment with the parts for it that you machined just for the little energy needed to press the records.

Of course this isn't feasible! That's why different companies do different things. Part of the positivity in the DIY music scene is that most of the bands in it are making the music that they like, not what will sell.

I'm not trying to tell you to be entirely DIY or anything, hell I basically live off mushroom and oriental Ramen noodles when I'm poor. That's a huge company. I'm just trying to tell people to take their DIY music idealism into other aspects of everyday life. Whenever you have to purchase anything, try to buy from a mom and pop store rather than Wal-Mart, even if what you buy is manufactured by a huge company. Just help out the little guy more often even if the price is a couple cents more, grow a garden, don't shop at the mall for pants, go to a small store or a thrift shop.

I'm not above all this. I started Brail Apparel last year because I was fed up with the current crop of all this sweatshop produced fad-induced clothes that dominate our marketplace. I said fuck big business, I'll print my own shirts. That's fucking DIY, right? I used Fruit of the Loom shirts to print on, am I still saying fuck you to big business? As I said before, it's futile to avoid all big business but clearly a better effort could have been made on my part to find print platforms rather than Fruit of the Loom. Every little part that can be done to bring the DIY scene onto a second or higher tier will have much more of an impact than to simply pay to record music. It helps to keep out influence of big business in our scene but people could do much more in terms of the music scene and other areas of life.

Send a stamp for info on Brail and stickers. I'm putting a 'zine together after water damage destroyed the master copy of the last one. Please send anything you'd like to contribute to it, or just to write: Ryan Worcester/4 Birch Lane/Wells, ME 04090.

Heartattack,

After reading over HaC's coverage of DIY today, it bred quite a few thoughts and ideals in this kid's head. Some commentary served only to reinforce ideals that I've held onto for years, some statements actually changed my point of view on things.

A true learning experience. And although I write for a magazine which revolves around the same Hardcore scene all of us love to rant and rave about, I didn't think that would be the correct avenue for response. As I've always stated, complaints should be addressed directly with those you are complaining about. Read on to learn more...

I've only been truly involved with the hardcore scene for about three years now. I'm always looking to learn more about the ethics associated with labels or bands. While I have found my own opinions and ethics to differ in method from quite a few of the kids out there, I've never felt the need to shove such beliefs onto anyone else. Although I may protest others' opinions, and will debate the topic with anyone who wishes, what must take place, above and beyond anything else, is for me to uphold these beliefs. It's the only way I can be true to myself. The way I've always felt is that I will think what I think until someone else is able to show me a reason to think differently. That has been known to happen; there was a time when I saw nothing wrong with purchasing or producing merchandise for a band, which Fugazi has stood against since their incarnation. When I realized just how harmful such a thing can be, I walked outside of my workplace and peeled every music-associated sticker I had from the back of my car. There is nothing wrong with change. Someone else may offer a perspective to you that had been previously unrealized. Such is the case concerning the bar code debate. McClard has an excellent point regarding the imprinting of such codes on an actual CD case. It detracts from whatever art the band/label had originally intended for the package. What it does not symbolize are a person's ideals or standards regarding the music scene nor the music they make. It does not prove one goddamn thing about anyone. To believe otherwise is ridiculous, and what's truly sick is to see that so many people have created a standard based on one person's opinion, rather than formulate their own. There is no difference between the kid who swallows everything the media tells him and the kid who swallows everything a punk rock icon tells him. Either way it's a demonstration of blind acceptance.

While most of McClard's ideals seem that they would have made sense when first occurred to him, a few moments of steady thought process would display that they are merely reactionary, and in many senses, retroactive. Whether for or against these ideals, I'm forced to admit that they come across like that of a kid learning about the way oil companies are run for the first time—shocked disbelief, followed by the immediate reaction to boycott the use of oil (a boycott that usually lasts for about three days.) I can see McClard coming up with all of this stuff at about age 14 or so and sticking to it ever since. It was nice to see his explanation for the things he believes precluding the article, however, as it's quite obvious that he has reconsidered on certain aspects. Now, for the individual deconstruction:

Ads. I am surprised to see that this is perhaps one of the first times McClard has gone through and seen what he has really thought about the advertisements he takes. The immediate example would be Crank! Records. The small fanzine that I write for recently spoke with Jeff Matlow of Crank!—a label we previously supported. Jeff asked if we would like to do an interview with Mineral. First of all, we did one about a year ago—thanks for noticing. Secondly, Mineral called it quits almost a year ago. The point of interviewing them now would be...? In most cases, even from a strict “corporate” standpoint, this would only serve to detract from any musical projects the former members have gone onto, not to mention make them look foolish (they broke up due to “creative and personal differences”). Now I can’t think of a reason you would be a) formerly a member of this band, willing to do an interview about your past and ONLY your past or b) the owner of the label, sticking to your DIY ethic and simultaneously attempting to hype your new releases, yet promoting the PERSONAL aspects of a defunct band UNLESS this band’s farewell record was one of your newer releases, and your main interest is monetary gain. Not only that, but you take no notice of the magazines that have supported you through interview promotion in the past. Example #2: The Crank! webpage currently keeps a “scorecard” of

Crank!s general rating versus that of major labels. Each time Crank! puts out a new release, they chalk themselves up a point. Each time a major puts out a good release, the major earns a point. A point is not added to either side without an explanation as to why they received it. "Crank—1, Majors—0" is in reference to Crank!'s signing of Fireside, who formerly called the major label American home. One would be led to believe that Fireside willingly terminated their contract to come over to Crank!. A little investigation into fact, however, reveals that American DROPPED Fireside. So if you're going to rate things by such ridiculous terms, will someone please explain to me how Crank! gained the upper hand here? The label didn't want Fireside and chose not to continue with them. It's not as though Matlow coaxed Fireside away from American with a better offer. All of the above makes Crank! a label that I would rather not accept advertising from, as it seems that the singular goal of their label is making money. I don't doubt that Matlow enjoys the bands he signs, and it is quite true that no matter who you are or what you do, to exist within the socio-economic structure that this country is structured from, we've all got to make a buck doing something. I find it interesting, however, that Revelation records—a much larger label who we have done business with from the start—is still aware of our content, both past and present. In addition, you don't see recent interviews with long-gone projects such as Texas Is The Reason or Kiss It Goodbye. If the scene is about support and honesty, which the underlying tones, then what is Crank! doing? They're not aware of where their advertising money is going, nor what those who they have advertised with have taken the time to do. No attention is paid. Now, from a personal standpoint, I don't give a red fuck if anyone knows my name, for any reason. But from a professional standpoint, it comes into play. If I was running a record label and taking it upon myself to initiate promotive tactics such as interviews with specific magazines, I would remember those who were interested.

Forgive my long-winded explanation, but that is just one example of my point: There is little or no purpose to keeping out ads based on a simplistic ideal such as exclusive distribution. If anything, advertising ought to be accepted from labels that you believe in. Know the people you are dealing with, to the extent that you can. Of course if Rev was cheating all of us in one way or another right now we really wouldn't know the difference. But every dealing with them has been pleasant and shit thus far. So we continue. Now, we

wholeheartedly disagree with? Certainly not. But if that is the case, then perhaps you shouldn't exclude records and labels from being a part of your realm. Perhaps you should pay attention to exactly what kinds of things you're crucifying. Perhaps you should watch how many stigmas you attach to certain things—like bar codes—and how often, not to mention how publicly you fork the Evil Eye in the direction of such things. Why? Well, just as the example we have here, everything is subject to change. And if you slap statements like "never" and "Our ideals stand against (fill in the blank)," then to shift your stance on those statements often leaves you holding the dirty end of the stick. And in HaC's case, that is the dirt that they attached to the stick in the first place. Does that mean that I am some pinnacle of self-righteousness? Nope. Then again, I've never claimed to uphold such beliefs—publicly, at least—nor have I ever stated that my ideals were steadfast and iron-clad, things never to be altered. The beliefs I do harbor I've upheld in every way that I have found necessary. Whether anyone knows that or not isn't very relevant. But if you're going to set these kinds of standards and ethics, there are better ways to go about it. By declining to review any bar-coded album or to run an ad affiliated with any sort of exclusive distro, it only halfway solves the problem. Do what you know you can trust. The sort of things we want to keep out of the scene are not identifiable through symbols, sometimes not even through words. Judgement calls ought only be made when all information has been gathered, and apply it only to individual cases. By doing otherwise, we're opening ourselves to the same tragedy and injustice that racism often demonstrates. We're allowing ourselves to assume in a community that initially began because we were so sick to death of all the incorrect judgments placed on others. We were the outcasts, and we banded together in order to find a bunch of kids like us—ones who were tired of the bullshit and the close-mindedness. But when we found out how strong this sort of collective thought made us, we stopped thinking and just started reacting—and a lot of us were angry. We're still angry, but now at each other as much as at the rest of the world. The difference these days is that so many of us have lost sight of what is right, and even less of us have come to terms with the fact that what is right sometimes changes and mutates before our very eyes. Now, different opinions are always a good thing. But if we want to keep debating useless topics such as these, and continue to blame one another for the problems our scene faces rather than take corrective measures—then by all means, kids, keep making blanket statements. Keep on generalizing, even half-heartedly. Hell, if nothing else, you'll give rejects like me another reason to sit down and write manifestos on topics that we have to ask ourselves if anyone even cares about anymore.

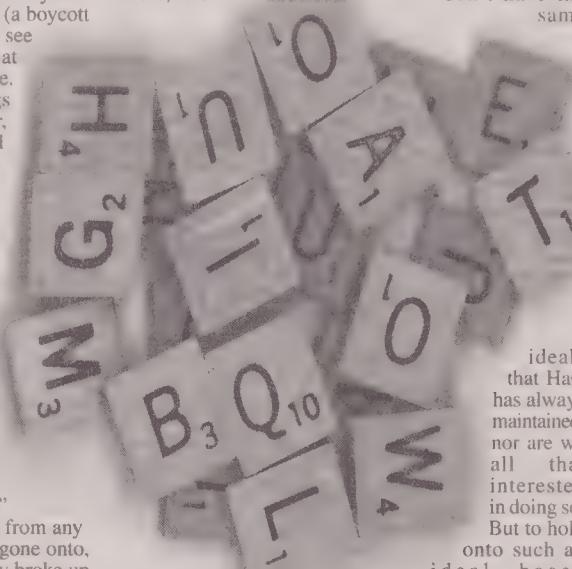
Chris; Kerosne454@aol.com

HeartattaCk.

I am writing to you in response to last issue's Do It Yourself topic, in particular Vique Martin's take on the subject.

First off Ms. Martin, if you think that you can convince me that Revelation is not a huge label that has no interest in the hardcore scene, then you have an entirely different thing coming. In your column you began by comparing Revelation to labels like Gravity, Dischord, Gern Blandsten, Jade Tree, and Doghouse, because they are all distributed by Caroline. Well that's where the similarities end. I would also like to add that in my opinion, labels like Jade Tree, Gern Blandsten, and Doghouse are not hardcore labels. Those labels may have released a hardcore or punk record in the past, but bands like Joan Of Arc, Jets To Brazil, The Get Up Kids, and The Van Pelt are indie rock bands. Now as with Dischord and Gravity, they are in no way similar to Revelation. I can flip through a mainstream skateboarding magazine, or *Alternative Press* for that matter, and not have to worry about seeing an ad for either of those labels. Can we say the same for Revelation? I don't think so. The Revelation of the late eighties and the Revelation of the nineties are completely different, where as Dischord has maintained their integrity since the get go.

The second area in Ms. Martin's column that bothered me was near the end. She said, "At the end you can be as p.c. and pious as you like, but if you are lonely then you are going wrong somewhere." Well my response to that is simple. Hardcore isn't all fun and games, it's also a struggle to live your life by your own



around the things done right—ought to be done on a basis of what you trust and what you don't. And if anyone's going to say that this would end up reducing your revenue or making it impossible to continue processing your product, you can fuck off. Your boundaries—monetary or otherwise—are only defined by yourself. And if you want something done badly enough, you'll get it done. Do I find anything wrong with the fact that you might be in the hole and unable to continue manufacturing your product without sacrificing some ideals by accepting ads from labels you

rules and ideals. If you're giving up or pushing aside those ideals just in order to be happy, then what's the point? You might as well not even bother. If hardcore was just about having fun and never being alone then I would of given up on it along time ago and joined a fraternity. I am not saying that having fun is wrong, but to me there is much, much more to it than just that. Having to sacrifice certain things is what makes a struggle a struggle.

I probably started to ramble on a little bit at the end there, but hopefully my points came through. I hope I am not alone on these subjects, maybe a few people might agree with me. In closing I would like to say that *HeartattaCk* epitomizes the Do It Yourself ethic, and I think Kent deserves much respect. After only paying 50 cents for his 'zines, and an equally inexpensive price for his records, it's almost like he's sacrificed more than any of us.

Thank You,
Joe Hays; JPHays@sprynet.com

HeartattaCk (its staff and readers),

Issue #20 of *HeartattaCk* has been an incredible thing to read and see all the opinions with in that reflect and defy my own. The subjects related to DIY that are addressed within are all thing that go racing though my head everyday of my life. So that you know where I'm coming from, my name is Ian Whitmore, I live in Lincoln, Nebraska, far from any huge vibrant scene. I book almost all the hardcore shows here in Lincoln, I've done a 'zine for almost four years. I run Sanguine Records and try to maintain a decent 'zine distro for local kids to read.

My position on DIY is this, there is no alternative to the Do It Yourself ethic for me. DIY is why I became so interested in Hardcore four and a half years ago. Whether it's self empowerment or responsibility, it was the thing that I was looking for all my life and I grabbed it as fast as I could and devoured every piece of information possible, I read every 'zine and record insert that I could get my hands on. I couldn't believe the existence of something so great, thousands of kids worldwide living life, making their own way through life by saying "fuck you" to corporations and exploited mainstream music. If you would have asked me then if I would have expected to see how much of a corporate mirror some people are turning hardcore into, I would have laughed. Why would anyone want to try and sell hardcore or sellout for that matter. It seemed absurd.

But in all reality that is what is happening.

I have been reading HaC #20 and thinking a lot... mainly because there are so many things that are taking place in hardcore right now that are disturbing to say the least. And I would like to address some of those issues from the standpoint of someone who doesn't know how to do things other than DIY and who is on a really small scale compared to others.

First off, I want to say that HaC should continue with its review policy. Fuck bar codes! I can think of the definitive statement of what should be considered selling out, if anyone ever dares to use that term anymore. This is what makes my blood boil... (in reference to adding a bar code to his magazine Dan Sinker wrote in issue #23 of *Punk Planet*)... "Not having one was too much work." This sums up the direction in which hardcore is headed. TOO MUCH WORK! Well, who ever fucking said that DIY was easy? DIY is hard, it's hard as fuck. When I read Dan's opening page in issue 23 I was at point where I wasn't thinking much about bar codes, I didn't care, I hated them and so that was that, but this really showed me that I should care because obviously other people didn't and so they just started using them. Dan goes more into it saying that one of his biggest distributors has to put a bar code sticker on every issue so they can sell them in store and he wanted to spend a couple of hundred dollars so they no longer had to do that. Well FUCK THEM, if you choose to go through a corporate distributor and they want to add that sticker let them, that's their thing, they're a huge fucking company and if that little sticker is so important to them then let them do it. And that is how the hardcore community should approach bar codes, FUCK THEM, put them on the binding sticker not on the packaging... I'll tell you how great artwork looks with a bunch of little black lines running through it. Dan's excuse for adding the bar code to *Punk Planet* was the laugh of the year—he basically says he did it not to help himself or because he had to, but to help some big fucking company or a few of its employees.

Hell, lower your wholesale rate so those employees can have a raise... geesh!

Exclusive distribution makes sense and is stupid at the same time! Exclusive distribution should mean this—if you can not find one of my releases in any other distro then my exclusive distro will have it no matter what. This makes sense, to have one distro that keeps every release of a certain label in stock no matter what so that you can always get it there if everyone else is out. Distributing through one distro is stupid, it's one thing to care about getting paid, I can sympathize with anyone on that subject, but to put getting paid over the opportunity to get your releases out to as many people as possible defeats the purpose. Let's stop limiting ourselves and figure out ways to create a better community, not a system of competition within our present community. And yes, exclusive distribution does promote competition, and that's not what we are here for.

Advertisements have been on my mind more than anything lately. As I stated before, I think HaC should keep the policy. There aren't many 'zines that have this policy and it's good to see that someone is trying to maintain a stance on this. I look at ads for two reasons: I have interests in graphic layout and I like to see who's doing cool stuff and who's not, and I like to check out ads for bands I like and friends' labels. But the content of hardcore advertising is another issue. However I think it reflects the growing feeling that hardcore is just about slam dancing, and fashion.

But here is the really crazy shit that gets me. I've seen ads of Alyssa Milano naked and I've seen ads and catalogs with professional models in them. Here is the craziest story ever, technology and word of mouth work hand in hand. The band I'm in is playing with Hatebreed (yuck!) in a nearby town. Upon meeting with friend from Omaha I see the new Initial catalog at the local record store. My friend Chris just says, you have to see this and hands it to me. I can't believe it, the whole catalog is plastered with pictures of some professional model wearing all the latest cool Initial clothing, I half expect to turn the page and see the bra section. This wasn't the Initial I remembered, a catalog full of Louisville kids being silly and hanging out this was all out, "LOOK AT THIS, ATTRACTIVE WOMEN IN OUR CATALOG." Later that night at the show I was discussing this again with some other kids when a girl interrupts us and says that she is from Louisville, and to make this short she argues with me for awhile and we don't really get anywhere with it. So we play, Hatebreed sucks and we go home. I had that conversation with that girl at about 10:00pm. The next day I get home from work at about 5:00pm and turn my computer on to check my e-mail. There is a message from Andy Rich who runs Initial Records saying that he heard what I was saying at the show last night. He spouted of some reasons for why he used a model in his catalog, he knew her or something and ended it with "if you ever want me to tell you that you're wrong again just drop me a line" or something to that effect.

There, I sit with my mouth about to hit the floor. In 19 hours it had gotten back to Louisville, Kentucky from Omaha, Nebraska that I had said something about the new Initial Catalog, what the fuck! I wrote Andy a few more messages but he really just reinforced my opinion that he is a pompous ass, so I stopped e-mailing him. Since then I have posted on a few message boards about the subject and every response is basically the same. "Oh, well Initial is really fast," or "Those guys are just a bunch of jokers, get over it." Most of the responses have been unfeeling, and just depressing.

This is something I want to address before we all let it go to far and then it because acceptable, because it should stop right here, right fucking now!!!

Sex does not, and will never, sell hardcore. That is that, there is no room for this attitude in hardcore. We cannot allow people to exploit our community any further. Sex sells advertising is such a corporate sales tactic! It's sick to think of at all, so this is how Initials clothing looks on a model what the fuck does that tell anyone else? At least the old catalog had girls and guys, all shapes and sizes.

The other side of advertising is pro-violence, this is easily becoming the new trend in advertising by hardcore labels, with big poppa Victory leading this pack of sheep. There was a previous debate over the use of pictures that carry meaning far beyond trying to depict a record as brutal—pictures of skulls and dying people taken from wars. What is it that we are all trying to accomplish with this, where are we headed within our

community when sex and violence could easily become the way that we sell records.

DIY still exists. Punk and Hardcore were founded on it, if you think that DIY is dead then so is punk and hardcore, because neither can exist without it. There is no such thing as a corporate punk and hardcore, then it just becomes a sales tactic.

—Ian Whitmore

Dear *HeartattaCk*,

As the ethics of Do It Yourself are diced to bits and put under the microscope, I think that almost everyone involved in DIY has forgotten to take a step back and examine things from a distance.

I must plead guilty to the above as well, but I think that I've since used the same method of thinking that made me realize the value of DIY to see what really going on here. The method I'm talking about here is the process of taking everything you've ever been told, taught, shown and have learned and questioning its truth and value in life and its place in society.

Now, by looking at the big picture of what's going on here, it's obvious what the problem is. Everyone is SO concerned with doing things exactly their own way, that we become segregated and dramatically divided into separate sects. There will always be conflicting beliefs, but it seems that the more and more the underground scene develops, the more divided we become. It used to be the straight edge kids vs. the vegan kids who used to be straight edge vs. the drunk punks vs. the anarcho punks vs. whoever else. The list goes on and on, and what's worse is that now bands who hold the same beliefs and play the same type of music are fighting because they come from different cities. This is ridiculous. Now, again we are dividing amongst ourselves according to bar codes and stricter ethics.

"Oh no! A bar code! I used to like these guys, but now they're not truly HC" or "Who cares! A bar code doesn't have anything to do with the sincerity of the music!"

Now, I must admit that I unanimously agreed with the people who argued the anti-bar code standpoint. At second glance though, it seems like it might be doing more harm than good. Yes, music with a bar code has no reason to be reviewed in DIY periodicals because of just the reason many columnists gave—they just don't need the publicity, and the room should be used for lesser known groups. But when I really thought about the message some people gave about bands with bar codes, I had to disagree.

OK, my point is somewhat synonymous with the sample in Oi Pollio's *Bash The Fash*. "And they came for the Jews, and I did nothing to help them because I am not a Jew. Then they came for the communists, and I did nothing to help them because I am not a communist. Then they came for the humanists, and I did nothing to help them because I am not a true humanist. Then they came for me, and there was no one left to help me." What does this say? That just because we have different opinions and hold slightly different ground, we cannot alienate each other and forget that we have a common cause and a common enemy, nit-picking aside.

The bottom line is that if we all can't compromise and help each other, we will NEVER become any sort of threat; never spread any awareness or message and never attain our goal of becoming an effective adversary to injustice in the world. We can continue to do things ourselves our own way, but we can't lose sight of the big picture.

It's all well and good for a band to play shows every week and shout their slogans and spread their word, but the thing is, everyone at the shows knows what they're saying and generally believes in it. All the shows in the world can't change a thing because it's just putting the information into an infinite circle of punk kids, and never dissipating the meaning of the ideas to society. All the 'zines in the world can't do it either because the people who know enough to buy the 'zines and know enough to subscribe to the 'zines already KNOW ENOUGH. And while I'm at it, why is it that when someone new goes to a show, they are looked down upon or called a poseur by at least a few other people just because they don't have on the right clothes and haven't really had a chance to be exposed to hardcore?

What I'm saying here is that in order to amount to anything at all, this scene is going to have to give up its isolated sanctuary and open the doors to

everyone. In the words of The Pist, "We don't want our scene exclusive, we want everyone involved. Everyone who is sincere, if we are to evolve." Unless the masses are gradually educated about social injustice, the hope for any type of social revolution is nothing more than a profane fantasy. Even the most militant anarchists can admit that a violent confrontation would be smashed in a matter of hours or minutes. Besides, true anarchism doesn't support terrorism or random acts of violence as those things hurt people and anarchism is for the people. Violence hurts the innocent, and even the government's puppets shouldn't be taken out on because they are just like everyone else except a tad more brainwashed. Individuals aren't the target here. The target is the system they created and uphold. "We all say that we're fighting the system, but we can't when we're fighting each other!" is what Whorehouse Of Representatives said, and it's so true. By separating ourselves into ununited groups, crews, collectives and even gangs or packs, we are only destroying everything underground HC and punk has become.

If what all of us are shouting is something that we actually want to see happen, then we can no longer try to keep underground music underground. That doesn't mean we have to give up ethics or sincerity, only that we have to dissipate the message to a broader range of people. I will say that sincerity is an issue. How many kids go to hardcore shows just to get a "rush" and to hit each other with flailing fists? Too many. But, you have to admit that the scene wouldn't grow at all if people weren't welcomed in. Of course you'll always get some bad seeds, but there's also a lot of potential for kids who really care to become exposed to it. How are people exposed to punk rock? Unless your parents brought you up with it (which is not how it happens for 99.9999% of us), you either mistakenly walked into a show one day or you gradually got into more and more punk bands starting with radio punk. I bet that there are thousands upon thousands of really sincere kids who are doing a ton for the scene today who got into punk through some band like Rancid or Bad Religion. Most people learn of more and more bands, and eventually come to despise the bands that got them into punk rock in the first place (myself and many people I know being some of them).

There is no easy way for kids to get into the scene (at least where I'm from) without there being some sort of mainstream inlet. Sure, I'll admit to being just like most of the other readers. I boycott all major labels, avoid promoter's shows, don't support Epitaph, etc., etc. The funny thing is that we keep lowering the benchmark for what is and isn't truly punk rock.

At this rate, before we know it, the only "real punks" will be three guys/girls living in a mud hut that they built themselves wearing clothes they made themselves and spiking their hair with some sticky substance they mixed themselves. My point is that no one truly obeys the rules of DIY. Many people drive cars or use mass transit, don't farm their own food and (GASP!) BUY EVERYTHING THEY NEED TO LIVE WITH THE AMERICAN DOLLAR! There are things that we've been doing all along that aren't DIY, and as soon as someone realizes it, some 'zine publishes it, and the next thing you know everyone is against it, and anyone who is still doing it is a sellout.

"Submit to views and slowly lose identity. You think you're better, but you sit and yell equality. Realize you can't disguise your apathy. Complain and bitch, but don't do shit is what I see." —Toxic Narcotic

The truth is that we can never be 100% DIY (in the world we live in, it's just impossible), but what we can do is to try to change the way society thinks and works the best we can.

To do this we must stop fighting amongst ourselves and pointing fingers. Whether we've realized it yet, we all have a common cause to pursue and we can only achieve our goals as one. The "community" is small enough as it is without people fighting amongst ourselves.

Yeah, yeah, I know this scene unity stuff is cliched, but this isn't necessarily even calling for scene unity (although it would be nice), but calling for a common cause to strive for on a larger scale. Even people who feel "I don't want to agree with what I don't like" (97a) can still strive for what they think is right

rather than pointing fingers, because sometimes what two opposing sides are fighting for is the same thing.

Yeah, I know this letter started to trail off towards the end, but what can ya do? I'll end this with a quote I guess.

"The music and the feeling of the kids that really care. Stronger when together, strongest when aware... No such thing as us versus you. We've got the same ideas, just different crews!" —Atari

Sincerely,

Craz Staple of Brainstaple and the *Abolition Coalition* 'Zine and Distro/34 Knollwood Dr./Valatie, NY 12184; *AbolitionCo@hotmail.com*

"new wave" I lost interest and pretty much didn't listen to music at all. Then, the mid-eighties found me working alongside a total metalhead. I hated his taste in music, but kind of admired his enthusiasm for it, so I dusted off my old punk records.

Around the same time I came across a copy of MRR (back when it was good), and intrigued by all these, to me, unknown bands mentioned within, began to get hold of some of the records, which wasn't easy. Turns out most of them didn't sound too different from some of my old records. But what really appealed to me, fascinated me even, was the underground/DIY nature of it all. I'd had no idea.

Here were records made and put out by people I could actually relate to.

People with the same problems as me, people with shitty jobs or whatever. In a lot of cases this image I had was totally wrong but whoever these people weren't coke addled money than sense. Not yet, anyway.

At its best punk/hardcore has got to be about treating people as equals, not idiot "fans" who are there to be milked for all they're worth. There were cool bands then who treated people with respect and there are cool bands now. The DIY approach is really the only way this is achieved. It still exists and always will.

I can't speak for the US, but here in the UK the worst trend of the last few years has been the decline of the independent record store. There used to be several in this area, now there isn't one worth a shit. They're either closed down or have gone more mainstream. Most of the young kids seem happy to fork over their cash to the big chain stores. I think the chain stores are a bigger evil than even the major labels. Twelve to fifteen pounds for a CD? (That's like twenty-two dollars or so. I'm not kidding!) They wouldn't even know what vinyl is. A simple guideline to use is, "if a chain store sells it, there's probably something wrong with it." I buy 95% mailorder and I recommend anyone to do the same.

As to where to draw the line as regards the review policy, I don't know. I'd stick with the UPC ban, and maybe discriminate against labels who rip off CD prices. If some, usually smaller, labels can charge the same for CDs and vinyl, why can't others?

It's a problem though, because whatever the rule is, some cool people are probably going to be excluded.

Thanks,
Martin Radcliffe

HeartattaCk/Kent/whoever...

I'm funny and interesting to me that right at a time in my life when I am really questioning the purpose and relevance of hardcore, especially as it pertains to my life, that *HeartattaCk* would do an entire issue themed around the very same topic. Well, I don't know just how much I have to say that will seem interesting, new, or worthwhile, but nonetheless I wish to make some comments pertaining to the theme of the issue.

First of all, the UPC code debate. I have always respected *HeartattaCk*'s decision to refuse anything for review that has a UPC code on it. That's not to say that I agreed with it, just that I respected it. Friends of mine would tell me that it was stupid, and I always defended it, saying that if nothing else, at least *HeartattaCk* placed a priority on exposing bands that were definitely underground, and were still trying to gain recognition. However, I never thought it was a perfect way of deciding what records should and should not be considered "valid" in our community. The problem with the policy is that it attempts to establish a concrete, hard-fast rule as to what is and isn't hardcore. I know, maybe that wasn't what you meant to say when you enacted that policy, but we all know that that is how it's perceived, so the original intention really becomes less than important. Anyway, concrete rules as to what is and isn't hardcore don't really exist. The fact that By The Grace Of God released two records on Victory never negated, in my mind, their obvious sincerity and desire to have a positive effect on the world of hardcore and the world at large. That doesn't automatically mean that anyone on Victory is hardcore, though. The same can be said of the bar code. While Revelation and Equal Vision seem to have the bar codes

Dear *HeartattaCk*,

Since I found the DIY issue to be pretty thought provoking, I thought I'd pass a comment or two.

To me, DIY is the single most important aspect of punk/hardcore. A genuine, sincere DIY record, no matter how wimpy or whatever, is a thousand times more worthy of respect than some full on raging fuck the system record on a major or pseudo-major label.

Bryan Alft summed it up when he wrote in his column, "punk is old." It lost its power to shock and offend long ago. If a band is popular enough, no matter how aggressive or confrontational, a major will try to sign it, or at least one which sounds just like it.

At 32 (Jesus!), I'm old enough to have been into punk back in '77-'78, when most of the bands were anything but DIY. As these bands broke up or went

on their records as part and parcel of their attempt to play the mainstream publicity game, I would say that g-7 Welcoming Committee are the good guys. They don't plaster advertisements everywhere, they release records by Noam Chomsky, what more do you want? But we are letting that bar code cloud the issue of whether or not g-7 Welcoming Committee is an acceptable label. Don't you think that the worthiness of getting Noam Chomsky into mall chain stores outweighs any petty concern about "keeping ourselves separate"? After all, if you refused to buy any products with a bar code on them, you couldn't go to the grocery store, you know. What I mean is that bar codes, though lame and evil, are an unavoidable part of modern life as we know it, and when there is a possibility to use them to our advantage, maybe we shouldn't be so goddamn head-in-the-clouds idealistic.

So, uh, the whole point of that less-than-organized diatribe was that hardcore doesn't have any hard, fast rules, and that I do think the strict rule of "no bar codes if you want a review" should be relaxed. However, I think you have to decide whether or not a record is accepted for review on a case-by-case basis. I think there are several factors that you could consider in this case-by-case analysis. First, your knowledge of the ethics and beliefs that are associated with the band should outweigh the label they are on most of the time. Obviously you somewhat agree—*HeartattaCk* has been interviewing bands whose records were not eligible for review ever since the Avail interview in issue #4. However, 97a don't have a bar code on their records, and neither do any of the bands associated currently with One Life Drug Free Records—the label run by the remnants of One Life Crew (now known as Pitboss 2000). I bring that up because I think the fact that Ebullition condoned and distributed records by 97a and Floopunch, a couple of intolerant, homophobic, right-wing bands, is far more reprehensible than any review that could have been given to the new Elliot LP on Revelation ("Kick my ass! Oh won't you please kick my ass?"—Charles Bronson). As you can see, when I say case by case, I don't just mean that

that should apply to bar

coded records. I

really think a little more selectivity, in some cases, would be a good thing. However, there is one further consideration—

will reviewing widely

released and publicized

records do any kind of service to your reading public? Letting Revelation Records into the review section is probably not going to change anyone's buying habits—I am sure that all of us already know that the new *Better Than A Thousand* is out. But I had no idea about the new *I Spy* CD and Noam Chomsky double CD g-7 has out until Kent's writing in issue #20 called that previously unseen ad to my attention, an obvious example of when that rule would not hold true.

Which brings me to ads. It is my humble opinion that if you want to take advertisements by labels who know already that their records will not be reviewed, then you should laugh all the way to the bank with that money. You made \$400 between Revelation and Jade Tree last issue, and that was for one freakin' page. A normal page with 3 1/3 page ads would make you \$225. That's a \$175 profit off of foolish labels who know that they can't get reviewed in the review section. And I know this isn't true of all readers, but I personally flip right the fuck past advertisements. If there is a new record out, I will read a review of it in the review section, or I won't hear about it, because I consider ads a waste of my time. It is my opinion that any truly informed consumer should feel the same way in this world. Now, I know that just because someone is into hardcore doesn't mean that they have the same amount of knowledge and have done the same amount of contemplation that I have on such issues. But it is not anyone's responsibility to protect ignorant people from their own ignorance. On the other hand, the argument could be made that allowing the ad to appear without comment constitutes a *HeartattaCk* endorsement of the label. Maybe that could be averted by creating a "suspicious advertising" section, hidden in the back of each issue, where all of the sketchy ads could be placed, with a disclaimer at the beginning explaining that *HeartattaCk* will not review the records released by these labels, and detailing reasons why, then also explaining that if the labels want to continue giving their

money to *HeartattaCk*, knowing that such a disclaimer would appear before their ads, you will gladly take their money and laugh all the way to the bank. Just a thought. I really could go either way on this issue.

Third on my agenda, exclusive distribution. When I first heard of exclusive distribution, it was back in 1991, and it came from a *Maximum Rock'n'Roll* article on Mordam Records. Mordam seemed to me to be a really good idea. It protected all of the labels that were part of it from distributor bullshit, and ensured that they got paid for their records. Now I know that money isn't everything, but the fact is that labels need to get paid in order to keep putting records out, and if we want our particular community to continue to grow, part of that has to do with making sure records keep coming out. And I don't think it should be ignored, as Theo Witsell astutely pointed out, that 'zines get shafted much more often and people making 'zines deserve to get paid also. However, we are discussing records, so I will keep my comments relating to records from here on. It's obvious to me that an exclusive distributorship is mutually beneficial to both labels and distributors. The question is whether it is beneficial to the community as a whole, and specifically to the survival of smaller distros. As far as the health of the scene goes, it looks to me like the only people that stand to get hurt by exclusive distributions are those distributors who don't get them. And there are plenty of decent sized distributors in the scene right now, distributors that are far more ethical than the ones that were the norm in the late '80s (the ones, by the way, that Mordam formed in order to combat). Vacuum, Ebullition, No Idea, Very, Lumberjack—all good distros with good ethics... and exclusives. So it's not like the distros in widest use now are going to go belly up; it just prevents newer ones from starting up. I guess, since record store owners and smaller gig distros often do all their ordering from one of those companies, it could drive prices up on a retail level, but if that becomes

multinational corporations and the methods they use to sell their product. Every major label is owned on some level by a multinational corporation, and Victory, Revelation, Epitaph, and Sub Pop all have a connection to major labels. Here's the deal: Epitaph sold a good part of their stock (stock: how punk is that?) to Sony a few years ago. You can find articles in old MRRs about it. Victory has an exclusive P&D deal (pressing and distribution) with Red Distribution, which is owned by Sony. Sub Pop has been owned by Warner Brothers since 1995. Revelation releases records in conjunction with several major labels. Therefore none of those labels are DIY hardcore. That doesn't mean that bands on them aren't hardcore, just that not every hardcore band knows all the facts and makes informed, intelligent decisions. Some people place value in different areas than others. I am aware of this. But in my mind, I only truly respect labels/bands that eschew involvement with multinationals. On the other hand, I see a lot of people missing the target and thinking that what makes those bands and labels not DIY hardcore is their popularity, or their ability to reach a wider audience. Therefore, a lot of people seem to think that the only way the DIY hardcore scene can retain some elusive sense of purity (what is purity?) is to cordon itself off, and create 200 hurdles that any prospective hardcore kid will have to jump before s/he can ever even locate hardcore. I don't like that idea. The only way hardcore can ever make any sort of change to the world outside of our own insular community is if we make our voice heard outside that community. I think we have to do this by building ourselves up and gaining exposure, but we have to gain exposure on our own terms, without any involvement from multinationals. And I don't mean exposure in the same way that Green Day and The Offspring got exposure either. I personally think that Dischord is doing a good job of avoiding overt association with major labels and still getting a good deal of publicity. There are others too, but I don't feel like trying to create some definitive list.

Oh, and before anyone

brings up the fact that Dischord and other bigger labels distribute their stuff through Caroline, or other such distributors, I want to explain my take on such arrangements, and why bother me. The fact is that

they don't

a distribution arrangement is basically a complicated way for a label to sell shit to another guy who sells shit to stores. As long as Dischord (or whoever) doesn't enter into an exclusive, contract distribution deal with Caroline (which Victory did do with Red...), they have no obligation to Caroline. So therefore, Caroline is just another buyer. I see no problem with selling stuff to people who don't completely agree with the way you do business. After all, you can't apply that standard to an individual customer.

And one more thing—I am tired of not being able to find records by bands I like, because they sell out too quickly. It took me 8 months to get the Charles Bronson LP. I know that a lot more people want that album than own it, and while I understand that Martin Sorrondeguy only has so much money with which to repress it, I wish there was a way the people who want records could get them more easily. Making it easier for people to sell their records without getting screwed over, or alternately, getting called a sellout, will only help this process along. And the more the message of hardcore (we'll debate what that is later...) gets out, the better off we all will be. I know, I know—I've talked too long. Well, I am sorry, but I had a lot to say. If you have any response (as I am sure some of you do), write to me.

Andrew Necci/PO Box 4909/Richmond, VA 23220

HeartattaCk,

I hope that it is not too late to put in my two cents worth, but here it goes. I have nothing against bigger labels and bar codes. Does a bar code make a band that much more sincere? As far as I remember, By The Grace Of God and Minor Threat both had bar codes on their records, and neither one of them come off any less sincere to me. Shutdown, who are on Victory records, have their hearts in the hardcore scene. I know this because I have had many conversations with Mark, their singer, and he is one of the nicest and most sincere people I have met.

I accept ads from labels like Revelation and Victory in my 'zine because I don't care how a bands message gets out there, as long as it is a good message. Sick Of It All, who are one of my favorite bands, were on a major and are now on Fat Wreck, and One Life Crew are on an indie. Now which band of those two has a better message?

People are quick to judge if a band signs to a label that will give them a bit more money without knowing the reasons behind it. I am not saying that I agree with a band who is trying to see the zeros grow in their band account, but if a band needs more money to help feed their kids, why not. "I got extremely sick because I was malnourished, but at least Daddy is respected by the hardcore community."

My final comment is that people in the punk rock and hardcore communities have brains and are free to think for themselves. If you see an ad for the newest release by Ignite and you don't agree with their message, then turn the page. Or if you are walking through a record store and you see the new Agnostic Front on, gasp!, Epitaph, then don't buy the fucking album. It is as simple as that. Don't like it, then don't buy it! Nobody is holding a gun to your head.

Thanks,

Tim the Clown/*Punching The Clown* 'zine;
punchingthecloown@hotmail.com

HeartattaCk,

My name is Dave Mandel. For the last 8+ years I have run Indecision, a fanzine turned record label, and originally I had planned on writing something for the last issue of HaC. Needless to say, procrastination and a ridiculously busy schedule kept me from getting that done. When the issue finally came out, I thought to myself, "OK, cool, I can read what other people think and comment if need be next issue." So here I am... commenting. I can't say there was any one particular editorial that I could agree with in full but that's usually the case. Some came close and some were just so insane that I had to laugh out loud (I believe that's LOL for you AOLers out there). There were writers vehemently opposing HaC reviewing bar coded records yet those very records show up on their top ten lists. There's one label kid who criticizes other labels for being concerned with "their image." I'll agree with him on the point that image is dumb and I could give a shit what anyone thinks of me or my label, but then again I'm not a bootlegger like him. Of all people, I think he should be a tad concerned. If people don't like me, whatever. I'd rather be known as an asshole than a scumbag, call me crazy. It's damn near silly how self-righteous some people can be. Before I get too deep into this let me throw out the disclaimer that I am not a good writer and that I have trouble relaying thought to paper. Keep that in mind while you read this because in recent years I think I've developed a mild senility and I find myself often using words that I don't understand the meaning of myself. Just more proof that hardcore ages you about three times as fast as the average human being, ugh. I'll take one shot at this (and after reading some of the columns in last issue) if I end up making no sense, at least I'll be in familiar company. I'm not really sure how to go about approaching my gripes from last issue, I suppose the easiest way would be to address each issue individually and go from there, god help us...

BAR CODES: I don't want anyone to read this and think that I wrote in because I felt the need to justify or defend the use of bar codes. After all, I was one of the "questionable" ads of last issue (and this issue as a matter of fact). I never equated bar codes, distribution, or advertising as warning signs to insincerity or shallow consumerism and I think this bar code stigma is really a petty battle. The idea that it's a symbol of mainstream culture creeping into our precious scene is simply absurd. Essentially this collection of lines and numbers act as nothing more than a high end price tag. I will be the first to admit that aesthetically it has nothing to offer but in an effort to reach as many people as you possible can, it might offer some rewards. I say "might" because the notion that some have that a bar code automatically sells records is unfounded and down right naive. If a band sucks, a band sucks. Bar codes only offer the chance to broaden your distribution spectrum, whether they truly work or not can be argued. I can say however that I've never heard of anyone buying a CD based on the fact that it had a bar code. So much for a selling point. I just can't understand why someone would want to intentionally distribute a record poorly. That's simply unfair to the bands.

EXCLUSIVE DISTRIBUTION: When we touch on a subject as DIY, I think it all boils down to intention. Intention supersedes issues of bar codes, advertising, and distribution. Kent laid out the pros and cons regarding exclusive distribution last issue and I would dare say that they were pretty complete. I will say that Indecision, for all intents and purposes, is exclusively distributed by Revelation Records. If a distro kid writes me and wants to distribute my stuff and does not want to deal with Revelation, they are more than welcome to deal with me direct. I do maintain that control. However I try not to deal directly with stores, bigger distributors, and those that already deal with Revelation. This is for my own convenience and my own sanity over anything else. One of the pros that didn't make it to Kent's list is this: Allowing Rev to take over the bulk of my distribution has relieved me of some of the biggest headaches when it comes to running this label. I no longer have to spend such an enormous amount of my energy and time worrying and following up on getting paid by distributors whose last worry in the world still wouldn't be paying me. It gives me more time to concentrate on other aspects of running the label. And that is the big pro for me, not money, but time. This past year I have realized how valuable "time" really is. I run Indecision by myself and I do not live off it. I still work 40 hour work weeks and then go home and work another 25 hours (if I'm lucky) on Indecision stuff. Other than a computer and an occasional lunch, there has not been any personal financial gain at this point for me at the hands of this label. It's taken me years to even get to the point where I can, with a smile, say that I broke even this year. If you truly care about what you are doing, there is a lot more to putting out records than just paying the pressing plant. Find me the band that actually likes and endorses the fact that no one can find their records anywhere and their record label offers them no support in any way, shape, or form. I'm proud of the records I put out, as I hope the bands are as well. I want people to have them, I want people to listen to them, isn't that why I went through all the trouble to get it out? I sure as hell didn't do it for money, my bank account can attest to that.

Kent mentions in his editorial that we don't allow any room for success in the hardcore DIY community. I was successful the first time I put out a record, I was the successful the first time one of my bands went out on tour. Success is relative, and since this was never about money, popularity, or image for me... I think I've achieved a greater success than I ever planned to. Of course, Kent meant success in the financial sense and on that point I couldn't agree with him more. Once a label or band starts to do well we start throwing all kinds of accusations and assumptions at that them in the hopes that something will stick. We want our friends to do well but not too well. Once again, we revert back to intentions. We congratulate hard work by pointing fingers and spouting jealous banter. It's petty. Of coarse, not all situations are like this. Good intentions are good intentions whether you lose \$2000 or make \$2000. Bad intentions are bad intentions whether you put out a record in a nice glossy cover or in a "DIY" silk-screened recycled cardboard pizza box using a soy-based ink printed by a group of hippies who volunteer at the local co-op. Like I said earlier, it comes down to intentions. The bottom line is that I don't heartily accept the notion that our music is only applicable to us. And in keeping in line with that thought I don't think it's right for us to condemn bands or labels for trying to reach people outside of our/their isolated scenes.

THE REVIEW POLICY: When you draw a line, it needs to be distinct. Otherwise, you negate the very premise for drawing the line in the first place. I don't personally think that HaC should draw the line at bar codes but I also have no other suggestion as to what criteria would be good to etch that line into. Lest we forget that MRR's limited review/inclusion policy was the very catalyst that sprung the inception of this here publication. It's almost comical that now, years later, we are essentially dealing with the same issue. Only now, the shoe is on the other foot. Like I said before, I have little to offer in the way of concrete solutions, but I do know that it just doesn't work to implement a specific policy that you can't help but bend issue after issue.

In closing, I offer no solutions. Only that we keep level-headed while the rest of the world seems to be losing it's grip on its sanity. Although I speak in defense of the above mentioned issues, that does not mean I condone everyone who utilizes these mediums

and tactics. There are certain unscrupulous labels that I detest just as much as most HaC readers seem to. It's perfectly fine to call people on their shit, just make sure that the person you're attacking is the one who stinks. We all live in glass houses and who's to say that you won't be the subject of the next unwarranted witch hunt.

Dave; INDrecords@aol.com

HeartattaCk,

A bright, so I sit here reading *HeartattaCk* #20 (specifically the DIY debate) and I'm hunched over in pain.

No, I'm not so emo that the thought of Revelation reps chanting "other labels use Caroline, so nyah nyah" makes me sick to my stomach. I feel like a tractor trailer has overturned in my colon (for lack of a better simile) and it got me thinking.

There are some of us who don't have the luxury of choosing the labels we buy from. How can you sit on your ass jabroning about the politics of DIY, about controlling your "art," when other people (people you could be helping if you devoted your time to less self-effacing enterprises) don't have that luxury? What about diabetics? Who among you is trying to start a DIY insulin manufacturer?

You've got your big names and you can sit for hours pontificating about the exact moment they sold out. Revelation, Victory, Epitaph, Fat, whomever. If you're really "dedicated" to the hardcore scene you find an excuse to drop these labels, and their bands from your current rotation, whenever they become too cool for school. I've got big names too: Prednisone, Flagyl (the doctors say I'm a medical oddity, I've taken so much I shouldn't be able to feel my hands or feet), Asacol, and 6MP, but I'm not so fortunate. I've got crohn's disease (a genetic disorder infecting the G-I tract) and I get intestinal cramps so bad they make your girlfriend's (or your) period feel like goosebumps. I'm inextricably tied to these medications. Medications that technology, and corporate Amerika have made available to me.

I don't have a choice. I can't go for more than three days off any of my medications before I turn into a cardigan wearing cliché. Sorry if I have to settle for the Revelation of drug stores. Longs it is.

Too practical for you? Let me babble a moment for the future philosophy majors among you. Where's the provisions in your revolution for those soldiers injured before they can fight? Last time I checked compassion was still an emotion. Apathy ain't. What about those who're too busy living a hand to mouth existence to fight in your battle? What about the factory worker who can only afford Kraft macaroni and cheese. I can't and won't begrudge him because he doesn't have the time or the money to find the organic tofu equivalent at his local vegan co-op. How easy is it to rage against the machine that clothes and feeds (in my instance medicates) you?

DIY as it stands today does little besides making people feel good about themselves for doing what comes easy. I see a few (very few) shining counter-examples within the DIY and hardcoreopunk communities; Food Not Bombs, and several natural food co-ops being the easier to name. Still, there aren't too many DIY drug stores, opticians, or carpenters that I can name, and these are the things we need to live. How can you be so concerned with that "Who's punk, what's the score?" mentality, or the size of Rick Ta Life's dreads?

What are we (the members of that self-proclaimed, extra-societal, "uber-culture," not just hardcoreopunk) in our rage against the man (what, after all is the machine composed of but [wo]men)? Succinctly put, and few would argue, better quality of living for all. Which is more important by your scale, freedom from pain or control of your "art." I have so many choices in record labels, but so few in drug companies, and distributors. Why doesn't that bother you? There is a part of me that doesn't care what I have to pay for my medication, and that part really couldn't care less if some kid in Tulsa has to pay fifty cents more for a 7".

The reason nobody seems to concern themselves with DIY food, shelter, and water, those basal comforts of a more profound existence? There's no notoriety in being a doctor (a profession dominated by greedy assholes if ever there was one), or being a druggist. There's no Minor Threat of DIY dental care, and no Gorilla Biscuits of organic farming to look up to. Whoever says they are in a band for the artistic merit and not the money is playing a shell game with you. If

they're sincerely not into it for the money they're into it for the notoriety, for a sense of self worth, for respect, or self-respect, and a platform to share their ideas, and ideals. I'm not saying that some of these aren't fairly altruistic goals. Those who believe otherwise should prove it by locking themselves in a room, and playing to the walls.

The hardcoreopunk scene will laud anyone with a guitar and a song (a 'zine and a column) but most among you can't name the guy who pasteurized milk (Pasteur), or the man who created a vaccine for polio (Jonas Salk), a disease which has crippled great minds in every century but the last. You can say you're all for gay rights, but what do you know about the chemical castration of Alan Turing (one of this century's greatest minds) and what are you doing to prevent injustices like that from happening again? And you have the nerve to equate the use of a bar code with the murder of a human being? Fuck You.

So... the question remains. "Is DIY dead?" In answering this question I beg your indulgence as I ramble (like I haven't already, right?). What is "life?" More importantly, what is "alive" for that matter? A person is alive, a mouse is alive, and a fungus is alive. There are grey areas that suggest there isn't a simple, clear cut, life/death dichotomy. A

virus is alive, by some definitions an economy is alive, and by still other definitions a computer virus or worm is alive. There are further questions that can be asked (is a human being dead if there are still metabolic processes going on at the cellular level after "death")? There are different kinds of life as well. Surely a single-celled organism (such as a paramecium or a euglena) is alive, so is the mold that lines my refrigerator, but are these, the computer virus, the fungus, my refrigerator mold, alive in any meaningful sense? It is this distinction which is of the utmost importance and extreme relevance to the discussion at hand.

Again, "Is DIY dead?" No, but then this begs the question, in what sense is it alive? DIY is alive, I propose, but only in the same sense as our friend the single-celled organism. We preach to the converted, we feed off of, and burn out our own, and we restrict ourselves to one or two enterprises at most. How alive can this beautiful thing we call DIY be when we concern ourselves primarily with music and rhetoric, often producing few tangible outputs? Writers within these pages of *HeartattaCk* #21 will tell you the scene is as vibrant and fruitful as ever. How long can this last when few DIY enterprises seek to provide a corruption-free means of providing even the most basal creature comforts?

What is the state of DIY? If you'll allow me to mix metaphors, DIY isn't a state at all, or a province or even a city. It's a village at most... and you thought you were conquering the world.

I'm not much on hollow rhetoric. It's not enough for us to merely point out how self restricting the DIY community is. I'm advocating full scale DIY participation in the distribution of all commodities and services.

Ultimately I'd like to see a "Sub-Corporate" culture flourish. Only then, when I can sleep on my DIY sheets, on my DIY bed, see my DIY doctor, and go to my DIY grocer, will I feel comfortable in saying that DIY is alive. First we must build a world for DIY to inhabit.

It's not enough to start your own band/label/zine. Do something useful... and do it yourself.

In addition I'd like to address several issues brought up in the pages of the *HeartattaCk* 'zine, especially issue #20.

1. Capitalism. It seems the (mostly white, male) HaC columnists refer to capitalism as some nefarious force that impinges upon our daily freedom to be artists. It seems that there is some foregone conclusion in the hardcore scene that capitalism is one of the world's ultimate evils, one that must be soundly trounced, and run out of our punk-rock wonderland.

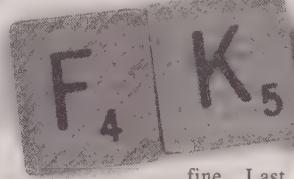
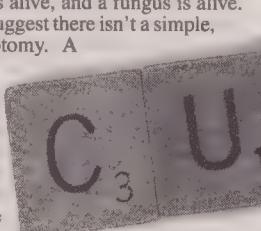
Sorry, but it just ain't so.

Saying that the unseen hand, the market forces at work (Adam Smith, *The Wealth Of Nations* for those keeping score, is "evil" is like cursing the wind. As a friend of mine says, "Do you shoot the kids for laughing?" Capitalism is one embodiment of the way

these principles interact in a free market economy (this is a gross generalization). There are good and bad capitalists. To take a page from the good book of the NRA, "capitalism doesn't kill art, people kill art." Many of the "evil," and more importantly dehumanizing, effects of capitalism that are felt today occur because your US government protects corporations that ordinarily might not have survived in a competitive environment. A company like Micro\$oft would never have become the behemoth it is today without the US government's help to build it in the first place. Economy will always exist as long as there are two people (or organisms) alive on this planet. Deal with it.

2. Bar codes. Bar codes are neither good nor evil. They just are. Bar codes are used to calculate inventory, and count units sold. My slapping a bar code on a given band's release does not "invalidate it as art" or erase the year(s) of work a band or artist has put into their record.

I use bar codes on releases from my label (which I don't think is appropriate to plug here, you can find an ad somewhere else in this 'zine) and for the time being I think that's



labels are perceived as leeching off "the scene," or are perceived by the mainstream public as standard bearers of the scene proper (regardless of the reality of the situation). They profit off the scene, so I have no problem with the scene profiting off them. These labels are injecting much needed money into small publications that otherwise might not be able to see print. They are fueling a scene they so blatantly rip off. I think my readers are intelligent enough to decide who does and does not deserve their money. You vote with your dollars.

Also, as a side note, I'd like to be able to support those 'zines, like HaC, where I see something positive being done. I feel it frustrating, as an idealist, and as someone running a small label, that just because I bar code my releases, I am somehow unworthy of showing my support for *HeartattaCk*.

I suggest *HeartattaCk* take ads, in support of the principles that govern free speech, but charge a premium to so called "corporate" entities, and that these ads should be flagged (possibly with a small bar code icon next to the ad). As it stand now, *HeartattaCk*

has a somewhat graduated pricing system for ads, whether you realize it or not. Most larger labels place half page ads, paying an extra \$125 dollars

for an extra 2.5" x 5" space, over double

the price of the 1/3 page ads preferred by most smaller labels (the 'zine *Ten Things Jesus Wants You To Know* calls the 5" x 5" ad the "Maximum Rock'n'Roll.")

4. Exclusive Distribution. BAD, BAD, BAD. Exclusive distribution deals are a BAD thing. It's incredible how people can be so anti-bar code, and so gung-ho on exclusive distribution. Exclusive distribution consolidates power into the hands of a few distributors. If you can only buy a label's records from one distributor, and that label's records are so great that everybody in the DIY community wants them, then that distributor may charge whatever he/she damn well pleases. If this great label's records are available from every distributor, then competition keeps the prices low. Bar coding is an instance of greasing records so they may slide more easily through the system. This ensures more units will be sold than if the label didn't bar code them, and higher profits for the label (not necessarily a bad thing). Exclusive distribution ensures that the label will be paid for more records, again increasing profits. It seems then that any "that's not punk rock" argument that could be levied against bar coding, must surely follow against exclusive distribution. Exclusive distribution costs my consumer more in the long run, so I will no longer do it. When I sold through an exclusive distributor they marked up my product significantly which ended up giving my distributor an unfair advantage. Also, this made my records cost up to \$2.00 more to people purchasing the records in stores that used these other distributors. I would rather absorb the loss of money, due to the shady business dealings of one distributor, than pass it on to the kids who buy my records. Making everyone pay for one jerk's crimes is not fair, and just plain "un-punk." What should be important in the DIY music scene is reaching people, not making money. Exclusive distribution ensures you will reach fewer people, and make more money. Anyone who tells you that exclusive distribution isn't about making money is lying.

Exclusive distribution is a big brother government, in what needs to be a libertarian society.

—Adam

HeartattaCk.

I just have finished reading issue #19, and I wanted to give my point of view concerning a letter sent in by a Sonja from Tucson, AZ. In this letter, Sonja is discussing the polygamy issue once again, and as far as I am concerned, I found her letter to be quite disturbing and negative. It really seems like this whole letter was about glorifying the monogamous heterosexual coupling, something that I really have a hard time relying on. Sonja, you constantly imply that polygamous relationships are about "cheating," and also that this kind of relationship will lead people to get AIDS or others STDs. Those statements sound pretty much like some conservative Christian propaganda to my ears... Like, I really would like to know what makes a monogamous

relationship so "safe" in terms of STDs? Is that respect? Trust? Love? Yeah, I guess a little bit of all that altogether, right? So, you know, I'm wondering what makes you so confident that only monogamous partners can offer such feelings? I mean, it is really common in the Christian portrayal of "bad sex" to assert that sex outside of the traditional monogamous coupling is only about fun, perversion, entertainment, etc. That image's only obvious function is to help confine sex in one single form... But you know, consenting polygamous partners most likely build their different relationships on RESPECT, TRUST and LOVE too. They're not "walking sexes" only concerned with fucking. They're not lubricious or perverted: they're only people who try to live their life without confining their emotions in rigid options, and who are trying to struggle against the patriarchy's "ideal domestic arrangement" in their very lives. Don't you realize how much your statements are giving such a negative and wrong picture of these people, and how much they're engraved in a judeo-christian acceptance of the word LOVE? On the one hand, you're degrading people and their lives, and on the other one, you glorify and harden the patriarchal set of rules, do you realize that?... And you know, I really feel disturbed at this point, because this kind of statements are already constantly displayed in every newspaper, every book, every movie, etc. I mean, yeah, we're living in a patriarchal society, and their propaganda is everywhere. We're indoctrinated, brainwashed and well... to me, the punk community offers a place where I can escape this and try to deconstruct my own personality and get rid of some of their dogmas. At least, I want to try... Don't you realize that when you glorify marriage and monogamous coupling, you glorify a domestic arrangement that confine women to a specific lowering and degrading role, and that you glorify a place where women are physically and emotionally threatened, harmed and even sometimes killed (on that topic, I encourage you to read Diana Russell's work, especially "Femicide: Sexist Terrorism Against Women")? Today, we shall realize that this monogamous heterosexual arrangement, no matter how nicely it is pictured in novels, newspapers and movies, is not a comfortable and safe place to grow up and enjoy our lives (mainly for women, but also for men—because this kind of relationships is intrinsically based on power, domination and sexist behaviors, and if we wish to go against that, then we have to basically refuse an arrangement that only promotes and encourages this system). It doesn't mean that we all should live polygamous or homosexual relationships or whatever, it means that we should struggle to have this patriarchal system fall down once and for all. We have to struggle in order to give each of us a real opportunity to chose the way we are going to build up our relations, without having to undergo pressures forced on us by a moral "authority..." For me, the only positive debate is lying here. Trying to advocate this or that sexual orientation and arrangement seems far to the point in my book, because who cares if you're heterosexual or homosexual or bisexual? Who cares if you think that it is more empowering for you to have sex with several people or just one? The point is to reject in a whole the patriarchal heterosexist system, because it alienates, degrades and confines us. Because it is in no way making our lives any better or more enjoyable. Because it is a system based on power, authority, frustrations, domination, inequality, privileges, etc. So, I think we all have to think about it very hard. The first step maybe would be to learn to have a more critical look upon things that we have been taught to take as "normal." Why would be a monogamous relationship be more happy and interesting and safe than any other one? I really think that we have to find the link between our so-called "free choices" and the way we have been raised and indoctrinated. Because rejecting patriarchy is to reject our education and to question our moral decisions every second. It is a long and very hard process, but I'm sure it's worth the time and energy we can invest in it.

So, as a final statement, I have to say that I really have nothing against someone letting others know how happy she/he is about her/his life and choices, but I have a hard time dealing with such words when they are backed up by some moral assertions about how everyone should chose the same life and about how any other choices are "bad," "immature," etc. I really think that talking about gender issues in every occasions is a positive thing, because it can open our eyes on what is really happening in our relationships, and that we usually are more inclined to hide. I really think that having people living "non-traditional" sexual, economical or

social lives is a great and comforting thing, because it is a symbol of freedom and diversity, and also because it can help many others who are forced to stay silent to find courage in what they're thinking and to finally take a stand. So, please don't try to silent every "minority" by reproducing the ruling ethic's stance anytime they try to break the cycle of silence and dare to express their thoughts. I hope I made some sense. Sorry if my English is not always perfect, but I realize that very few would actually have understood this if I had written it in French (it could easily be another debate within our community by the way: why are English speaking punks so lazy when it comes to learning another language?).

Don't hesitate to write to me if you feel like it...

Take care,

Christophe Mora/21 rue des Brosses/78200 Magnanville/France; stonehenge@hol.fr

Dear *HeartattaCk* and Readers,

In response to Séverine Rambaud's letter on monogamy in issue #20: Of the many important issues addressed in Séverine's letter, two in particular interest me most, namely those regarding honesty, in particular with oneself, and freedom.

According to Séverine, being honest with oneself, at least in the context of sexual relationships, entails that one act on his or her desires. For instance, imagine that Jonathan is committed in a monogamous relationship and is confronted with an opportunity to break that monogamous relationship with another person whom Jonathan desires. If he decides to not go through with this opportunity then he is being dishonest with himself, for he is not acting on his desires towards this person. On the other hand, if he decides to go through with the opportunity then he is being honest with himself, for he is acting on his desires towards this person.

This account strikes me as peculiar. My understanding of "honesty" has much to do with one's relationship with the truth. It seems to me that if one is in a position in which she knows the truth, and, as a result of knowing the truth, then embraces it, she is being honest. If one is in a position in which she knows the truth, and, as a result of something other than knowing the truth, then denies it, she is being dishonest. If one is in a position in which she does not know the truth, honesty is not an issue. An important question then arises: "When honesty is placed in the context of oneself does one know the truth regarding oneself?" Quickly, let us consider one to have knowledge that x when one a) believes that x, b) is justified in believing that x, and c) when x is true. (Under some circumstances this is an insufficient account of knowledge, but for the present discussion it ought to work.) When considering oneself is it not the case that we often manage to deceive ourselves? For instance, I have often had experiences in which I thought I had done a certain act for a certain reason, yet later discovered a certain underlying desire that actually led me to do that certain act. So, originally we could say that I didn't know the reason why I had done that certain act, for the reason that I had in mind was not true. Thus, honesty was not an issue; I simply did not know what spurned me to do that certain act. I have also often had experiences in which I thought I had done a certain act for a certain reason, and I actually knew that this was the reason that caused me to do this certain act. Yet because the reason made me so uncomfortable with myself I denied it, and made up a reason that I was more comfortable with. In this case I did know what spurned me to do that certain act yet I chose to deny it. Thus, here honesty is an issue, and as it turns out I was dishonest. So, to answer the question of whether or not one knows the truth regarding oneself I must say, "Sometimes." From my experiences, one knows oneself when one takes the proper amount of time to reflect, or investigate, oneself.

To relate this back to Séverine's letter, I think that the given account of honesty with regards to oneself is flawed, as explained in my own brief account of honesty in the above paragraph. Acting or not acting on one's desires does not determine whether or not one is honest. Honesty is determined by one's relationship with the truth. Clearly, not acting on one's desires does not involve one's relationship with the truth of those attractions, but with the actions taken with regards to those desires. Thus, when considering Jonathan's case, the nature of his actions do not determine his honesty. His honesty in this case can only be considered with regards to his relationship with the truth with regards to

his feelings toward the person he is monogamously committed to, and his feelings toward the person with whom he has an opportunity to break this commitment. If he knows these things and acknowledges them he is honest. If he knows these things and denies them he is dishonest. From this we can conclude that Séverine's account of honesty has nothing to do with whether one ought or ought not be monogamous. As the account stands, the fact that Jonathan is deemed dishonest for not breaking his monogamous commitment and honest for breaking it gives a negative connotation to monogamy and a positive connotation to non-monogamy. This is of course assuming that we think one ought to be honest and not dishonest. Seeing as how the account that produces these connotations is flawed we need not be affected by its implications, or let it affect our decisions with regards to choosing a monogamous or non-monogamous lifestyle.

Séverine claims that freedom is all about acting on one's desires, that in living non-monogamously one does not act one's desires, and, therefore, if we really want to be free then we ought to live non-monogamously. My understanding of freedom differs. Freedom, as I understand it, is the ability to choose one's own actions, to self-regulate. This clearly implies nothing about actually acting or not acting on one's desires, it merely refers to the ability to choose to act or not act on one's desires. Thus, in no way does choosing a non-monogamous lifestyle enhance one's freedom, just as in no way does choosing a monogamous lifestyle hinder one's freedom. So, when considering a monogamous or non-monogamous lifestyle one need not take into account the issue of freedom, for regardless of which is chosen a decision is made, and one has self-regulated; thus manifesting freedom itself.

This now leads us to the underlying question of monogamy, as well as many other issues: "When ought one act and when ought one not act on one's desires?"

Best,

Anthony Brett Bezsylo/6267 Covington Way/Goleta, CA 93117; TonyBrett1@aol.com
I greatly appreciate correspondence. Feel free to write.

Dear Somebody in TX,

I am writing in regards to your letter in *HeartattaCk* #20. I'm 17 and have witnessed many abusive relationships, so my first thought would be to leave him. But, you said something about help. Well... it doesn't always work (I will probably be looking on the down side of things due to experience). So here's a little story.

My dad hit my mom before I was born until I was about five, except when she was pregnant with me and my sister. I would vaguely remember years later, and they would basically tell me I was crazy until three years ago. He quit for a while, but the anger has to go somewhere. It went to calling my mom names to breaking things.

Then, in Feb. '95 me, a friend, my sister and my mom were at home. In comes my dad, drunk and calling my mother all sorts of names. Meanwhile, I'm in my room with my friend, all the sudden we hear loud crying. "I'll be right back," I say to my friend. Leave, and what do I see but blood from my mother's nose. He hit my mom. Not only did he hit her twice, but a foot away from my twelve year old sister. My sister called the police, while I watched my father bust out all the windows of my mom's truck.

He spent one night in jail and two at his mom's apartment. My mom and dad patch things up and a month later he goes to court. (getting to the point) The court gives him two years probation and six months of anger management classes. Went through the classes, no problem. But after the six months were up... well, he still cusses her out multiple times a day, and I've seen him push her into walls twice, the last time being only three weeks ago.

I totally support my mom if she had a divorce, and have asked her numerous times why she doesn't. Because, "I have no place to go" and "I still love him" are the two main reasons why.

So classes don't always work, but do show signs that the person doing the hitting wants to put a stop to it. What it basically comes down to is if you do nothing about it, it will probably last your lifetime. Another example...

My grandmother hit my grandfather (on my mom's side). My grandpa had cancer so I would go help feed him and walk him from his bed to his chair.

So my grandma decided he walked too slow and would hit him. Finally, the cancer did its thing and he could not walk anymore, went unconscious, and died. But it sucks she hit him of and on all his life, even his final days.

I've seen four abusive relationships in my family, in which all of them stuck it out. Three until death did them part (none abuse related) and the other is my parents. So, due to experiences is why I would advise you to leave him, and ask him to get help to ensure this hopefully doesn't happen to anyone down the road. No one deserves that shit. So yes, the most safe and easy thing to do is leave.

Endnote: I am merely suggesting the above advice, it may not be what you want. And besides, I don't like telling people what to do anymore than I like being told what to do.

This is the hardest thing I've ever written. I get along pretty well with my dad, but I feel like I'm stabbing him in the back by writing this. But I'm not doing this to hurt him (even if he doesn't know), I'm doing this to help anyone who is in an abusive relationship see the outcome. My name is Jason Aldy, and you (the reader and the actual person this is addressed to) can write me at Jason Aldy/1908 Alston St./Arlington, TX 76013.

HeartattaCk.

I just now picked up my sister's #20 and started reading, here in the warp space of Home for the Holidays, but I've got to stop and respond to "Somebody in TX." I've spent this last fall trying to understand and transform violence as it came smacking into my life. So to the 22 year old in Texas, this is what I've figured out: violence is an expression of passion. Only the people who have intense emotions with you will express violence with you. It takes a lot of will and energy to hurt someone you care a lot about and the situation usually is just as confusing for the abuser as the victim. In my experience, the girl I was with had a lot of elements in her life that she couldn't control with parents, friends, what she's doing with her life wasn't what she wanted. Me being so close to her, knowing her for a long time, and understanding these problems, I became the focus of her anger and powerlessness. Why? Because she knew we'd talk about it, and move on.

The first time she hit me I told her it was intolerable and she'd better stop. I didn't want to be "violent" back. But what was to stop her? I forgave. I forgave her because, like you, I connected so incredibly to her and I thought we should be able to deal. The third time she attacked me I had to lock myself in the bathroom, wait for her to leave, then run out the door in search of support from my new friends in my new and foreign town. After that I was scared for my physical safety, but even worse I was a mess mentally and emotionally. I was trying to carry on with my life but was angry and scared. Nobody deserves to feel this way, it's a complete waste of energy, and by allowing ourselves to feel this way we are committing violence against ourselves.

This is when I came to the conclusion that passivity is violence, not pacifism. I imagine you want to live a peaceful existence, but being passive won't cut it. You want your life intact, and you want this great relationship, but neither are a reality right now and you've got to do one at a time.

I was living with the violent girl, and after the bathroom incident decided to move out. I found a new place, but still she tried to pull physically violent shit on me one night, and finally I responded by pinning her to the floor and insisting she stop. I once might've considered this violent behavior, but it was a prevention of further violence. I wasn't hurting her, just stopping her from hurting me, and she got the message. Sometimes violent people are looking for someone to draw a line so they know where they stand. (By the way, this concept of using force as an act of nonviolence is often misinterpreted by national militaries. Don't be fooled. But I find it relevant in one-on-one.)

I didn't speak to this girl for a few months except to sort out bills and we were pretty mean, but then a month ago something dissolved—pettiness? maniacal thought patterns?—and we talked over coffee, really honestly about what happened. No, we will never be as close as we were, but we have respect and kindness for each other and can be happy in the same room among common friends, and even help each other out when needed.

So, no, I didn't get it all, and I don't think you necessarily will either, but what I got was myself back. This, please note, is not something somebody took from me. Nobody can take your humanity, your esteem, your life from you. You surrender it. Which brings me to thoughts on "victims" and "abusers." You say you were in an abusive relationship for five years. You've definitely learned how to play that role. Violence is perpetrated by all people involved, and to stop it you cannot merely point fingers at someone who is coping with their life the way they've figured out, you must examine why you remain in a situation that is inhibiting your freedom of life and safety, and probably happiness. Like I said, and you've probably heard before, silence is acquiescence, like so much else in punk politics. Apply it to your life.

So, please start believing in yourself as more than a victim. You have just as much—in fact, more—power to end this than anyone else. You must first rebuild yourself before considering any great connection to anyone else. I'd also suggest pointing out or considering for yourself what in this guy's life may lead to him destroying this relationship that could be so fabulous, in some other reality.

A final contemplation on size and strength: who is stronger in an abusive relationship, be that emotionally or physically, is not important. It's about who's more willing to use tools as weapons. I was stronger in my relationship, but not until I was willing to use my strength could I assert my right to exist free of threat and harm. You deserve the same.

Best of luck (but it's not about luck),

Andrea del Moral/Montréal, PQ

P.S. You're probably right—this guy needs help perhaps, but you are the last person to give it to him. There is no distance or perspective between you and it is not your responsibility anyway—take care of yourself first.

Dear Somebody in TX,

You may be "embarrassed" now, but hospitalized later. Your boyfriend may need help, but you need to help yourself before you need a funeral. Whatever your sick boyfriend's problem is, staying in a relationship as a physical and emotional punching bag will not solve anything. Take control of your life before someone else ends it.

This guy is hardly a "friend"—friends do not abuse each other. Do not let fear, insecurity, and emotional attachment get in the way of your good judgement. You have a good mind, and you can use it to do the right thing. Your life is worth too much to be a part of this cycle of abuse and confuse. After four times (after two) an apology isn't worth the hot air it takes to make one. This "violent streak" is a character flaw, not an accident or an obstacle to overcome.

Waste no time—go to a battered women's shelter or crisis prevention center. You have the strength to end this. Be strong, take a stand to save yourself.

Love, Ceylon

Felix and HaC folks,

It looks as though I have the dubious honour of being the straw the broke Felix Havoc's back. I find it kind of ironic and even laughable that Felix Von Tough Guy is letting up, at least partially, because of my "wack hippie shit." I say good riddance and enjoy brewing in negativity.

The said "hippie shit" being referred to was my advocacy of nudism in issue #20. Felix mentions that nudism was fine for '68 not '98. I find this statement laughable coming from someone who is stuck in early '80s hardcore mode.

Why do you "totally oppose nudity in the punk scene?" That statement seems rather haphazard and there is no reasoning behind it. I honestly can't figure out why you would be so threatened by seeing a cock or cunt. Could the idea of being a nudist just be too revolutionary? Where are you coming up with all this? How is "the scene" suffering from the fact that I like to play badminton naked? For the record, I never once mentioned nudity being punk or said people should get naked at shows (and so what if they do?). I said that nudism is rejected by a lot of "progressive" thinkers and this case only provides more evidence to that fact. Why should nudity only be kept at home? Do you seriously have a fear of people not consenting to nudity? I'm not advocating that people take off other people's clothes, but rather their own.

Felix, you have completely missed my point

because it sounds as though you are still equating nudism with sex by your "consenting adults" comment. Nudity is not about sex. It can involve sex, but the two are not even close to being the same.

At the risk of making a false accusation, I get the impression that Felix is not the most queer/sex positive person out there. He refers to the Smiths as a "girly pop band." Whatever that is. A lot of the Smiths songs were quite pancy and had a lot of obviously queer content. Why do you find this so threatening or unappealing? Is this femmophobia? Am I grasping at straws? Add to this the fact that Havoc likes all this early '80s stuff like Minor Threat, a blatantly sex negative band, and I begin to wonder how "revolutionary" he is. Why are you so threatened by the idea of nudity and wimpy boys? I have another example of why a lot of early hardcore was crap. Take the early Dischord days that you seem to be so fond of. Remember S.O.A. and their oh so progressive song "Girl Problems"? Remember, this is the '99, not '81. Don't you think we should be challenging our notions on sex, gender and sexuality?

I was telling my boyfriend about Havoc's comments to my column and he half jokingly said he thought Havoc is looking for someone to love him. Maybe we should all take the time to love him just a little and then he could cheer up a bit. C'mon Felix doesn't that sound nice, snuggling up on a beach beside your dogs enjoying the sun? I bet you are a lot more into cuddling than you let on. Patchouli forever!

Daryl Von Hippie; safe23@hotmail.com.
Box 22172/Regina, SK/S4S 3H7/Canada.

HeartattaCk.

Around mid-August '98, me and my friend Lauren went into Boston to see Converge and Today Is The Day play the last show of their summer tour. I hadn't been to a Boston show in years. Boston's "scene" had been non-existent, laughable, and riddled with violence while I was growing up, but now it seemed to be healthy and strong, so I assumed people had gotten over the bullshit, and really started to care.

Right from the start there was this big, tattooed guy wearing a wife-beater and baseball hat hurting people. I had seen him many times before at shows growing up. His "dancing" consisted of charging into people much smaller than him, hurting them in the process. He'd been doing this all night and during Converge's set Lauren tapped me on the shoulder and pointed to the back of the club. I could see some scuffle, and knew it was a fight.

Converge stopped playing and asked, "Is everything cool? Cuz we really want to finish playing." The fight was quelled down and mister wife-beater baseball hat came out of it yelling at the crowd, "I've been in this scene before all of you, and I'll be here after to you. Nobody's gonna tell me how to dance, you fuckin' maggots!" One of his friends jumped in, "Yeah, you got a problem, then step up motherfuckers!" The baseball hat guy had been going around, hurting people, and finally somebody had had enough. My friend Ryan's 17 year old girlfriend got tired of the guy's shit, and after he slammed into her she punched him. So what does our 26-year-old, 6 foot, bodybuilder do? He turned around and started punching her in the face, which was the scuffle that Lauren had pointed to. This guy had been hurting people all night and now he had just beaten up a teenage girl. What did Converge do? What did the crowd do? What did I do? Nothing.

We stood there as he called us maggots and demanded acceptance for his brand of violence. Even though most people weren't aware that he had just beat up a girl, we knew who he was. We knew he'd been hurting people since the show started, and now he was calling us maggots. Three hundred people and no one did or said anything, including me. It was the most repugnant night of my life. Not only because of Converge's inaction or the crowd's, but my own. It turns my stomach. When I saw that Converge was going to do and say nothing, and neither was anyone else, I should've said something. This guy could've kicked my ass, but that's not the point. He'd just beat up a kid, and to let that go without an ounce of resistance was disgusting. But, I cowered just like the band, and everyone else. If one person had said something, or if the band had said something, I'm sure at least ten people would've stepped forward. But, instead we were all looking for someone else to take the initiative, and no one did.

Is this what it's come down to? Is this what

we, I have become? I hate myself when I think about it. I hate that night, I hate shows in Boston, and most of all I hate how apathetic we've all become.

Lukasz Janik; lqj2011@is6.nyu.edu

HeartattaCk,

This letter is written in thanks to Starfag for the response to the two letters written by boys in response to Kirst's letter. I haven't read any of the other letters, but Starfag has some valid points about a very important, but all too often overlooked, topic. My guess is that most of you have already stopped reading this letter due to a typical and general male dominated apathy that continues to plague our "community."

Let me start by saying that I was fortunate to grow up in a family where my mother was not disrespected, ignored or forced to be submissive. Although this is good on one hand, it didn't prepare me for reality. When I was young, I thought we (women) were considered equal and no longer had room to complain. I actually thought opinionated women were crybabies about an outdated stigma. I was able to laugh at my male friends' disrespectful remarks about women because I honestly believed it was a joke. I dismissed women's complaints because I could not relate—or didn't think I could until I became a sexually active adult female. I always had way more male friends, and I was the last person on earth who wanted to believe sexism still existed.

I have never dated anyone outside the "PC" punk community and I have experienced every fucked up sexist behavior anyone ever could, and so have most of my punk sisters.

In a society of individuals who claim to be so different and who claim to care so much about basic human rights, it's a wonder to me that there are any girls in the punk community at all! When I started being seen as a sexual opportunity, that's when that old clique "sexism" went from an outdated topic to a very real issue in my life.

Do men honestly think that women have nothing more to worry about in life than to think up new things to complain about? The punk community acknowledges the dominant, white male as an oppressor, so why is it aggravating to hear it come from a female? It's true, we all know it. Women do not generally rape, kill, and use people for sex. When an ethnic person complains about abuse or discrimination, everyone wants to listen. Everyone cares and wants to help make a change. But, when a woman complains, she's a bitch or a nag or she's looking for an excuse to complain. People will generally speak up about a dog being disrespected in some way before disrespect towards a woman is even a consideration. Women, even in the punk community, are often looked at as sexual or financial assets. We are often ignored in political debate, exchange of opinions, or creative expression. And let me make it perfectly clear that this is not what I want to see, but what has been forced into my life by a society of people who claimed to care about my rights as a woman as well as a human. Men who pretend to care about women's struggles only to impress other men are the majority.

Women accepting this because of the realization that if punks don't care, who will, and also because expressing their observations, problems, and opinions about sexism usually leads to more apathy, criticism, and even ostracization by this "alternative" lifestyle, is the norm. This is a fact—one that is accepted by men and tolerated by women because we know only the men can change their ways. As Lydia Lynch says, "It's a fucking life sentence," and it is! I can't believe any "punk" would have the audacity to say they are tired of hearing women complain and do nothing about it. First of all, with all the shit I've been through and my sisters have been though as a result of typical male ignorance, I can hardly believe that *HeartattaCk* and *Profane Existence* aren't completely filled with women bitching about the things we are taught to put up with and shut up about. Second, what the fuck can we do about it when half the fucking race has a stranglehold on our lives and third, we are doing something about it dickface! We write letters about it, talk about it, make music about it, and if we are lucky enough to get a

response, it's usually some self-absorbed prick who knows nothing of our struggle telling us to be celibate and quit complaining or some such bullshit. And then you wonder why you can't get laid. Then you wonder why girls don't want to hang out with you. Then you wonder why we act like such fucking "cunts" bitching and crying all the time.

I'm not a riot grrrl, I don't hate men, I'm not sexist, but unlike most men I, along with almost every fucking girl I know, have every reason in the world to justify it. The only thing worse than being made to feel second class is being told I shouldn't complain about it, that I shouldn't care. Men don't care about women's issues because they don't have to! But women are getting stronger like Conan pushing the wheel of his oppressor. Women are starting to fight back and when man turns an apathetic cheek to her, she's going to start throwing punches to get his attention if she has to.

We are beginning to come together and create our own society, so don't be surprised when there's no girls around for you typical "men" to use, because they will all be too busy with each other "finding a new life style," fucking each other and finding weak men to hold their coats at shows, and you will probably end up one of them in hopes of having whatever contact with the women that they will allow you to have. So, to all the men, respect women and treat them as your equal or lose them to a separate society. It's your choice.

Dr. Ruthless/2242 Madera Ave./Dallas, TX 75206

keeping a positive attitude, and I promise to answer all letters, notes, photos, cards, 'zines, etc. Also this could be the beginning of a good 'zine in the future.

Please write to Milton Barnes/J-89423/PO Box 705/Soledad, CA 93960-0705.

Thank you all in advance for writing, and your responses are greatly appreciated. *HeartattaCk*, keep up the excellent work!

Dear *HeartattaCk*,

I read the *Reversal Of Man* interview in issue 20 and found myself agreeing and at the same time disagreeing with them for much of what they had to say. This being my first letter to your 'zine may seem kind of weird starting off, I hope it flows... well, here goes:

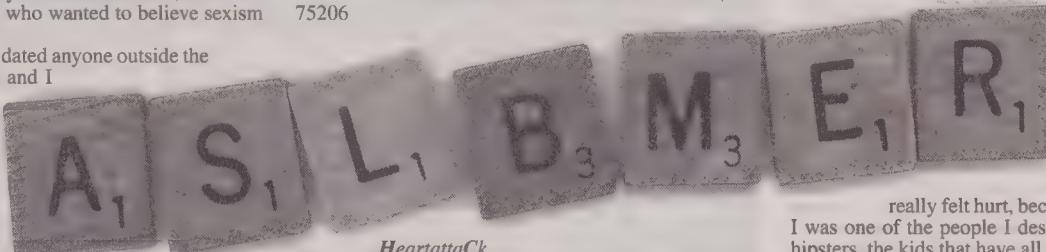
For the past few years I have been involved in doing 'zines, setting up shows, and just up until recently helped run a distro with my twin brother. Now what makes me so darn special about doing these things? Nothing really. I do look at all those things as positive in my hopes to spread the word around to kids in our area (the Poconos of northeastern Pennsylvania) about bands that I like, whether or not the kids like the bands we book here is strictly up to them. Now there comes the part where Jeff, I think, from *Reversal Of Man* answered that the scene has many elite types in it and sincerity is not there.

I do feel sincere as a person in the scene but I started to question myself recently when a friend said I was an elitist. He said he was just joking around but I really felt hurt, because I really wondered if

I was one of the people I despised, the braggarts, the hipsters, the kids that have all the connections, the rare and colored vinyl collector, the kids that others bow down to for no apparent reason. Now, the last one I am positive I am not. But, has there been a time or two where I have let my modesty down and gave way to "scene politics"? (i.e.: "I met Ian Mackaye," "have booked this and that band," etc.) The answer is yes. Am I proud of the example I have set or shown to some? Yes, I am proud to have met, run into, know, booked certain people or bands that are well somewhat known that I love deeply. But as far as example I have felt like I have given into the "hierarchy politics" of punk that I really find annoying in hearing other "hip scene kids" say. So what makes me so different, nothing. I am just as guilty and no better than them. I am ashamed of it and have tried to stop myself from sinking down to that level again. Some have told me I'm too hard on myself, that I should give credit to myself for accomplishing things, but the truth is, we are all the same in the scene. We all have backstabbed others, we have all made fun of another "sub genre" of punk kids or music. Unity of scenes should be seen when going to shows though, I strongly believe that, and I encourage kids who book shows to make that effort to stop the clique shows that are parting the scenes. Put a pop punk band on with a indie band, or a hc band with a ska band. Even labels are doing it these days. I would like to give a shoutout to Troublemancer and Gern Blandsten who do seem to try to put out music based on what they like rather than making it a "genre specific" label.

I hate the fact that the scene has become this "popularity contest" about who knows who and what bands you were in and whatnot. I could give examples of hideous bands that rely on what bands they were in at a time but this is not my place to make enemies with people I don't know anything about other than I think it is totally bogus. Not all bands that have "ex members of" are bad. In my mind many are quite good, but not solely due to their past bands. One thing I do disagree with though was with what Jeff said that many of your readers also agree with, that Christianity has no place in punk/hc. I know the argument has been dug into the dirt numerous times in *HeartattaCk* and I know this may make me some enemies, but as a minority in the scene I am a Christian. Do I base my beliefs on what Pat Robertson or what some other right winger says? No. I don't find much Christian punk to be that good either. Tooth and Nail releases pretty much utter crap (besides Frodus) and I personally love "blasphemous" bands like Born Against.

Christianity to me is just a way of life for



HeartattaCk,

This letter seems a little late, but oh well. I really enjoyed #18, the sex issue. I thought everything was well written. The only problem I had with it was that there wasn't enough on masturbation. I can sorta understand why since sex and masturbation are different things, but how can you enjoy sex without first knowing your body and what turns you on. Masturbation's the best! Anyway, I've been reading your 'zine for a while, and I think you guys do an excellent job. Keep up the good work.

Thanks, Megan/8300 Bromley Rd./Hillsborough, NC 27278

Dear *HeartattaCk*,

Hello *HeartattaCk*, and its unique "open minded" reading audience. My name is Milton Barnes, and I'm 377 years young, healthy, also open minded, and to some an Eddie Murphy look and act alike.

I'm currently incarcerated and that coincides with loneliness. I'm writing to show my appreciation of the "reality writing" that appeared in issue number 18, especially the topics on sex, non-monogamous vs. monogamy and the 'zine reviews. My appreciation is also extended to Kent, the editor who sent me the issue, and the rest of the *HeartattaCk* staff for putting together a "real" 'zine.

Although I'm temporarily inside (12 months, release June 1999) of this negative environment, I'm trying to stay positive and focused on putting my life back together. It's no secret that the penal system is designed to do the opposite, to oppress, and to instill pessimism.

I stay strong knowing I have 4 years of University of California Pre-medical studies going for me when I return back to a normal society. Most other inside have little or less to look forward to upon entrance back into society. *HeartattaCk* helps me to escape through its magazine and think about all the opportunities I have out there and the good things in life; in a sense I can get peace of mind from the magazine, and be exposed to more 'zines through the reviews.

With all that I still sometimes find life in here challenging, just to stay optimistic on a day to day basis, and would love to hear from anyone, on any subject, especially an encouraging word or letter. Please do not let my situation discourage anyone (you) from writing. It means a great deal to me, it is my method of

me, much like straight edge is to others. I believe in the teachings of Christ, not what some who claim to be people of God teach. That teaching was love, not hate, and I do believe that people who aren't Christian see Christianity as wrong because of what these self appointed leaders of God say and do. I'm sorry that many of you have to see the hateful ones in the press, but they are getting bad press because of what they do and I understand your disgust with these people. The message is not unlike any other religion. It is about love and the belief of a creator and His son, Christ... My religion is very personal to me, I don't mention it to everyone but I try to live by example.

I know many of you will not understand this but that's my belief and no one should be "kicked out" of a scene because of their religion or beliefs. Punk/HC to me is about accepting others for who they are and not letting go because they believe differently than you. That is what society is, it rejects those that don't comply to their way of thinking. I just think that punk should have more value than that. I am not a fascist, sexist, racist, homophobic individual and I think we should try to do our best to spread literature against those types. But, by labeling all Christians or people with a religion is very close minded. I know many who give examples of past wars brought on by religions but, like I stated, those aren't the teachings of Christ, that was man's own doing. Sort of like what Earth Crisis did to ruin many peoples association with straight edge.

Zeke Baker/PO Box 709/Mt. Effort, PA 18330; nationofruxpin@hotmail.com

To whom it may concern,

In response to your review of Jejune. I feel that comparing them to Cuban revolutionaries is going a bit overboard. Sure, we can all relate to songs about unrequited love. We've all loved and lost. I should hope that an intelligent publication would see the big picture. Jejune as revolutionaries? That is funny. I might be the next Mozart if my parents had the money to support me and I had the time to not work and got to go to music school. Unfortunately my reality dictates that I must work 40 hours a week to barely make rent. I have little time, regrettably, for creative endeavors. I do not mean to undermine their talents. But, I see what is going on. I feel sorry for people who have so much time on their hands that all they have to say to the world is "Nobody loves me!"

The revolution is not about the broken hearts of rich kids. As the grandkid of original revolutionaries of Cuba, I feel confident in saying this: the revolutionaries would never assume such self-indulgence.

Maria Martinez/Chula Vista, CA

Dear Kent/HaC,

The killer whale is one of the most intelligent creatures in the universe. Incredibly, he is the only animal other than man who kills for revenge.

He has one mate and if she is harmed by man, he will hunt down that person with a relentless, terrible vengeance—across seas, across time, across all obstacles.

Fuck the cops, Chad Miller

Dear Friends,

I read about your 'zine in an old issue of S&L. I am serving an elongated sentence for federal LSD charges. I have been working with Dr. John Beresford of the Committee On Unjust Sentencing. He has arranged a POW conference to be held early next year. We are looking for people to join us. I am hoping you can include the following announcement in your next issue:

The Second International Conference On Drug War Prisoners will be held at York University in Toronto, Canada on March 20-21, 1999. Organizations are welcome to participate. Papers from academic, activist, and especially POW standpoint are sought. For more information contact: Dr. John Beresford/ Committee On Unjust Sentencing/PO Box 76665/Los Angeles, CA 90076; johnber@earthlink.net.

Yours truly,

Karen Hoffman/#00644-049 A S/501 Capital Circle, NE/Tallahassee, FL 32301

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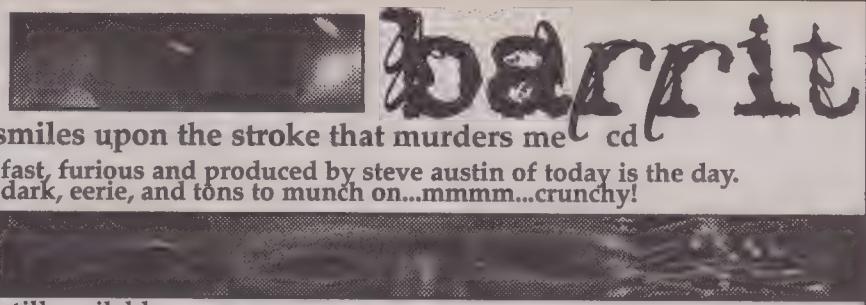
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L am increasingly bothered by the number of editorials I read from women's 'zines criticizing HaC's role in the discussion of what are considered women's issues. Many women out there



Lisa Ogleby

feel that in the issues where we talked about abuse HaC didn't publish what they wanted to hear. The readers have to understand that HaC sets itself up as a community magazine. We want it to be accessible to everyone and when topics of interest come up, we truly want everyone to be heard. Without steering the discussion too much, we present ideas for further discussion. Many readers found that unacceptable. Many readers were upset that there was no one making the points they wanted to hear. To those people I have to say, "Write something then." HaC is a tool to be used. If you submit something of interest, it will most likely be printed.

Recently, I read a 'zine by a woman who, in talking about her own experience(s) with sexual abuse, felt that HaC had simply given the issue lip service. That we were pondering whether the issue itself was worth the space we gave it. I have to say I think she totally missed the point. To me, and other HaC staffers, the entire point was to present a dialogue that people would read what was there, think about it, and hopefully talk about it with other people. The very fact that we gave the issue so much space was because we thought it was important to talk about. The same 'zine also accused HaC of being a male magazine that did not understand women's realities as they deal with problems like this, thus implying that the people at HaC are men. Now, anyone who bothers to read the intro page can see three 'zine coordinator names there, and two of them women. But still she considers it a man's magazine.

This disturbs me. It disturbs me that even when women are active in projects they are not noticed. And not just by men, by other women. We are all so convinced that women don't do anything that I think we have come to expect it, and come to think it even when that is not the case. The perceived invisibility of women with the scene has really taken hold. I can think of numerous examples of women who do cool shit, yet no one seems to know who they are. Even when we are present, we are not noticed.

This thought came to me again as I sat in a "Women In The Scene" workshop this summer. The entire discussion was monopolized by women complaining that there aren't enough women in bands. That women are, for various reasons, simply not involved in many musical projects. Now, I don't have the time to go into my theory on why this occurs, what I can say is that which I thought at the time, "Who gives a fuck. Women do plenty of other things." And after some time that point was finally made. True, women in the scene are generally not involved in the kind of high profile projects that put them on a stage. (So to speak.) However, there are TONS of women out there involved in TONS of behind the scenes projects that are worth mentioning. There are so many women out there running show spaces, organizing community activities, working at stores/distros, writing 'zines and being active parts of collectives. The fact that even a group of women in the workshop about women's roles in the punk/hardcore scenes did not realize this bothered me to no end.

At the end of the workshop I made a point about how one thing women are a big part of is the 'zine community. More than anywhere else, women's voices are heard through 'zines. Seeing as how 'zines are punk media, it makes sense to me that if women want to be heard they have to seize that media. It is time for all of us to start writing and start making people realize that women are here and they are involved. We can talk forever about how more women should be in bands—but I don't see that changing anytime soon. If we really want to make ourselves heard and get past the perceived invisibility then we have to start being proactive. I think more women are willing to be a part of 'zines and I suggest starting there.

So this is sort of my call to arms to women. In the next issue of HaC we are going to explore women's voices. We are looking for contributions of any kind that deal with women's lives: what you do in the scene, what you do outside of the scene, rants, things that inspire you, things you have seen, things that you think people need to talk about, whatever. This is open

to all women, so please get involved. Don't let yourself be silenced.

J'm back. Although I was planning to retire from this position due to the onslaught of nudism and emo the DIY issue renewed my faith in this magazine. You should realize by now that a sizable portion of what I write is SARCASM. I thought the DIY issue was the best feature to run in this publication yet. Lots of interesting opinions, viewpoints and commentary from the front lines.

Animal Chin never showed up to the boxing match. Extreme Noise declared winners by default.

A week after the scheduled bout Animal Chin threw in the towel. Coincidence? I think not. Hardcore conquers ska again.

I'd like to apologize to anyone who ordered from Havoc records mail order in December. Several factors led to us being backed up for over a month. Tanner had Mono, I took a much needed but poorly timed three week vacation to the East Coast. Our T-shirt dryer broke down, and of course this time of year the Post Office is incredibly slow and inefficient. This all led to some orders not getting shipped for over two months. We were deluged with big orders from stores and mail order all at once. The store orders went out first and the mail order suffered. Everything was caught up by Jan 20. I spent nine hundred dollars at the Post Office in one day mailing out the hundreds of back logged orders. Now things are back to normal but the whole ordeal brought up some serious issues about the DIY community which I would like to discuss.

I was sad to learn that Profane Existence was closing down its distribution and magazine. But the reasons are all too familiar to me. The high expectations of the punk community coupled with the huge burden of work and financial demands lead to overworked, underpaid, stressed-out individuals who were losing sight of why they got involved in such an endeavor to begin with. This is a factor I've experienced in distribution and booking shows. Frequently we get involved in endeavors as a labor of love. Our desire to provide the best in punk rock at the lowest possible price raises the expectations of the consumers. When reality comes due and you realize that you can't continue in your current fashion the consumers brand you a sell out and a profit monger. I remember being criticized for demanding that everybody pay three bucks to get into shows at the Bomb Shelter. The Bomb Shelter lost money. I supported it out of Havoc Records and my day job in the remodeling business. I paid the bands too much money, because I knew what it was like to be on the road and being paid shit. I spent a lot of money on repairs because disrespectful snots trashed the only all ages DIY place we had for shows. Eventually I got sick of mopping up puke, dealing with cops and surly crusties and threw in the towel. I had started to book shows because I loved punk music. After several years of booking I had come to hate shows, and still go to very few.

Like it or not most of the people involved in the punk scene are consumers. You have little role other than to purchase entertainment commodities such as records, live music and fanzines. The vast majority of the real work in the scene is done by a very small but dedicated group of people who work their asses off to make things happen. These are the musicians, promoters, 'zine and record publishers. I have traveled all across America and found that in almost every scene there are really only a handful of people actually making it happen. The rest just observe from the sidelines and of course complain when things don't go perfectly. I can think of several towns where the scene collapsed when one or two individuals left town.

If I tried to explain what I do in the music scene to someone from the business world they would have a hard time understanding. I intentionally set out to do things that will lose money, purely out of dedication. I turn down money-making projects due to ethical or aesthetic objections. Only the fine arts community has a similar pattern. When Profane Existence started the primary concern was publishing a political punk magazine. Next came putting out records by political punk bands. What then followed was distribution of records by similar bands. Always there

was a desire to spread an anarchist or anti-authority message in music and print. This helped to keep alive a vital section of the punk scene as the mainstream of punk became increasingly apolitical and commercialized. Ultimately Dan had to quit his job as a cook, drop out of school and work on Profane full time. He did this for nearly ten years. I will vouch for the fact that Dan and later Manduke worked harder on that project than I've seen anyone work on anything. They did this for virtually no pay. Throughout its history Profane Existence was in financial straits. Always they owed lots of people money and lots of people owed them. Always they put in super long hours for little or no reward. Finally after working their asses off for years and years and making no money they decided to quit and get on with their lives. The tensions between trying to run a business in the competitive world market and be a clearinghouse for anti-authoritarian information were in too great a conflict. In their communiqué they head up one section "overwhelmed." This is frequently how I feel when I look at my office. There are sometimes two or three hundred letters on my desk. Each of them is important, but I will never be able to answer them all. The punk community has extremely unrealistic expectations of what we are going to do for them. Instead I think some of these people should start to evaluate what they can do for scene rather than waiting for someone else to do it for them.

When I started the T-shirt division of Havoc Records I took over the operations of the Overthrow Collective of Dallas, Texas. That same phrase "overwhelmed" would apply to the operations of Overthrow. I inherited hundreds of letters, opened and unopened, many from customers who had sent money and never received anything. The Overthrow folks had started their mail order distro with the best of intentions. They had cool political punk shirts, and tapes by political punk bands, available at a low price. Very punk, very DIY. But it's all too easy to get behind, and then begin to suffer from a malaise that makes it almost impossible to get caught up. The desire to offer cool stuff at a low DIY price leaves so little margin to compensate people for working on project and provide for unforeseen expenses. The orders keep coming and coming while the capacity to fill them in a timely fashion diminishes. I was able to revive the Overthrow mail order and expand upon it by integrating it into the Havoc distribution system. (This sounds very big and corporate but all occurred in a corner of my bedroom). These two case studies with which I have personal experience lead me to this examination of DIY mail order distribution.

Who starts a failed mail order distro? Typically someone already involved in selling records or T-shirts or whatever at shows who wants to reach a bigger market. Records are ordered from distributors and labels, catalogs and ads are printed, etc. Prices are set, frequently not by what the market would realistically dictate but by what the distributor thinks it an appropriate price. Then the orders roll in. The best selling and lowest priced stuff sells out right away. The rest moves slowly. Invoices come due and distributor winds up paying for lots of stock that isn't selling very well. Orders keep coming, and keep coming. Not enough cash comes in to cover the invoices. Orders get filled but there is no money to mail them. Personal and financial crises develop and things start to get backed up. The ideal of filling orders the same day goes out the window. Orders wait for stock that is out of stock, that there is not enough money to re-order. Eventually the orders start to pile up. A despondency sets in. The fun and glamour is replaced by endless, thankless drudgery. People call you a rip off and a sell out. Finally the whole enterprise goes up in smoke with piles of unfulfilled orders, un-paid invoices and general malice and ill will.

At work here are the unrealistic goals and expectations of the would-be distributor. A dreamer who, out of passion, tries to create something bigger than they are capable of managing. Also at work are the expectations of the consumer, that the distributor should make no profit but still offer service competitive with a corporate mail order house. There are several very well run mail order distributors. I order from Vacuum at least once a month and I'm never disappointed. When I visit Bob at Sound Idea I'm always impressed with the speed, efficiency and quality of his mail order operation. These examples are some of the exceptions. All the time I hear about people who sent money for stuff they never got, or only got after months of hassle. What is there to be learned from all of this? Don't set up a mail order operation until you

are absolutely certain of what you are doing. Try working for someone else doing mail order for a year or so and see how you like it. Have a large cash reserve and a secondary source of income until you get established. Know your market and your merchandise. Fill orders in a timely fashion and correct mistakes when they arise. This is stuff I imagine you learn in your first week at business school but so easily overlooked by the idealist and visionary who jumps into a business endeavor for which they do not have the dedication and patience to see through.

I should hope that the gap left by Profane Existence will be filled by a new generation of anarchist punk 'zines, labels, and distributors. However, I fear that those who have the power to fill that gap will instead sit around and grouse about how no one is doing it for them anymore.

Jason Terrorism As A Means Of Self-Actualization

Violence improves the value of life. More precisely, violence improves the value of the person's life who is perpetrating the terror. That is to say when people perform violent acts upon others, they attempt to raise or defend their personal or collective value as seen through their own eyes. Though some see brutality as a way to gain more personal value than they already have, most of us use violence to terrorize those who threaten our existing but fragile self-esteem.

I sense some readers are uncomfortable when I say "most of us." First I say violence increases a person's value; then I include most people in its use. That's right. Though most of us think of violence as forceful death or physical injury, and most of us are not out there damaging others that way, the violence I speak of is hostility in any form—whether emotional, economic, psychological or physical—against another. Violence not only happens in a war, or in a terrorist bombing, or in a hijacking, gang fight or robbery; it happens each time we attack another person's world and personal value in an attempt to increase or salvage our own. And most of us use that kind of violence.

We use that kind of violence when we frame others into taking the blame and consequences for our mistakes. We use it when we spread rumors and gossip. We use it when we attempt to publicly humiliate others, or discredit them in order to keep their input from interfering with our world. Though we say it doesn't hurt, most of us know how it feels to be the target of someone's violent verbal abuse. On the job, bosses may threaten employees who do not help them achieve some personal benefits. When feeling oppressed, employees may strike or damage company assets in order to inflict economic terror. At home, parents may physically or emotionally abuse their children when they don't feel loved by the child. And children can become rebellious when they don't feel heard.

We also use the more subtle but equally effective form of violence known as censorship. Adolescents are great at this. They ostracize anyone who doesn't fit their group. They refuse to sit at the same table or play on the same team as the outcasts. They form what are known as cliques and heap silent scorn upon anyone to whom they've denied admission. They adeptly understand, as do many of us who use the same methods, that silence and withdrawal of recognition are often more damaging than being verbally lambasted or physically abused.

This shows up in the adult world in a variety of ways. We cut off communication with a family member who has violated our norms of behavior. We drop all contact with friends or family who one day start expressing a different religious or political view than our own. We ask the government to censure those who ideologies we see as harmful to our children, i.e. homosexuals and deviant religious members teaching in our schools, and in some locations, anyone who advocates "Global" learning rather than solely promoting United States nationalism. And often, whether we are even aware of it or not, we help disseminate disinformation about those we oppose through adopting and proposing stereotypes we have not personally validated.

Please note at this point that I have not said whether all these forms of violence are good or bad. The word violence, in general, is perceived to be

negative, but as in the case of using violence to protect our children, many would argue it is a necessary hostility—much the way homeowners with guns would argue that shooting a burglar is better than being violated. I have not argued at this point. Rather, my aim in pointing out the violence in our lives is to show that its use is widespread. And, as I stated earlier, it is widespread because it does bring value to the individual using it.

Violence brings value to the aggressor because of the way we usually receive our personal worth. Although some value comes from the fact that we exist, most comes from who we are. If all our value came from just being, there would not be the disdain for those who will not work, the depression created when someone who wants to work is unemployed, the despise of those who have not achieved as high a level of success as we have, and the ease at which we disregard those in our society that cannot fulfill a productive role. Status symbols would be worthless, and fashion designers would be broke. Most of our worth comes from who we are, and who we are is usually defined by the values of the culture in which we live.

We rely on our cultures to define our values because they are a loud voice of confirmation we would not hear if we relied solely on our own choice of values. At every level, whether it be the national culture or the subculture created by a church group, professional club or family, by conforming to the norms of a culture we gain recognition and confirmation of our value as individuals—the more we conform, the greater the value. This holds true for counter-cultures as well. Even in rejecting a dominant culture's norms, most of us associate with an established group of people whose culture is based on opposing the dominant culture—the more we oppose, the greater the value. Every so-called counter-culture has their own cultural norms that distinguish them from other dissenters and which give those involved a level of personal value.

By volunteering to give its participants greater personal value, a culture liberates the individual from making risky decisions. Psychologists and communications specialists use a pyramid-shaped scale to illuminate basic human choices. Called "Maslow's Hierarchy of Needs," the scale starts at the bottom of the pyramid with physiological needs, namely food, shelter, air, etc. If a human doesn't have these needs met, he or she cannot move up the pyramid until the needs are remedied (he or she will die). Extremely primitive societies spend much of their energy on this level. The next level is security. Those who can manage to stay alive, but who could lose that ability at any time will spend their energies securing their resources. This is the basis for the beginning of cultures. A group of people working with the same goals can more easily eliminate risks. After security comes social acceptance. Liberated from the fear of death or destruction, humans seek value for themselves from among those in their culture. Finally, at the top of the pyramid is self-actualization, where the individual realizes his or her full potential as creative and productive members of society. Since most of us want self-actualization, and since cultures offer ready-made paths to that end, most of us would rather follow our cultures than risk finding our own way—directed only by the voice in our hearts instead of the voices of the culture outside.

When a culture defines the shape of our own pyramid of needs, its limitations become our limitations, its delineations become our castle walls. Inside the walls is safety; outside is danger.

The culture becomes our fortress, and the defense of the fortress is the defense of our very selves. Thus, when another value system, another culture attacks the culture in which we live, rushing to defend its integrity is nothing less than defending the very foundation on which our values are based. And rather than ever have our castle walls crack, possibly letting in ideas and concepts that might pollute the precious environment in which we live, we resort to violence to neutralize any opponent.

Defending our culture depends on our ability to identify who is its enemy and who is its friend. The more quickly we can determine if a visitor is tainted with values incompatible with our culture's, the easier it becomes to close the doors and call up our cache of weapons to be used in its defense. With so many varieties of people coming from different cultures, the job of identifying undesirable would be almost impossible without resorting to a simplified, though not always correct, method of categorizing people—stereotyping. While still at a distance, a person

exhibiting any qualities of a particular stereotype will be classified as friendly or hostile, and we will open or close our doors depending on that classification. And when those deemed hostile insist on banging on our doors or striking at our cultural walls, we will use violence to terrorize them into leaving us and our value systems alone. We use terrorism as a means of self-actualization.

The sad part of using terrorism is how it seduces good people, with good intentions and charitable beliefs, into using violence as a means of maintaining their moral values. And sadder yet, much of that violence is aimed at a stereotyped group or person that if looked at more closely would reveal an ability to add quality to the life of the ones doing the stereotyping. Conversely, those they stereotype as being friendly often carry subtle but destructive concepts deep into the host culture, without a hint of suspicion by the culture's members.

For example, this happens when Christian groups stereotype on the basis of whether something or someone is Christian or non-Christian, rather than looking deeper to delineate between what is good and evil. Thus, many great truths found in songs by non-Christian or secular musicians are rejected outright, while bad art and shallow theology is embraced with open arms because it falls under the label of Christian music. Many hardcore kids, hippies, and anarchists are more closely aligned with Christ's teaching in the "Sermon on the Mount" because they have already rejected the materialism of our culture—something a lot of Christians don't want to address. With their stereotypes, many Fundamentalists will reject a person with deep faith in Christ and a giving spirit because he or she smokes and drinks, but they will pay homage to a "great" believer among them who gained wealth through immoral business practices. And we can easily see how Protestants and Catholics are still fighting the wars of the Reformation based on stereotypes as old as Martin Luther. Because they base their value on the culture of the church in which they worship rather than the teachings of Christ, many well-meaning Christians extend the hand of terrorism rather than the hands of grace and peace to other hurting people in this world.

But Christians aren't the only ones who suffer from their own terrorism. Politicians use terrorism as a means to eliminate the liberal or conservative competition, but in the end they also damage the greater culture of democracy by giving voters a choice between the lesser of two evils rather than the better of two goods. Corporations use the terrorism of advertisements aimed at undermining our feeling of social acceptance and then offer to remedy the problem with their product. While this may increase sales, it also leaves the company open to the pitfall of shifts in the definition of social acceptance. Consider the schizophrenia of the United States Government subsidizing the tobacco industry in order to prop up the sagging economies of tobacco producing states while at the same time restricting smoking in government buildings. Also, our government has used terrorism to keep the Communists at bay—those "mislead" or "bent" people who want to take away our liberties—while overlooking and even helping third-world dictators guilty of the same evil designs but who fit the stereotype of being anti-Communist.

So how do we achieve self-actualization without resorting to terrorism? How do we find security and social acceptance without bringing violence to bear on those we've stereotyped as hostile? And how do we shift away from needing to stereotype others in the first place?

The answer is not through rejecting a particular culture and accepting another. It is not through jumping from one culture to another until we find the optimum one, because by nature the make up of most cultures is defined some part by what it rejects. And to base our value solely on those cultures is to become people who reject people who stereotype people who terrorize.

The answer is simple, but most of us reject it because it's not easy. Instead of relying on a culture to define our value, we must risk losing social acceptance long enough to build our value on who we choose to be in our hearts rather than who we're told to be by our culture. We need not reject our culture, but we need not embrace it either. If we've discovered our worth from within our hearts and minds, then, when our culture is threatened, we need not cringe at every crack that appears, and we need not terrorize those whose values are creating the threat. What we must do, however, is

put in the hard work of evaluating the threat for what it really is. Then we can gain from the values of the outsider that we find useful and reject what we do not want based on our own desires rather than on the limits of our culture. And by not leaving our chosen culture, when the people in it realize our differences do not threaten their own security, we will once again receive social acceptance and even gain ability to broaden the culture's values through our participation in it.

Indeed, violence improves the value of life but only when a person's value is based on a culture rather than on the true desires of the heart and mind. Indeed, terrorism can defend self-actualization, but not without the threat of also diminishing lives in the process. Indeed, cultures and their stereotypes are easier to function within than climbing the pyramid alone, but if we make the choices of where and how we climb, we will ultimately find ourselves standing on a foundation less easily destroyed by the terrorism of others.

Jason/Erosion Of Sanity; <http://eatshit.cjb.net/>

JIt's funny writing a column because right after you write down whatever you are trying to say, you realize you didn't say exactly what you wanted to say. Then weeks later you realize, hey I don't feel



Jonathan Lee

that way about that one piece of what I wrote, I can see this in a different light. I think that is the column process, getting ideas down for discussion, not only to help others change their views or see something different, but to help change your own. That is part of my response to the letter from Séverine Rambaud that attacked what I had written in the sex issue. I definitely feel differently about the issue of monogamy and relationships now, but the core of it I still believe... if you commit yourself to a monogamous relationship, then don't break that. Non-monogamous relationships work too, it all has to do with the people in the relationships. That's all I'm going to say, on with my column...

I was sitting on my floor waiting for the rest of the polls I handed out to come in and I heard laughter down the hall. The first solid sentence I understood was, "yeah you fucking faggot!" My neighbors were commenting on and mocking the poll I had gone all over campus passing out. Queer automatically translated to funny, a bag of dick jokes and overused stereotypes. But it was beyond that, now I was the stereotype because I was concerned with such aspects of life. A girl I sat next to in history class had taken my poll and used those questions as her documented proof that I was gay. The next day I got the pointless lecture about burning in hell and what not. Force fed mindless fuck.

The poll was for my term paper for sociology. It was directed toward heterosexual college students, asking questions to find out figures on the heterosexual perspective of homosexuality and homophobia. This was actually inspired by a slew of death threats and e-mails I received from the band Pitboss2000, ex-OLC. I called them out about what they sang about and actually did in their day to day lives, trying to understand it in some way. I had heard it was all a front/joke to give them a certain image or what not, but I thought that was just as fucked up. When they replied I got a lots of e-mails and a few letters that were basically full of bragging and threats. One that I received read like this:

"Homophobia, fuck yeah. Pitboss2000, Clenched Fist, Cold As Life, Next 2 Nothing, All Out War, Hatebreed, and all those good bands like us that will take a fucking baseball bat up to the side of a shitty faggot's head and who don't give a fuck about being PC to please the fudgepackers in the scene..."

"...homophobia and gay bashing is what we are all about, if you don't like it go down to the jointlicker club cause your in fucking fru fru town. Buy our demo, it says the word faggot 46 times in 4 minutes. Come see us play fucker I dare ya. Or better yet we'll come see you play and we'll fight like real men, with skimasks, 45s, and baseball bats. But I guess we could always just give you an old fashion beatdown, just what your kind deserves. Bye bye gayboy..."

I thought it was so fucked up that beliefs like that thrived and were supported in this hardcore scene. But on an even greater level that people just didn't see that the things they do and say are

homophobic, intentional or not. There is this strange perception that relationships between opposite sexes are so much different than those that are of the same. I just got dropped out of a relationship I had with a girl for over a year and I went through pain and anguish, in fact it is still affecting me and making me look deeper into the idea and realities of relationships. If that relationship had been with a guy, I still would have felt the same feelings. Many people that I've talked to just don't see it as the same thing, unable to break through such simple barriers. Homosexuality has been around forever, it's not a new concept. But then again, neither is sex or race but both of those barriers haven't been broken down by large numbers of people.

In the poll I asked 24 questions on a 1 to 5 scale. It was controlled without the use of names and they were turned in to my box instead of face to face. I'm not going to talk about them all individually, but instead I'll just talk about it all in general. If you would like to see the poll, all the answers, and the whole paper, just write me.

The problem with the heterosexual view on homosexuality is that most do not understand it nor care to do so. In many ways, it is the lack of understanding that leads to inequalities and discrimination. It is the lack of caring to even try and understand that presents the conflict to movement forward. The other two enforcers of the inequality and discrimination are religion and family (both with exceptions of course).

Christian doctrine presents homosexuality as a sin. I sat up at the main green on my campus and watched a preacher stand there spreading the message that homosexuals are going to burn in hell along with anyone who befriends them without the intent of pulling them back into the light of the straight christian world. This preaching became a main event on campus in which everyone would surround who ever was preaching and mock them or sit in amazement. But every once in a while someone would go up to a preacher and get saved or whatever. It's times like that when all of our jest is for not, because we haven't changed anyone's mind. It was real disturbing one day when a girl all of 12 or so got up and preached about how the fornicating faggot would be destroyed by god's wrath. I hope I burn in hell if her god exists, maybe then I might have done something right.

Even though I do believe there is a current trend (with an emphasis on trend) for youth to be non-religious, the large majority polled admits religion is a driving force behind their images of sexuality, religious or not. The poll revealed that homophobia was an institution promoted by religion, almost everyone admitting that his or her religion was in fact homophobic. I think people take a certain pride in that, maybe not openly or directly, but at least subconsciously.

Of course there is always the trend with the religious promotion of converting homosexuals in heterosexuals. The point argued is that homosexual feelings can be suppressed and/or does not exist in reality. 80% of those polled said that homosexuality could be easily suppressed. Can it be suppressed, of course though it shouldn't, but easily? How easy would it be for a heterosexual to become gay? It's all perspective, but the dominate perspective happens to be that of the hetero.

Though religion is usually handed down by parents, the poll showed that most people responded neutrally when asked if their parents were homophobic. So it is quite possible that homophobia isn't necessarily passed on directly by parents, but instead by the institutions they led their children into. I think that has to do with the fact that homosexuality, and sex for that matter, is not usually discussed by the family. But parents definitely have some role in it. I never thought my parent were homophobic until I started having discussions and debates about such issues when I was older. Even then I thought it was on a small level, but sometimes I wonder. My parent would never treat anyone less or shun them because of their sexual orientation, but after my mom found out I had lost religion, she every once in a while had these strange outbursts. The one that sticks out in my head was when my friend Zach and I were talking about all this and she turned and said, "and they'll burn in hell!" It just really shook me up.

I also noticed recently the overwhelming use of the word faggot as a cutdown in everyday speech. This is the one thing that presents itself everyday and it confuses and bothers me. In fact 90% said they used faggot when they talked regularly. Language constructs meaning through representation, the central process

though which meaning is produced. Language also displays the ideas and/or moral of the cultural majority. The integration of the word faggot into our everyday vocabulary and speech comes from the past. Faggot was used negatively in the past and the continuous use of it and that negative reinforcement was passed on until it became a part of common speech. Today it is used without a thought or much questioning, even though the meaning from the past still exists. Even when I confront someone about it, they continue to use it because they say they don't mean bad by it and because it is accepted/normal.

I believe no one is just straight or just gay. We are all sexual beings born without a certain direction sexually. That direction is shaped by the world around us. But we definitely have certain leanings. I think it all comes down to percentages for lack of a better word. You could be attracted a lot more to boys and be like 90-10. You could be in the middle 50-50. Hell you could have a preference but be open to it all, 60-40. We weren't made to be held by gender barriers. Love, beauty, and attraction goes far beyond those barriers. Even if you never have a homosexual experience (or a hetero one), that doesn't mean you can't find anyone, either sex, attractive. It is all personal preference. It is when those feelings are totally suppressed or frightening when problems arise. LIBERATE! EDUCATE!

Thanks for reading this, please write me or write HaC in order to discuss this, pro or con. That is the purpose of all of this, to provide and create points of views through educated, well thought out discussion. Make up your own mind, don't let someone make it up for you.

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Senseless promotion: Genesis (benefit) projects (99!): Remus And The Romulus Nation 7inch done with the kid at soul is cheap, Karrageenan 7inch, Books To Prisioners comp, plus other stuff I guess. Bands looking to do benefit records write me.

Thanks to Dr. Phood, Felix Von Havoc, and the others that wrote great columns in the DIY issue. DIY or fucking die, no in between, no bullshit...



"Margret Thatcher on tv... shocked by the deaths that took place in Beijing—it seems strange that she should be offended; the same orders are given by her." —Sinéad O'Connor, 1990

Media blitz for Monday, November 23, 1998: "DR. DEATH STRIKES AGAIN." Retired pathologist Dr. Jack Kevorkian helps Thomas Youk, 52, of Michigan, afflicted with Lou Gehrig's disease—which has robbed him of the use of his arms and legs but provides him with intense chronic physical pain and the constant fear and danger of choking to death on his own saliva—commit suicide. Kevorkian has helped over a hundred near vegetables take their own lives (and destinies into their own hands) by simply pressing a button with his patented lethal injection "suicide machine," but what makes this particular death extraordinary is the fact that Kevorkian himself pushed the button for Youk. He administered the lethal injection by his own hand. Hence this media blitz and witch hunt. One could point out that Kevorkian had to do this because of the fact that Youk had no use of his own arms but that would probably be too logical. The video tape of the action (aired on "60 Minutes") shows a peaceful scenario—one man providing an injection to another man's disease ravaged body (nothing but a body), ending his life as he wished and was supported by his family and even his church. Written and verbal consent is clearly provided. There was no violence, no blood shed, no suffering. Suffering was ended.

Two days later, a warrant is out for Kevorkian's arrest and most shocking to me—the announcement that he will be charged with first degree murder. This brute force and abuse of authority frightens me, as well as the state's judgement of this situation/action in labeling it murder—did Youk's family call the police to demand investigation of their loved one's "murder"? No. So who are the goons to step in with a closed fist? Even if you think Kevorkian did "murder" a man, who invited the state over for opinions over

dinner? The man's family supported the action and were present—who asked you? The incident was reported as if Dr. D. stormed through this peaceful home and bludgeoned a man to death for the hell of it. What gives the state the right to interfere with an action involving consenting adults? They were not invited. This force of judgement and authority frightens me.

My main concern (and fear) is that the state is calling Kevorkian a killer. First degree murder is the cream of the crop, too. I am frightened because I demand to know who is the killer (or what is a "killer" or "murderer") in this society, since in this tender case, the state has screamed murder, not the victim's family. Who is a killer? This year (as of this writing), 2 girls named Amy Grossberg of DE and Melissa Drexler of NJ saw trial and conviction (if you could consider it such) for the murders of their newborn babies. Grossberg crushed her infant's skull in and flung it out a 13 story window to its death. Drexler gave birth in the bathroom of her school, strangled it (with its own umbilical cord) and dumped it in a trash can, then returned to her prom. I believe both cases clearly spell out brutal murder with no justification. Clearly different (profoundly!) from Kevorkian's so called murder, yet they were only charged with manslaughter! They escaped the death penalty and will be free in 3 short years. Yet in so many states still, abortion is murder, which equals illegal. It is illegal to abort a fetus, meanwhile to strangle, crush skulls and make garbage can graves of independently living and breathing babies (fucked murder by fucked people raised by careless parents nurtured by a blind system) is worth a slap on the wrist. Which cry earns more compassion or "justice" — "Help me end my suffering" or "Help me get back to my prom"?

Society has no idea who the murderer is as Charles Manson rots away 30 years now in prison. Not only was he never convicted for a single of the 8 notorious murders his "family" committed, but he wasn't even present for them! How does "ringleader" qualify one for life imprisonment amongst the real murderers?

Can society define brutality? Pair up the hundreds of Kevorkian assisted suicide video tapes and throw it in a steel cage match against the video we all watched of 4 government trained and proclaimed law enforcement officers beating the shit out of a civilian because he was speeding (actually because he was black, but I guess speeding provides justice). Not guilty, next.

Who defines grounds for justice? We the people watched live video of Reginald Denny being brutally beaten bloody and left for dead, yet the state decided the savage attackers could not be incriminated due to the "fact" (define "facts" here) that Denny suffered so much brain damage from having a fire hydrant dropped on his head that he could not even identify his attackers. As if we cannot judge for ourselves with a clear video tape... take advantage of the man's resulted brain damage.

Then the state acts as if lethal injection for euthanasia for a man reduced to a vegetable is cruel, inhumane, illegal, murder when this same state maintains the very same practice for what they call "justice." How can I be appalled.

In between there are sidenotes (or potshots) from the almighty medical profession industry who also say Kevorkian should be locked up. In the papers, doctors are quoted whining the same swan song, that Youk wanted to die not because of his incurable physical agony, but because he was "depressed about his illness." There is a clear distinction to be made between feeling of worthlessness and being a quadriplegic. I'm no rocket scientist, but these suits and certifications are not Gods, nor do they suffer with Lou Gehrig's disease. Diagnosing this man as "depressed" is beyond an insult to common intelligence, in my humble (and maybe even useless) opinion. Perhaps he should have choked to death on his saliva, leaving his wife to cry and scream about why it had to come to that. Furthermore, I believe—and I say this with heartfelt compassion—that a doctor's greatest mission should be to treat their patient, not the disease that is killing them. The Cure is a British band, not a toilet bowl myth for tax dollars and donations to be flushed down. As death waits for no one, fuck waiting on the cure. These doctors point fingers because they coddle the law that one of their own has turned against in exchange for his beliefs.

All this clout and bullshit spoken by healthy people terrified of living their own lives (in turn they must control others'). Terrified of their choices being their own. My life is my own. I hope to continue to have the privilege of a healthy body and I want to die

with dignity. If there comes a day when I can no longer care for myself when the hand of Nature strikes, I want the right to my own choices involving my own welfare, life and death. I will not be poisoned by bogus chemicals and treatments. I will not have my shell prolonged unnaturally by a machine. I will not be fed through a tube. I will not urinate through a bag. I will not have someone clean up my drool. That is not living. Life is slipping away. Life ends one day. When I am physically unable to live my life, it is my right to seek any means (maybe a Kevorkian) of liberation from what is completely unnatural. Babies drool. I am beyond that stage. I will not regress to it. Most importantly, I will not allow my sister to inherit the grief and hopelessness of watching me die a miserable, slow death brought on by disease.

I support life full circle. I do not support the doctors who fear losing money on life support systems and colostomy bags and drugs. I do not support a society that knows not what murder or justice is, and it cannot even recognize compassion. Just as I am entitled to a good life (I made that up), a good death with dignity brings it full circle. You can not (will not) prolong Nature. I don't believe that anyone has the right to judge a suffering quadriplegic by telling that shell how to manage their own pain. No one can tell me to suffer when I know better. This is my life, to the end.

I consider Jack Kevorkian to be an inspirational and compassionate activist/humanitarian who is not concerned with society's bullshit medical or justice system (all systems) which causes more pain than it heals and makes more money (and a mockery) off of that pain. He is willing to be punished (as he has been before—remember his hunger strikes in protest of imprisonment?) for what they say are his crimes. He wants to be an example of his compassion. Even the Hemlock Society (founded by Derek Humphrey, author of the subvert *Final Exit*, an excellent resource for pro-euthanasia empowerment and awareness) and other so-called supporters of the euthanasia movement don't/won't support him because of their fear of the law. The Man deems his actions illegal when the Man can't even make up its mind as to what murder even is. Kevorkian just keeps on working because he believes in, pardon me, power for the people. That's why he video tapes his actions—he hides nothing and is not afraid to share and discuss (and be imprisoned for) his actions. Let the final verdict come from the families he's helped. They know of disease—how it was killing their loved one and killing them to stand by hopeless—the courts know nothing. The courts do not live in their homes. They don't belong.

The state and all their ills hate him and must suppress him because he's a subvert. He has been called an "angel" by the families who have turned to him for his compassion, while the best their physicians could do was prescribe more harmful, unnatural drugs to "stabilize" what was becoming, if not already, a vegetable. This part of life is unfair and individuals and families should be allowed to decide on death with dignity. I only hope that if I am forced to make this decision for myself one day (or for a loved one that I will not allow to suffer through machines and drugs), I will have someone like him to turn to for assistance. Maybe he's only an extreme Mother Theresa. Perhaps if he was a so-called disciple of God, people would support him. But since his only motive is compassion, naturally he is a social leper.

"I was grateful to know that someone would relieve him of his suffering. I don't consider it murder. I consider it humane. I consider it the way things should be." —the widow of Thomas Youk, in a statement for the Daily News (Hype), November 23, 1998. Stay out of our homes. Power to the people. Free Kevorkian.

Extended forum *la I Hate You* fanzine is yours for one dollar and three stamps and correspondence is always appreciated at 14 Easton Ave. #207/New Brunswick, NJ 08901/USA (#1!). Thank you for your time.

If you follow the news at all you may have noticed a story from California in mid-December about teaching assistants (TAs) at the University of California being on strike. I don't know how far the story got outside of California, so if you didn't hear anything about it

here's the poop. For about ten years the teaching assistants at the University of California (UC) have been attempting to unionize with limited success. This past year we decided that the time was right for a limited duration strike (last two weeks of fall quarter/semester). This comes after years of demonstrations, legislative outreach, court cases and shorter strikes. The strike got into its fourth day, after which the leaders of the California legislature brokered a deal between the UC and the union to begin talks about issues surrounding unionization; in return the striking TAs went back to work for the rest of the term (just in time to grade finals). If there isn't any progress in the talks after 45 days the TAs can, and will, go back on strike. At this point the UC has spent over 10 million dollars fighting the unionization effort, mostly in legal fees. The UC's chief argument against the unionization effort has been that grad students (who are the TAs for the most part) are students and not employees. This means that over 60 percent of the teaching that is done on the UC campuses is done by non-employees who are paid regardless of their non-employee status.

In the interest of full disclosure, at this point I should make clear that I am a grad student and TA at UC Santa Barbara (UCSB), and yes I did go on strike so you can now see where my biases lie (what few there are since we all know that columns in punk rock magazines, let alone any magazine, are notoriously free from bias). My reasons for striking? Stickin' it to The Man (TM), what other reason could there be for any punk-rocker worth his/her salt to do anything. On a less facetious level I see it as one way to resist the turn of the university from a public resource to corporate R and D lab, as well as fighting the UC administration's attitude toward students (which fits in with the previous reason, more on this below), and of course having a say in one's working conditions is always a nice thing to have (if not a basic right that all workers should have). Notice I didn't say anything about money, which of course seems to be what everyone assumes striking workers want. Not that more money wouldn't be nice, maybe even having our pay keep up with inflation (the UC disconnected our cost of living increases from the rest of the faculty's and staff's a few years ago), but at this point money isn't that big of a bone of contention.

About the largest issue that the union is trying to redress is workload complaints. TAs are paid to work 20 hours a week, many TAs end up working much more than this (without overtime pay). I, myself, have yet to break the 20 hour a week cap, but a lot of that has do with the generally benevolent administration of the Physics department at UCSB (in which I study and work)—a shift in administration could very easily plunge me into overwork hell. The UC administration's response to this issue has been to close official complaint channels to all workload grievances. They also claim that 20 hours a week should be more than adequate to get our work done. In some subjects this is true, I rarely have more than 12 hours of grading to do a week (in addition to having office hours and discussion sections). But in many subjects, especially those involving paper writing, the grading can only be done in this time frame if the TA barely skims the paper. Ward Connerly, UC regent (the board of regents is like the UC's board of directors) who is largely responsible for dismantling Affirmative Action as well as being Republican governor Pete Wilson's general all around lackey, claims that TAs should only be taking about five minutes per paper (I'm not sure if that's the actual number he gave but it was something around that ridiculously low level), which, needless to say, is not anywhere near what is required to thoroughly grade a paper. This goes hand in hand with the view of the higher up UC administration that students are commodities to be pushed through the university as fast as possible with minimal feedback, just your basic McEducation (the attitude I mentioned above). There are also issues with the TA hiring process—in many departments there is a sort of "old TAs club," TA job opportunities are not well publicized and tend to end up going to the same few TAs. Again, this doesn't happen in the Physics department, but one of the big unifying themes of the whole unionization drive is equalization of the various TA procedures across the campuses and between departments on the same campus.

The fight for TA unionization has historically been carried out by local activists at each campus. A coalition was also formed among the unionization activists at each campus to provide a united front to the UC administration. At one point this coalition went in search of affiliation with a larger union and the resources



they would provide. The result of this search was affiliation with the United Auto Workers. Any self-respecting punk at this point should probably be getting a bit suspicious, punks (or hardcore or emo-vegans or whatever the hell we're calling ourselves these days) generally being a suspicious bunch when it comes to involvement with large institutions (or is that only with record companies?). In some ways this suspicion ended up being warranted. The tension between the local activists at UCSB and the UAW that built up this past year has a history. The activists at UCSB have always been big on local control of the union as well as trying to run it as democratically as possible. This does not fit well with the UAW's usual modus operandi; they prefer a rigid top-down organization with information controlled by a few organizers (usually hand picked by the UAW higher ups). Since the issues involved here are on-going so I don't want to go into too much detail in the interest of not giving the UC administration any ammo use as a wedge between the UAW and the union locals, suffice it to say they revolve around organizing strategy and information access. These issues came to a head a few months prior to the strike's beginning. The UAW did give invaluable legal advice, though they weren't exactly forthcoming with it when it was needed. They also opened up their strike fund to provide strike pay for the striking TAs. So while we have had problems with the UAW, it is important to realize who the real enemy is, i.e. the UC administration and not the UAW.

At this point you may be asking what the point of this column is, other than the airing of dirty laundry in public. While bad mouthing the UC administration from this soapbox has been worthwhile, it isn't quite where I wanted to go with this. So if you concentrate more on the issues between the UAW and the union activists you'll be in the area I wanted to comment on. While the issues involved aren't as big as those that we have with the UC administration they have caused many problems, among them the alienation of many of the core activists at UCSB (which was probably the UAW's goal). The issues boil down to a top-down mentality versus a bottom-up mentality, I hope that my bias in favor of the bottom-up mentality is clear in this. On one side are the local union activists, who want local and democratic control of the union. On the other side is the UAW, who are very set in their ways and those ways very much do not involve local control (they view too much democracy in the union as dangerous it seems). There are valid arguments for each form of organization, but at least in my opinion the top-down organization tends to benefit those at the top the most, and often hurt those below (since they are often viewed as expendable, as the core activists were in our example). Plus organizations based on the top-down mentality often tend to reflect what those at the top have decided is important for those below (if they even are concerned with those below) whether that perception is correct or not, and many times you will meet people from these organizations who can't really give reasons for the organization's goals other than "so and so said that this is what we want to do." Obviously if an organization is based on the bottom-up mentality it can't help but reflect the diverse reasons that the various people involved got involved for. In the example above the local activists at UCSB would prefer a bottom-up organization for the union, though at the moment we have bigger fish to fry in dealing with the UC. Once that battle is over we'll have to settle our issues with the UAW. In a broader context it seems to me that any sort of social justice endeavor that's going to succeed will need to be bottom-up organized. Most of the institutions we have already created have the top-down mentality and for the most part I think it's safe to say that they aren't working so hot.

Finally we get to the recipe. This month we make BLTs (I better not hear any sandwich cracks this time), though first we have to learn how to fake the bacon, since as the almighty Leslie Kahan says: "the B is the key." This fake bacon recipe comes to us courtesy of Leslie who got it from someone somewhere when she was traveling, as apparently they got it from the cookzine *Please Don't Feed The Bears*. First you want to slice some tofu (however much you think you want to eat). The thinner you slice it the crispier your bacon will be. Now fry this in some oil for ten minutes per side. While the tofu is frying mix up some soy sauce and liquid smoke (some creepy stuff whose only ingredient is hickory smoke, don't ask me how they liquefy it). The ratio is two parts soy sauce to one part smoke. Three or four tablespoons of soy sauce should be more than adequate for a pound of tofu. When the

tofu is done frying pour your mix on it and slush the tofu around until it's well coated. Now dump some nutritional yeast on. I prefer only a few pinches, but if your tolerance for the yellow nastiness is higher then use as much as you like. You now have B, so get out some L and slice some T. You should also be toasting some bread. When your bread is sufficiently toasted spread some fake mayo on it (here's where we weenie out a bit and use pre-made stuff from the store, if you have a fake mayo recipe then more power to you and if you send it to me it could be featured in a future installment of Phood, no prizes though, but maybe I'll mention your name and you'll get a warm fuzzy feeling all over knowing you made my life a bit easier). Now slap it all together and chow down.

Jin the discussion about the Do-It-Yourself ethic in the last issue of HaC, what was hardly mentioned was how this ethic can play a role in your entire life and doesn't have to be isolated to just your music-related



Bryan Alft

activities. In particular, I am talking about taking more control of the work you do—to earn the money you unfortunately need—through self-employment. Many punks work for themselves successfully—running businesses outside of the world of punk rock commerce. I am not making a statement about those individuals who make their livings running punk-related businesses. It's just that the punk rock economy can only support very few people, and there are an infinite number of jobs and businesses that are not directly tied to music.

One thing that I really like about the punk rock scene here in Minneapolis is that there are a lot of punks running their own businesses. This could be partly due to the fact that Minneapolis seems to have more older punks (what I mean is, older than the average college-age punk). Whatever the reason, punks living do-it-yourself lives are common here.

In fact, when our volunteer-run record store, Extreme Noise, moved to a new space a couple of years ago, almost all of the remodeling work was done by punks who were willing to lend the skills they used in their own businesses. All the carpentry, drywall, painting, floor refinishing, etc. was done by punks. (Everything except the electrical work—there's a slot open for a licensed punk electrician in Minneapolis!) In fact, there are at least a few punk carpentry/construction/roofing-type businesses here, as well as painting/plastering businesses, landscaping businesses, tattoo salons, freelance designers, and recently a punk-owned bar and restaurant was opened.

My purpose isn't to promote the Minneapolis punk community, but rather to illustrate that people with punk backgrounds can, and do, make the decision to strike out on their own and take control of an even larger aspect of their lives. There is no reason more punks can't do this. DIY doesn't have to mean running your own label or 'zine on the side while you work some shitty job for some asshole. And, DIY doesn't have to just be part of a "hobby" in your teens and early 20s that ends when you get a "career" in the "real world." You can make the effort and maintain as much control of your life as you choose to.

I am in my fourth year of running my own business. I own a painting company—mostly doing interior and exterior painting in homes and small businesses. It is a skill I was lucky enough to learn growing up in my family's business. While I don't consider running a painting business my life's calling, it has been a way to seize control of as much of my life as possible. I am a good painter, so I make good money at it, and after a few years of hard work, I have gained a customer-base that insures that I have steady work and can dictate the terms of my labor. When I want to work on my 'zine, go to a show, or on a trip, I don't work. Of course, if you are running a business you have to be somewhat professional, and can't just leave whenever, but you learn to work around the things you want to do. The main thing is that this decision is up to me—I don't have to ask a boss for permission. And, if I don't want to work somewhere, I don't have to. Recently, I decided that I no longer want to paint and am going to close up the business and try something new. It is my own decision, and I am leaving on my own terms.

I am trying to illustrate the freedoms that can be gained through taking control of the means by

which your income is produced. I am not saying it is easy. I worked a lot of long hours at first, and there is a lot of stress running your own business—extra bills and responsibilities, never being able to just walk away from your job stresses after work, irregular paychecks—sometimes no paychecks. But, in my estimation, it is worth it.

People complain and protest about their bosses, the kind of jobs they must take to pay the rent, and having to work all the time, but the fact is that it is possible to take actions to challenge the "necessity" of working and taking orders all the time. You can find ways to work as little as you are able, your labor can produce profits that you pocket, and most importantly, you can avoid living your life in the 8+ hours a day/5+ days a week rut that society is so eager to place us in. Furthermore, if you are lucky, you can earn a living doing something that you really like. Work does suck, but it doesn't have to dominate your life.

Contrascience #6 is available for \$3 ppd. in the US from Bryan Alft/*Contrascience*/PO Box 8344/Minneapolis, MN 55408-0344/USA; balft@isd.net

J'd like to take advantage of this space generously offered to me by HaC to shed some light on a story of a few people and the injustice done to them. A story you will not see on the 10 o'clock news.



I heard about what happened to these people mainly because it happened so close to my neighborhood. At first my mom had brought it up to me and then some activists that work with some local organizations

here told me more about it. Most recently a friend of mine handed me a copy of a small piece he had done on this particular story for an article he wrote. This gave me the idea of writing about it on this column so that you can read about this incident that unfortunately, and as usual, has not received the proper attention it deserves.

On October 7th, 1997, 27-year old Rony Vasquez, an undocumented immigrant, was caught and, while handcuffed, brutally beaten by four US Immigration and Naturalization Service agents (the INS). This beating took place in an apartment building in Los Angeles and was witnessed by about two dozen residents of that complex. Not being able to just stand and watch this man getting viciously attacked, two very brave women, Maura Gomez and Esperanza Rodriguez, picked up a phone and dialed 911 in hopes that someone would come and stop these men. Someone did come, the police. But instead of doing their job and protecting Vasquez from the unnecessary treatment of the INS they ended up arresting the two women for allegedly interfering with the INS officers duties. Both of these single mothers were held in custody for a week and because of that discouraged many other witnesses to come forward and speak out. To make matters worse, they were discovered as undocumented immigrants and have been ordered to leave the country by a judge. At this time it is known that Rodriguez will be appealing her case but Gomez, who has been living here for more than seven years, will have to return to her native Honduras (which was recently turned into a disaster area due to hurricane Mitch) along with her two US born children.

As for Vasquez, he has been in federal detention ever since the beatings took place, and still to this day never received the proper medical attention his injuries needed; add to that he was being denied all visitation rights except for his mother. He was being prosecuted on four charges, which included escape, illegal re-entry into the US and two counts of assault for a possible total of more than ten years in prison. But recently on December 9th, 1998, Vasquez unexpectedly pleaded guilty to one of the charges and avoided a trial. Now he can get a potential sentence of only 2 years and if given credit for time served (he's still in jail and has been there for about a year and two months as of right now) he will be free by October 1999 and will be immediately deported to Honduras where he is originally from. However, the plea bargain arrangement will not allow Vasquez the chance to sue the US government for the injuries he received as a result of the beating. And since there will be no trial, there will also be no chance of a jury hearing the testimony of Gomez and Rodriguez which would have questioned INS practices and most likely gone public on the news. So another victory for the INS, who even until now have

had no charges brought up against them because of this event. The federal government, through methods of witness intimidation (threatening Gomez and Rodriguez with deportation if they spoke out), evidence tampering (Vasquez's bloody t-shirt has mysteriously disappeared) and malicious prosecution (charging Vasquez with a second count of assault more than a year after the original arraignment) continue to make the voiceless remain voiceless.

Lets say that perhaps Vasquez was wrong for re-entering illegally into this country, (I won't even begin to get into the economic squeeze the US has placed on parts of Mexico and Central America which is one of the reasons more people decide to come to the US... that would go into a whole different subject) we'll say that it's wrong because it is against the law here. Yet I still find no justification for the excessive force used by the INS officers on Vasquez. They included an assault charge because supposedly he was resisting arrest (how can one man without any type of weapon be a physical threat to four men with weapons). Believe it or not many people, even here in California, will justify it (remember the first Rodney King trial). And maybe that is the reason Vasquez understandingly pleaded guilty to one of the charges, he came to realize that being an undocumented immigrant here means you have no right to a voice and the government can do as they please with you, in this case physically hurt you without any penalty.

Please don't see this column as being overtly political or anything like that. It is not that complex. Any clear minded individual with use of common sense can see the injustice done here. I am not a full-time activist who can automatically spit out intelligent cold hard facts on certain political issues. I wish I was, but work and school don't allow me the time to become more active than I wish to be, at least not at this particular moment of my life. I write this simply because in a way it affects me directly, mainly because the majority of my family living in this country are immigrants some even undocumented and when we see or hear about situations such as Vasquez's case we can't just turn the other cheek and say, "well it's not us so forget about it." We can't. Because maybe next time it'll be my mother or aunt who questions the authority in their community when they see that something is not right and they too are silently "swept under the rug" by our system. These type of things happen in these areas of Los Angeles far too often. The story of Rony Vasquez, Maura Gomez, and Esperanza Rodriguez is not the first and it won't be the last. It's happening right here and now. This is real.

A committee in support of Vasquez has been formed called The Freedom For Rony Vasquez Coalition. If you would like to get more info on the matter discussed contact them at PO Box 32202/Los Angeles, CA 90032-0202 or tclouie@juno.com. The formal sentencing for Vasquez is scheduled this coming March and the Coalition is asking people to write letters to the judge asking for a sentence of time served so that Vasquez won't have to be locked up any longer. You can write to the judge at: US District Judge George King/Royal Federal Bldg./225 E. Temple St./Los Angeles, CA 90012. Thank you.

There is so much I could write about that I hardly know where to start. In the last six months I have gone through a lot of growing and changing. This process seems only to be getting more intense and important as the days go by. This year I went to an amazing and extremely diverse conference called "Queering the Nation," was in Toronto for queer pride week, fell in love with a wonderful boy, came out to my parents, "broke up" with a girl I was dating, fought city council to sign a pride week proclamation, ended up coming out publicly on the local news, started to explore my spiritual side, and above all else I am learning to find out who I really am and where I fit in this world. I am continually learning to reevaluate things and find pleasure in simple things such as a gentle breeze or the sound of a bird passing by. I am spreading my wings and digging in my claws; devouring life. For quite some time, I thought I was immune to what other people had to say about me. I realized that I hold myself back quite a bit and



am learning to explore vulnerability. I am learning how to hold my own and look out for myself.

As all these things are happening I get a bit jumbled. I continually feel myself drifting away from the world of hardcore and creating my own space. I still hold on because I know there are lots of amazing and intelligent people out there who have a lot to offer. I'd like to start off by saying a big thank you to *HeartattaCk* and all the people who have gotten in touch with me through my writing. It is always inspiring to hear what other people think. With that said, here is the latest round of rants.

Not so long ago a boy named Matthew Shepard was killed in the States. He was tied to a fence, beaten with a gun and left to die. He was discovered a while later and taken to the hospital where he died. Matthew Shepard was an out queer college boy and some idiots thought this somehow gave them the right to kill him. This whole incident had me really shaken up. The first thing that came to my mind when I read about this was "that could have been me." This is a hard reality to confront. The even scarier thing is that this happens continually. I have to wonder what was so special about the Matthew Shepard case that the media actually paid attention to it. I would like to take that as an indication that people are beginning to confront homophobes more often, but when I also read about the folks at the funeral with "God hates fags" signs I realize how far we all have to go. If nothing else these incidents should make us fight harder rather than sulk away or remain closeted. Proclaiming that homophobia is bad is not enough, we need to continually challenge homophobia every time we encounter it to ensure that various sexualities are affirmed and celebrated. We all need to share the responsibility of making this world a better place.

"Political correctness" seems to be the buzzword of the '90s. Conservatives originally coined this phrase in order to downplay the efforts of people who are basically concerned with equality. This phrase has been used in so many different ways that I don't even know what it means. At times "political correctness" makes sense and works to challenge bigotry. At other times it is stifling to the point where people don't know how to communicate and end up ignoring issues all together. This leads me to a few thoughts on language and how we use it. For example the word "fuck" has all sorts of various uses and connotations. There is this overwhelming tendency to use the word negatively, i.e. "fuck off." This goes hand in hand with phrases such as "you asshole," and "that sucks ass." The way we use these words and phrases is demonstrative of the fact that we live in a sex negative culture. Every time we use "fuck" as an insult or in a negative way we reinforce the thinking that sex and fucking are somehow bad things. As many people will surely attest, fucking can be a lot of fun. The same thing goes for assholes. When we call someone we hate an asshole we enforce the false belief that our bodies are dirty and that asses are bad. As for ass sucking, don't knock what you haven't tried!

While I'm on the topic of asses I might as well keep ranting. Asses are great! A lot of people seem to shy away from ass play when they have sex. This could be for a couple of reasons, either people are still convinced that asses are horrible or people don't really know how to go about ass play. A lot of boys are afraid to experiment with ass play for fear that they will become queer or "less manly." If that is the case, think about what all this means and take a chance at having fun. If you are a boy learn about your prostate and use it! There are a few basic things that people should try to keep in mind when playing with asses. Likely the most important thing to keep in mind when putting anything up your ass or someone else's is to use lots of lube. Ass play SHOULD NOT hurt. If it does, you have a few options: add more lube, slow down, try another position or use something smaller. If you are finding ass play to be painful, stop and figure out why before you continue. If you are playing with asses be sure to keep what you shoved up there separate from other types of play. Getting shit in mouths, vaginas and penises is not a good thing and can easily give a person some sort of parasite or infection. Don't switch from ass play to other types of play without cleaning first. If you are planning on sucking ass it is also a good idea to make sure everyone is nice and clean. If you see or have any open sores on your ass it is best to avoid ass play all together.

Almost every dialogue in hardcore about sex and monogamy seems to focus on the negative aspects.

We continually rehash our thoughts on rape and sexual violence and in the process we forget that sex can be fabulous. Sexual violence is something we need to confront, but it isn't the only aspect of the sex we have with each other. Sex and relationships should enhance our lives.

From my experiences a lot of people give lip service to the idea of monogamy and act otherwise. For example, after much hesitation a friend of mine recently decided to enter a monogamous relationship. She was fine with having an open relationship but her partner claimed that he wanted monogamy. She finally agreed to have a monogamous relationship with him. It did not help them at all and it turns out that he played around with an old partner of his and lied to her about it. We are continually fed and believe that in order to have valid, loving relationships they need to be one on one. I think this stems from the fact that our society is so wrapped up in Christianity and we accept the notions imposed on us. We are not given any tools to create effective and loving open relationships and we are afraid to make our own. I am in an open relationship and I don't have any desire to change that. I see no reason to stop myself from loving someone or having a relationship with him or her because I am in another relationship. A cornerstone of any relationship is honesty and I think this is absolutely essential, especially for open relationships. I am finding that the challenge of having a healthy open relationship to be extremely exciting and rewarding.

If we are to have fulfilling lives we can't shy away from discussing anything. If punk is supposed to be some kind of counter culture, then doesn't it make sense to challenge the sex negativity of our society and examine how we all perpetuate these myths? At the same time, we should also explore and question the motivations behind having monogamous relationships, or open relationships for that matter.

I have come to the conclusion that porn isn't horrible. I also don't think porn is wonderful. A lot of porn is exploitative but I don't think it is inherently problematic. There is porn out there that has women in positions of power, that has reciprocation, that explores sexuality beyond the missionary position, that isn't all white or all heterosexual, that challenges popular notions of beauty. It just isn't popular. Just because crappy porn is readily available and usually horrible we don't have to write off porn all together. For example, it is easy to find s/m material and there are magazines for all kinds of fetishes and sexualities. Just to give you a small taste of what is out there you might want to have a look at the web sites listed below. If you are interested in fat, hairy queer men check out *American Bear* magazine or *American Grizzly* at: www.ambear.com. If you are into queer boys over 30 check out *Daddy* magazine at: www.charm.net/~ganymede/index.html. If you are into fat dykes check out *Fatgirl* at: www.fats.com/fatgirl. There are plenty of others out there too. These are just a few that spring to mind right now. Have fun and question your preconceptions! If you don't find porn that interests you there is always the option of making your own which can be fun too!

As always, I encourage people to get in touch (with each other, ha ha). The search for some sort of truth continues. Daryl Vocat, Box 22172 Regina, SK, S4S 7H4, Canada. safe23@hotmail.com. www.gypsy.rose.utoronto.ca/people/spike/dv. Pursue happiness!

They were described on the flyer as "drunk punk." Ok, what-the-hell, I thought. The show was free, I was curious to see another hardcore band on the bill, and a new friend who seems smart had handed me the flyer. I was looking forward to seeing a show in the world of some of the local college boys who don't come to our basement shows it seems because we don't allow alcohol. Of course, I assumed these "punks" were on my side. Until I heard them speak.

"...I said, suck it BITCH. Take it BALL DEEP," he yelled into his microphone. With that, the rest of the band began to play their set. I looked to my friend with disbelief, shocked to hear such fucked-up language at a "punk" house show. Next I heard reference after reference to "the fuckin' faggots." Should I really have been surprised?

For me, punk/hardcore is about reacting against all that is fucked up in the world. It's about



change and growth and setting oneself apart from the non-thinkers and the status-quo. "Smash the system" is a rather cliché phrase, but it's still relevant, isn't it? I think the antithesis to my short definition of punk is what these boys in this dumb band are about. Maybe they'll listen to NOFX for the rest of their lives, reminiscing periodically on their days of token rebellion and see themselves as different from their next door neighbor or golf buddies, but I won't be fooled. My point here is, we need to always keep in mind that wearing a Minor Threat button or Los Crudos patch does not necessarily mean that somebody is on my side. Words and actions decide that, and my definition of punk is not theirs and maybe not yours either.

How we respond to the everyday speech of those around us is very important. Meeting misogynistic, sexist, homophobic, racist language with silence translates into tolerance and acceptance of such attitudes, and non-action means no change and no evaluation of our behavior. When confrontations do occur, often the responses to being called out on offensive language or behavior are comments like, "oh, I'm not sexist" and "I was only joking." Are you laughing? Did you get the joke? When I walked into a new environment and heard, "suck it BITCH. Take it BALL DEEP." I experienced alienation, hurt, outrage, and immense frustration especially when nobody else in the room seemed to blink an eye in response.

This type of experience often serves to protect the male-domination of both the punk scene and the world at large by shoving women into the periphery. It takes years of practice to get the confidence and strength to confront and fight against the offensive words and behavior of others, and even then, we all must pick our battles.

Write me at Amy Watson/123 King Ave. #2/ Columbus, Ohio 43201 or e-mail me at awbunny@hotmail.com. Thanks.

Two food columnists in a music 'zine? Yes; because food is something we all have in common, although we often fail to realize it. Regardless of if we are vegan, vegetarian or omnivore,

we all eat. And yes again because by having punk/hardcore as the focus of this 'zine, it is also about a thousand other things which may or may not be related to music.

Punk and hardcore are based on politics. Whether it's the politics of government and social strife, or the rebellion of youth against mainstream culture, the fuel that keeps punk alive is politics. This column, as well as the majority of my life, is devoted to the politics of food; what we eat, where we buy it from, how it was grown and who it was grown and harvested by.

About a year ago I started working on a project called "The Vegetarian Grocer." It's an all-vegan natural food store with an infoshop (books and records for sale and a small library) in the rear of the store, and in the basement we put on shows, do screen printing for local bands and manufacture piercing jewelry. Three of us are currently living in the building too.

This space is based on the idea that we need to meet our needs (food, shelter, clothing) within the confines of our community. Why watch so carefully what labels and distributors we support or scrutinize the ingredients of the foods we eat if we're buying all our food and clothing from the corporate stores and paying rent to a landlord who cares nothing for our community? Punk and Hardcore runs much deeper than going to shows on weekends and listening to records in our bedrooms, than wearing t-shirts of our favorite bands and having dyed hair.

Not to say our space here is perfect; for starters, we still pay rent to a landlord who recently showed up in a brand new Lincoln with his wife wearing a fur coat. But this is the beginning of something real, the beginning of something that will ultimately lead to a collective self-sufficiency... with all of this in mind... you should make some rice and tofu.

A Variation of a Theme: Super Rice

Fry 1 lb. extra firm tofu (cut into 1/2" cubes) on medium heat in some oil. Add to the tofu about 1/4 cup Braggs Liquid Aminos or Tamari or Soy Sauce, and a little seasoned salt. You'll want to keep moving the tofu around in the pan so it doesn't burn or stick. While that gets going, start some sort of rice. If you use a rice mix, "dirty rice," a wild rice mix or spanish work really

well. If you use straight white or brown rice, you'll want to season it with something; garlic powder, onions, salt, pepper, soy sauce and nutritional yeast work well together. When the rice is done and the tofu is brown and a little hard and maybe even a little crunchy on the edges, mix the two together and you've got dinner... add a side of green beans and a soda, and you've got a feast. *If you have a crappy frying pan cooking the tofu might be a total pain, lowering the heat will probably help some.

P.S. I'm putting the finishing touches on a comp CD right now called *Collateral*. It's a benefit for The Vegetarian Grocer and it comes with my new 'zine *Analysis Paralysis*...

J have tried to be positive and constructive regarding hardcore, but the so-called "scene" has thoroughly been infested with so much shit that I often want nothing to do with it. There was a time when I wished to contribute to the growth of my local "scene" (and I use that term very loosely) and hardcore in general, but my enthusiasm evanesced as my exposure to what supposedly passes as hardcore accrued over the years. I find myself increasingly alienated with something that opened my eyes and infused a new-found hope and awareness into my life, and, frankly, I am left wondering if there really is such a thing as "hardcore" anymore. The few shows that I have attended over the last several months certainly confirm my belief that hardcore is nothing more than a cheap gimmick to sell compact discs and t-shirts. For all intents and purposes, hardcore is dead. And you know what? I am dancing on its grave. The "scene" has degenerated into a pathetic imitation of the corporate music industry and consequently hardcore has mutated into a foul entity devoid of substance, sincerity, integrity, and meaning.

Yet, despite my pessimism, I cannot help but care about hardcore. The only "scene" that seemingly matters to me are my records and turntable, but why does anger consume me when I see all the garbage that has polluted the real "scene"? Why do I lose my temper when discussing hardcore with friends who like the music but care little about its current state? I do not listen to the bands that I believe have destroyed hardcore, I do not buy my records at Tower Records or HMV (here in Canada), I do not wear big pants and the latest Nike basketball shoes, I do not belong to a crew, and so on and so forth. So why do I bother to break the silence and stick my neck out? My views certainly do not reflect those of the majority, and since the state of hardcore is the object of profound ridicule as far as I am concerned, I am essentially engaging in a futile attempt to convey my thoughts and hopefully change some minds. So why waste my time? Because I cannot accept the apathy, passivism, and greed that characterize hardcore today. I am torn between retreating into my own little world where hardcore actually means something and not caring what others do nor think or, preferably, contributing to the nascence of a new movement that emphasizes positive growth, community, just to a name a few qualities/features. But a hardcore renaissance appears to be a lofty dream of mine...

I attacked Converge, Equal Vision, and, to a lesser extent, *HeartattaCk*, in issue 20 for reducing something as beautiful and as important as hardcore into a mere product, a cheap commodity like toothpaste or toilet paper. Granted, the members of Converge are not exactly living in mansions and driving Porches, but the fact that they have transformed themselves into scene rockstars and, along with their label, opted for commercialism means that they have nothing to do with hardcore. Yes, I am stating that Converge is not a hardcore band. Neither are their label-mates. The same applies for all bands on Victory, Revelation, Relapse, Initial, and any and all labels that operate in the same manner as Sony and Warner Bros. I saw One King Down a while ago (why was I there?) and what I saw absolutely disgusted me and exemplifies the features that eliminate such bands, labels, distros, etc., from the hardcore community. Aside from the fact that I am not the biggest fan of metal (yawn!!), the rampant and excessive materialism that One King Down brings to the scene is shameful. The kids were going wild for t-shirts, longsleeve shirts, hooded sweatshirts, jackets, and, to my horror, basketball jerseys made by Champion. What the hell is this crap? First of all, this jock bullshit reeks

of idiocy, but to add insult to injury, jerseys made by Champion? It is wonderful to see that hardcore means so much. Hardcore is not about basketball jerseys or image. It is not about charging \$10 and more for compact discs. It is not about materialism. Whatever happened to the social and political awareness and activity that were the cornerstones of hardcore? To cheapen oneself in such a manner is horrible. One King Down and others are the goddamn Spice Girls of the scene.

Why do bands sign to corporate labels like Equal Vision and Victory? They can talk about increasing distribution and therefore access to their recordings as though they are somehow doing the scene a service, but that is just a pathetic attempt to conceal their greed. That kind of moronic and rockstar attitude is offensive, so stop insulting our intelligence. These bands and their labels exploit us. Sure, the opportunity to make money by playing music instead of working in some dead-end job is appealing, but to select this route is to strip music of any meaningful significance. Music is an expression of our humanity, a sonic manifestation of the human experience. Selling t-shirts and spending over \$20,000 on an album contravene the essence of music and consequently one's humanity. Unfortunately, human beings have an extremely nasty tendency to assign monetary value to everything, from paintings to land, but through the DIY ethic and related values, hardcore could be expressed musically without sacrificing our integrity to greed and materialism. Obviously, the only way we can transmit our emotions and our thoughts to a large global community is through recordings and printed matter which require money to press, print, distribute, and so on. Money is therefore an essential element, but it should not and cannot supersede the true intentions and spirit of music and, specifically, hardcore. Hardcore is not merely a collection of sounds that induce Kung Fu in the pit, for if it is just entertainment, then hardcore is as worthy as dance music, country, hip hop, and other styles generally devoid of meaning other than an excuse to move your feet and fatten the wallets of capitalist fat cats. I prefer to believe that hardcore is socially and politically constructive, in that it allows us to share and learn about a plethora of important topics ranging from, for example, animal liberation, to environmental protection. In addition, and closer to home, it can be an emotional outlet, or a way to express and share personal yet universal human themes such as pain and happiness that can be just as revolutionary as social and political activism. I admit that I prefer lyrical content dealing with social and political issues, but that is just a question of preference. DIY is an incredibly powerful tool, perhaps the single most potent weapon at our disposal, and through its implementation and adherence to we can effectively bring about the demise of commercial garbage that Converge and friends try to pass off as "hardcore." These bands, labels, etc., undermine our efforts by selling out the scene to forces that are only concerned with profit. When did slick recordings, exclusive distribution deals, fancy merchandise catalogues, and the list goes on, become more important than sincerity and other important qualities/features?

Consequently, I choose to support bands, labels, distros, and so on, that adhere to the values that reflect the DIY ethic. Hardcore cannot exist without DIY and vice-versa. Bar codes are not hardcore, so labels that add stickers containing bar codes can piss off. We must boycott all non-DIY recordings and merchandise. If you must have the new Converge album, steal it from your local corporate record store. Sadly, we tend to neglect DIY operations, and this is unacceptable. Our money must stay within the scene. But when *HeartattaCk*, a supposedly DIY 'zine, runs ads for Equal Vision recordings, hardcore suffers. The hypocrisy of HaC is shameful, but much of the blame is ours, for instead of encouraging scene growth and strength, our actions oblige HaC and others to resort to unsavoury tactics to remain active. However, I am sure HaC could find suitable alternative sources of funding, but the fact remains that our actions are detrimental to the scene. This must change.

I am definitely not the poster-child for DIY/hardcore, as I am only human and therefore make mistakes (too many to count), but I try my best to inform others of what I perceive to be the truth and I think I can state that my actions generally reflect my views. My words are not law, so it is up to you formulate your own views, but remember that excessive profit and greed create conflict, exploitation, and oppression. Seek true alternatives to capitalist forms of business and support



James the
Vegetarian Grocer



Dave MacGregor

DIY. Lastly, I am sure that I could have done a better job of constructing my argument, but this is what I came up with at this moment in time. I would like to thank- Seb and Reversal Of Man for the inspiration (read the lyric booklet of the 10"/CD—brilliant and beautiful stuff). My two cents...

Dave MacGregor/115 Lavallee/Katevale, QC/JOB 1W0/Canada; crass@videotron.ca

J think a lot. Sometimes it drives me crazy. Memories come and go, but with me when they come they don't leave my mind. I'm so fucking sentimental, I get so nostalgic. It was one of the very

last days of December. It was New Years Eve's Eve. I remember my hands were covered in newsprint soot. I had just finished my train to bus commute from work. I passed by the flower store that had now become a graveyard for all the Christmas trees unsold. They were piled and leaning on one another in a now vacant lot. The way they were all

leaning on top of each other, against the fence, was like a funeral pyre. The strong smell of pine and the cold, cold wind that felt like it was actually burning my face. You know that bitter cold, when it's so fucking cold outside you feel like your skin is on fire? If you live in New York City or Chicago maybe you know that cold.

I had stopped by my friend Justin's house to drop off some zip disks. He had to dump some artwork onto them for an Indecision record layout we were working on. From there I walked to my parents house along Third Avenue. Justin had just recently moved to Brooklyn from Staten Island and coincidentally right into the neighborhood where I grew up in, and still live in today. Bay Ridge is about seven miles from Manhattan, or "The City" as I've always called it, and it's about five minutes from the Verrazano Bridge, with its seven dollar toll, and Staten Island, the forgotten fifth borough of Brooklyn. I lived with my parents here for eighteen years before I moved out and got an apartment about twenty blocks away on the other side of Bay Ridge. I remember when we were in the huge moving truck driving to my new house we made the guy stop at a garage sale and we bought a chair and threw it onto the truck. That was fun, 'til the guy who sold it to us told me how fun it was to "fuck" in that chair.

I grew up on Ninety-Ninth Street and Shore Road, I now live on Seventy-First Street and Sixth Avenue. As I walked along Third Avenue that night everything started coming into my head really fast, all these memories were suddenly flooding my consciousness. I remembered when Bay Ridge was free of big commercial conglomerates and monopolies like Rite Aid, McDonalds, The Wiz and Blockbuster Video, it wasn't all that long ago actually. I remember when it was just Morris Cosmetics on the corner of Ninety-Fourth Street and Third Avenue. It now sat in the humble shadow of Rite Aid, which had typically chose to open up directly across the street. Three, four years ago Rite Aid did not exist in this neighborhood, today Bay Ridge, comprised of approximately thirty blocks in all, found itself bombarded with three huge Rite Aid stores, two on Third and one on Fourth Avenue. The sun would now rise and set on the Rite Aid empire in Bay Ridge. They would never dare let you go more than ten blocks without one. Where else could I go at four o'clock in the morning to get toothpaste, lemon and lime shaving cream, an Easter card for my Aunt and a shower radio?

Eighty-Sixth Street between Fourth and Fifth Avenues has always been Bay Ridge's main commercial thoroughfare, but years ago, it was all privately owned storefronts and businesses. Family run or independently managed clothing stores and boutiques have been replaced by the three story Gap megalith. I remember eating in the big Chinese Restaurant that used to be at that same location. Cozy little Brooklyn luncheonettes, cheap coffee shops and diners shrug in the shadows of McDonalds and Burger King. Jesus fucking Christ, The Wiz' three level, sky scraping electronics survivalist facility takes up nearly the entire block! I remember back when even The Wiz was a little one level store. I bought the Minutemen Double Nickels On The Dime on cassette there when it first opened. A few doors down from The (grand) Wiz(ard) is the Record Factory, I remember buying some of my first hardcore records

there, on cassette always, when I was in eighth grade. That store remains, they must know somebody, or own the building or something... I don't know how they've managed to stay put and not get bought or squeezed out.

My friend Justin lives on Ninety-Second off

Third Avenue now, as I turned the corner I noticed Admiral Video. I remembered my roommate Jay had mentioned he had heard or saw they were closing down. I went inside, the place was a mess. The guy was selling all his videos. Six dollars each. I saw a few I wanted to buy. He had 1 Spit On Your Corpse in its original box and a few other awesome horror movies. I really wanted to pick up I Spit On Your Grave but he didn't have it and if I was lucky, I only had about three dollars in my pocket anyway. People were just milling around flipping through racks of movies. I walked down a few blocks, past the infamous Rite Aid and ahead saw Movies Movies. Another video place that had closed down recently. This place was huge. I think ten years ago before Rocky bought the place it was a supermarket, so he had a big store, I'm sure the rent was very expensive. He did really well there, though. I rented videos from him for years. My friend Ron and I, when we weren't riding skateboards down the side of the Verrazano Bridge, used to spend weekends early on in high school renting every single horror movie title he had. I first rented Faces Of Death from him. I think I saw every horror movie he had, some twice probably. Blockbuster opened up about five years ago maybe about a half mile away on Eighty-Sixth and Seventh Avenue, up by the highway, and in a matter of months all the movie rental places began closing down like dominoes. The big boys had moved into town and there wasn't enough room for the both of them. Blockbuster drove out a lot of businesses. The fluorescent lights were flickering but still burning on inside Movies Movies, the gate was down, inside were some cardboard boxes gutted and strewn all over the place. The store was a mess, but there wasn't anything left inside. Only one poster remained on the front window, Hope Floats, I wondered if they left that up for a reason.

I guess, really, I didn't care about these movie places closing down so much as it was just a symbol for me as to what was happening to Bay Ridge. I'm hardly here much anymore, anyway, since we're always on tour. But, before I started traveling so much I never missed Brooklyn, I never felt nostalgic about my neighborhood like I knew so many people had. Maybe it's me getting older and not wanting to let go of my childhood, or maybe it's something more simple, something not so Freudian. Maybe I just love the neighborhood. Bay Ridge to me is so much, so many memories. Everyone knew everyone else's names and everyone else's business. It's such a small town USA neighborhood, even though it's in Brooklyn and metropolis Manhattan is a train ride away. Forty-five minutes away on the R train, half-hour if you transfer to the B train at Thirty-sixth Street.

When you're in another country, or on tour, you can't help but think. Touring leaves a lot of time to think about things. If there's twenty-four hours in a day, on tour a half-hour is spent actually playing, the rest is spent thinking, pondering, reflecting, dwelling, remembering and wishing. I'm only twenty-one years old, I'm not that old, but maybe Bay Ridge means so much to me because it will always mean home to me. It will always symbolize the time when I was younger, before I had responsibilities like rent and the gas bill, getting someone to sublet my apartment while we're away, before the collection agency knew my name, before I had a checking account and debit card. I fucking hate the everyday, the commute, I hate New York, I hate the selfish heartbeat of this city. The clones and drones, suit and ties, the poor and the fur coats. When we're in a foreign country I love New York City, I love Bay Ridge, Brooklyn and I can't wait to get back to it. It's an instinct. I get nostalgic. Bago and I talk about L & B Spumoni Gardens, this Italian Restaurant we all frequent, and making dinner reservations from the airport for when our flight lands. I love knowing Brooklyn, Bay Ridge, will always be there waiting for me. It's so loyal to me. Bay Ridge, Brooklyn is my childhood, back when things were so simple. Back before I knew or cared about why Rite Aid opening up was not a good thing. Back before I understood any of that. When I was naive. When I was younger and on the baseball team, when I broke my nose because I got too close to my friend while he was in the on deck circle. When I became a teenager and bought my first Black Flag record, got arrested for graffiti and suspended from

school once every two months. Maybe that's why I care so much about this neighborhood. Every time I go back to my parents apartment building, where I lived for eighteen or so years, I ride the elevator with new people who I've never seen before. New tenants. They look at me like I'm the stranger.

Everything changes, I guess. I wish some things would just remain. I don't want progress, not here. It's a human instinct to fear change.

While I was in Admiral Video looking through what was left of the videos they were getting rid of, some guy was in there, he had no idea they were closing down, even though the place looked like shit now and the owner was just letting it fall apart, this guy was oblivious. He asked about some movie and when they thought it would be available, the guy behind the counter told him when he thought the movie would be in but told the guy he wouldn't be getting it in for rental because they had to be out of there by next week, the first week of January, the guy was honestly surprised. He said "You're closing down?!" and the guy behind the counter shrugged and said "(sigh)... Yep," the other guy says "...why?" still confused, there was a pause... the guy behind the counter says "It's a long story. Maybe someday when I have the time I'll tell it to you." You can write to me at—Justin Brannan/PO Box 09-581/ Brooklyn, New York 11209; e-mail me at BrannanJ@aol.com. P.S. My band, Indecision, just finished recording an ep with Don Fury that will be coming out on WreckAge Records in February 1999. I'm not embarrassed, ashamed, or too cool to admit, recording at Fury's was a childhood dream come true. Some of the first hardcore records I ever bought were recorded down in that cellar on Spring Street. Thanks for listening. Seize the day, and the night.



Justin Brannan

leaning on top of each other, against the fence, was like a funeral pyre. The strong smell of pine and the cold, cold wind that felt like it was actually burning my face. You know that bitter cold, when it's so fucking cold outside you feel like your skin is on fire? If you live in New York City or Chicago maybe you know that cold.

I had stopped by my friend Justin's house to drop off some zip disks. He had to dump some artwork onto them for an Indecision record layout we were working on. From there I walked to my parents house along Third Avenue. Justin had just recently moved to Brooklyn from Staten Island and coincidentally right into the neighborhood where I grew up in, and still live in today. Bay Ridge is about seven miles from Manhattan, or "The City" as I've always called it, and it's about five minutes from the Verrazano Bridge, with its seven dollar toll, and Staten Island, the forgotten fifth borough of Brooklyn. I lived with my parents here for eighteen years before I moved out and got an apartment about twenty blocks away on the other side of Bay Ridge. I remember when we were in the huge moving truck driving to my new house we made the guy stop at a garage sale and we bought a chair and threw it onto the truck. That was fun, 'til the guy who sold it to us told me how fun it was to "fuck" in that chair.

I grew up on Ninety-Ninth Street and Shore Road, I now live on Seventy-First Street and Sixth Avenue. As I walked along Third Avenue that night everything started coming into my head really fast, all these memories were suddenly flooding my consciousness. I remembered when Bay Ridge was free of big commercial conglomerates and monopolies like Rite Aid, McDonalds, The Wiz and Blockbuster Video, it wasn't all that long ago actually. I remember when it was just Morris Cosmetics on the corner of Ninety-Fourth Street and Third Avenue. It now sat in the humble shadow of Rite Aid, which had typically chose to open up directly across the street. Three, four years ago Rite Aid did not exist in this neighborhood, today Bay Ridge, comprised of approximately thirty blocks in all, found itself bombarded with three huge Rite Aid stores, two on Third and one on Fourth Avenue. The sun would now rise and set on the Rite Aid empire in Bay Ridge. They would never dare let you go more than ten blocks without one. Where else could I go at four o'clock in the morning to get toothpaste, lemon and lime shaving cream, an Easter card for my Aunt and a shower radio?

Eighty-Sixth Street between Fourth and Fifth Avenues has always been Bay Ridge's main commercial thoroughfare, but years ago, it was all privately owned storefronts and businesses. Family run or independently managed clothing stores and boutiques have been replaced by the three story Gap megalith. I remember eating in the big Chinese Restaurant that used to be at that same location. Cozy little Brooklyn luncheonettes, cheap coffee shops and diners shrug in the shadows of McDonalds and Burger King. Jesus fucking Christ, The Wiz' three level, sky scraping electronics survivalist facility takes up nearly the entire block! I remember back when even The Wiz was a little one level store. I bought the Minutemen Double Nickels On The Dime on cassette there when it first opened. A few doors down from The (grand) Wiz(ard) is the Record Factory, I remember buying some of my first hardcore records



Robert Scott Carrick

Robert Scott Carrick kay. Here is the story of a very horrible night. This all happened after having a huge fight with my parents, a story I will spare you the details of. Needless to say, I was in a very bad mood after being told by my dad that I "won't be able to make a living by recycling plastic bottles," and hearing my mom moan about how I want to do the most ludicrous stuff, like stay with friends out of town and go to the Goleta fest. The altercation ended with screaming and crying and, finally, a weak truce. Things were okay for the time being. I would leave in the morning on somewhat good terms. They went to bed.

Unable to sleep, I remembered that I had to get my skateboard back from my friend Jeff so that I would have some transportation in Goleta. He was at some lame party very close to my house, so I got on my bike to go find him. Flying through the darkness, I forgot all about the stupid argument I'd had earlier and became excited to see my friend. It always amazes me how much of a positive effect bike riding has on my spirits—it never fails to put a smile on my face.

I reached the house of the party in about two minutes and rushed through the beer and smoke to retrieve my friend. With what great cheer we greeted each other! It had been a while, and it felt good to drag him out of that horrid place so we could amble up to his house and talk. We made it up to his place after a nice walk, he got my skateboard out of the garage, and I told him I'd see him in a week. It was a few minutes past midnight.

Balancing the board on my handlebars, I rolled out of his driveway and started further uphill. As I pedaled towards my house, I noticed two cops at some fortress of a house, snooping around with flashlights. They apparently were just finishing their business when I passed by, because upon hearing my squeaky pedals, they spun around until I was illuminated by one of their hand-held searchlights. "STOP," came the command. I'd been hassled before by cops, but this time I wasn't doing anything "wrong," so I was confident that they would leave me alone soon enough.

They walked over and asked me what I was doing out on such a night. I pointed to my skateboard and then to my friend's house, and then explained that I was going to my house, pointing in that direction.

Simple. "Where's your helmet?" they quizzed me. I apologized for forgetting, and again referred to the proximity of my house to the point where we were standing. They continued, "Well, you need a light on this bike, and since you don't..." "Right. I forgot about that," I interjected, taking the light out of my bike-bag. I affixed the light to my handlebars and turned it on. It was barely visible under the power of their flashlights. "Sorry," says I.

However, when I looked up, one of the cops was poking his flashlight into my bike-bag, opening it to look inside. Absolutely flabbergasted by his flagrantly illegal search, I said, "I'll show you the key, I just don't want you coming into the house or seeing where I keep the key. I'll be right back in two seconds..." I reasoned with him.

He appeared annoyed with my meager requests, and said, "You know what, son? Just get the key and stop playing games."

"Uh, fine..." He watched with amusement as I got the key. I remembered that I had probably left the door unlocked anyway, so as I pushed it open, I asked, "Okay, can I go home now?"

"Uh, no. We need to talk with someone who's responsible for you," he insisted.

"Okay, then, I'll go get my mom," I offered.

"I need to come with you."

"No, really, I'd prefer for you to stay outside my house. You're not actually supposed to come inside without my permission, you know, so I'll just go get my mom and she'll come right out and talk to you." I was a bit more calm now, and hoped he would just respect my house.

He responded with anger, "Son, I'm gonna do what I need to do. What you need to do is just stop this right now and go inside and get your mom."

I took a few more steps over the threshold, and again turned around to ask him to respect my rights. "Okay. You have the door open and you can see that there is nothing I am going to try to do now. There's no reason for you to come inside now. Just stop here and I'll be right back."

Even more pissed off now, with his face turning red and his voice getting violent, he said, "I'm getting REALLY sick of this now. I'm not going to say this again. You need to do what I say and go to your parents' room and stop worrying about what I do."

So, shaken and confused, I walked through my house to my parents' room, thinking about what it might be like to be awakened by your emotional disaster of a son, informing you that the police were in the house to talk to you. Now, I wasn't especially thrilled with my mom at the moment either, but I wouldn't wish that on anyone. What frustrated me the most, however, was that my mom, being a good law fearing citizen (well, resident alien), would probably believe the cops before she believed me. For a while, she had been developing big fears about me, thinking that I was going to be the next unabomber or something like that, and this incident would definitely not increase her trust in me. Yes, my parents' ridiculous fears really did make me want to give up and sever all ties with them, but part of me still hoped that they might someday have trust in me, and our relationships would be a bit less dysfunctional. Well, so much for that possibility...

About ten feet from the open door to my parents' room, the cop stopped and said, "Okay, this is good enough, I'll wait here." Oh, how considerate! How respectful he was! Thanks, officer!

The cop turned on his cursed flashlight as I approached the bed, casting creepy shadows about the room. I nudged my mom. "Mom, wake up. Mom, you need to talk to the police; I'm sorry but you need to get up. Mom!"

She slurred, "w... wuzzaa... huh?"

"Mom, the cops are here. You just need to get up and tell them this is my house so they'll go away. They stopped me outside and won't leave me alone."

"What?!? Oh my god..."

My mom stood up, confused and exhausted from the screaming match earlier. She walked into the glaring light, and I think it was only then that she realized that there were actually cops inside her house. The cop called out from behind his light, "Ma'am, we need to talk with you."

I walked out past the cop, still very flustered but confident that my mom would send them away quickly and this would all be over. As I walked through the dark living room, I saw shadows and looked outside to see my new mentor-cop snooping around my backyard! It was almost surreal. My house was under

siege.

I put away my bike, and was just coming into the house again when I heard my mom saying, "Well, you see, it's just that he wants a little more freedom than we're willing to give him, and..."

"MOM!!! Don't talk to them! They only make everything worse!" I couldn't believe that these meddlesome cops had my mom on the defensive, discussing my developmental issues like she had made some mistake. Very angrily, I turned to the cops and demanded, "What have you told my mom? All you do is bully people around and make them feel small. Why don't you just leave us alone!?" I stomped around the room, fuming and cursing these men.

So now, after being harassed and pushed around by them for the past half hour, I had to sit there and listen to them say to my mom, in very calm, composed voices, "Really, ma'am, we don't know what's wrong with him. He's been like this since we found him."

My mother, deeply distressed and teary-eyed, thanked the kind gentlemen and saw them out, saying, "I just don't know what we're going to do..."

I bid them farewell with gritted teeth and slurred denunciations. They were finally gone. All I could do was clench my fists in my pockets, turn red, and pace circles into the carpet.

My mom could barely talk to me, she was so disturbed. And who could blame her? She later told me what the first thing was that the cops said to her (this is my favorite part):

"Ma'am, we're concerned that your son is going to commit suicide."

Am I ever glad that these kind men rescued me from my suicidal self. If it wasn't for their help, I might have gotten an extra hour of sleep that night. Thanks, fellas!

— Robert Scott Carrick <scarrick@u.washington.edu>

J have evolved. I have changed. It has been a long time. I look back at 1993, and it doesn't seem like it was all that long ago. Really, it seems like yesterday, because I am lucky enough to still feel so enthusiastic about the things that I do. I have not lost my fire for teaching and I have not lost my fire for hardcorepunk. But I have changed, as I look back (almost seven years) to the days when I first began to redefine myself into a new space called "teacher."

What has changed? Strange things have happened, experience has empowered me—and taken its toll. I am not the same person. I deal with things so differently now, in the classroom and out. Sometimes I look back at all the fuck ups that I've made, and I wish that I could somehow go back as the person I am now and re-do everything with the wisdom I now possess. But then I realize that this is truly a paradoxical desire, for it was those very fuck ups that brought me to this more stable grounding within myself.

Strangely I feel upbeat after a pretty brutal year. Teaching gets easier in some ways, but the longer that I teach the more the "big picture" weighs on me. No matter how nuts I go trying to teach these few children who I am privileged to engage, I am spitting into the wind. I cannot do enough to make myself feel like I am doing enough without grinding myself into a state where I no longer have enough to go on. I am nothing, insignificant, alone. So much of the world wants me to fail, to give up. Saying "I'll never give up" seems naive, asserting a power I don't really have. And yet I love what I do, and it constantly fills what feels like nothing other than my heart with this incredible energy that can only be matched by a trace few other things.

I hope that this feeling lasts. It is so easy to become mired in what isn't, what's lacking. It is so easy to become comfortable in my little niche, to make absolute determinations from scant experience, to step away. To step away—this is what reminds me of the passing of time—how many have stepped away. Was I responsible? Could I have done something to prevent the passing on of a friend? Could I have done something? If only I had done something differently!

I used to laugh at the questions. People expose their faint understandings through earnest questions. "Do your students go to your shows?"—"Do your students call you 'Mr. Jensen'?"—"Do you

have to wear a tie to work?" I used to become sort of annoyed, as I laughed, at these questions. I understand now what you were asking, and I am sorry that it has taken me so long to answer. My students don't go to my shows; in fact, they only vaguely understand or care that I am a musician much less a punk, for this is not what I am to them. I am not for them what I am for you, you see. They do call me "Mr. Jensen," although I do not hide the fact that my name is Chris. When they call me "Chris," they do so not to communicate with me but to test me, so I ignore them until they finally return to calling me "Mr. Jensen." Some day some kid may use my first name in an earnest tone, and I will turn and answer that child as I do my friends when they call me "Chris." I have not seen that day yet. I wear what I am asked to wear rather than what I would otherwise choose to wear. Initially, I believed that doing so was in fact advantageous, a proxy for actual respect; I now view the shirt and tie with overwhelming ambivalence. Who the fuck cares, anyway? I finally have the answer to your question: "Yes, it is difficult to reconcile my life as a teacher with my life as a hardcorepunk kid. But there's a beautiful symmetry that lies under the surface, hidden to those who look only at the most superficial levels of what 'punk' and 'teaching' are."

Sickened by this year, I went for a change. It's so fucking mundane and corny that I almost hesitate to reveal it to you. But what the hell—I dyed my hair. It's black now—it used to be dirty blond. It happened over the holiday vacation. All I heard from my friends was "wow, can you get away with teaching like that?" I didn't really know the answer to their question—for years I had limited such expressions of punkness to the safe space of summertime, quenching my thirst for the new with subtle shade and cut changes during the school year. This was a radical departure, a big change. I actually had no idea how the kids would react—you always worry that somehow the students will suddenly be unable to learn due to some fundamental breakdown of the Teacher-Student Pact (especially the line that reads "we will conform strictly to the roles afforded to us, with nary a stray move into opposing territory"). The first day I got my share of shock from students and faculty alike, but I weathered it. For a split second there was this test going on, like a little prod you might give to a sleeping cat to see if it is sleeping or dead, to see if I was somehow someone different. They poked, I snapped back, and so did they; and things were back to normal... but somehow better.

Does black hair make you a better teacher? Was my sporting new coif really the key to energizing my students? Had I stumbled onto a new and innovative pedagogical strategy? It sure seemed that way; my first week back as "Elvis" was one of the best teaching weeks I have had in years. I felt so much more alive and excited, and my students even seemed more responsive. Suddenly my life seemed to echo those old sneaker commercials—except now instead of some overpaid conscience-starved basketball player it was me, teaching like a legend while the crowd mumbled amongst themselves: "It's gotta be the hair."

The students were into it. They probably don't really like the style, a lot of them were pretty freaked out over me breaking the Student-Teacher Pact, but at the heart of the matter they approved. Even though my deviation had left them somewhat confused, they were somehow more comfortable with me. I, too, was more comfortable with me—which might account for their increased comfort with me as well—if you follow my logic. I was more me. I was hiding less. It was working.

My students already know that I am punk, even if they don't know where punk comes from. Even after years of deluding myself that I couldn't really be "punk" in the classroom, my true nature inevitably came out. And, obviously, it had nothing to do with playing mega-decibel music, writing fanzines, releasing records ("What's a record, Mr. Jensen?") or having dyed hair. They could not call it punk, but all that extra energy and enthusiasm and care—that was punk. All attempts to hide this part of me were and are resignations and steps towards death. Resolution?: be my damn punk self. Sure, there are limitations which I must still make—my language in the classroom cannot parallel all that I utilize here as my full self. But the students are down with me as me as long as I keep teaching in a caring and enthusiastic manner. Really, it's the adults that have the real problem with my punkness. I am a threat to adult aloofness, that resignation we are all pressured to adopt, that resignation that true punks, in

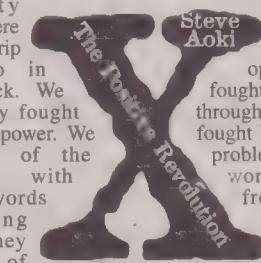
my estimation, eschew. The adults, by and large, had the most truly negative comments about my departure from tradition. I scared a few adults. I am not afraid of their disapproval. In fact, I have them on such fucking lock down, because they have not a thing to say. I am a living, breathing act of defiance to their most fundamental contentions because I am undeniably a crazy freak and I can teach rings around their sorry asses. I am what I do, not what I seem—good lesson, huh?

I used to try to argue that there was some sort of separation between my hardcorepunk and teaching lives. I counseled others to learn to maintain that healthy separation. I now view that separation as illusory, and all attempts to maintain such a dichotomy as unhealthy. You are the sum total of everything you do, and you have to let these things bleed into each other, even when it makes all parties involved a little bit uncomfortable. Your resolve and self-confidence can melt away obstacles, and even the most mundane of expressions are significant to someone, somewhere. Let your punk side shine through in everything you do or join the resignees.

A few people have asked me why I didn't have a column in the last *HeartattaCk*. Some even went so far as to suggest that since what I write about (i.e. teaching) is so much within "the system," I was ostensibly unqualified to write a column in the "DIY issue." This jab aside, the reason for me not writing a column is much more simple: I spaced out. I completely missed the deadline—I didn't even realize that there was one. This isn't that surprising... I have unfortunately let a lot of things go lately because I am way too busy with work, bands, label and my newest nemesis—a graduate program in Educational Policy—to get other important stuff done. The most prominent casualty has been the REACT Network, a group I tried to form but have really dis-served. I regret that I haven't gotten this punk education thing going, and I have to be honest... I don't know if I can. I still have all the money that people raised for it (around \$500), so if anyone has any suggestions for spending this money on a punk-based educational project, let me know: PO Box 3146/ Steinway Station/Long Island City, NY 11103; cjensen22@earthlink.net. If I owe you a letter I am really sorry... I will try to write back as soon as possible.

On the bright side, I have sold almost all of the last copies of the *Education Compilation*, an old Mountain release of 1995 dedicated to education. There are a few copies left so if you want one, order it now. The result: \$2218.69 have been generated for the East Harlem Tutor Program, including \$905.13 which was already delivered in April of 1998. The rest of the money will be sent to them as soon as distributors finish paying for those last few copies. It's kind of strange... the comp only came out four years ago, and yet many of the people and [especially] bands that participated have long since disappeared. Don't tell me you've resigned! "Moved on" is okay, "resigned" is unacceptable. Warm thanks to anyone who helped create or distribute this comp, with hopes that these thanks reach you through this medium. Power to our motherfuckin' people—let's revel in what is and add to what isn't.

JIt is 3:18 am right now on September 23, 1998. I have just spent the past 17 hours with a group of active students I now consider my family. These determined intellectuals led the struggle to save the humanity. Regents were trying to strip us. So in fought back. We while they fought and media power. We ourselves of the issues with spoken words supporting while they way of polarizing the diversity in the campus. In the 4 years I have been attending school here this was the first time I respectively saw, heard, and felt the diversity and vibrance in color during the walkout. We, the underrepresented with our white allies, fought peacefully and in a respectful manner while the UC Regents continue to fight to destroy the respectful manner that the school was founded on—diversity through education.



The People's Revolution

Steve Aoki

he plays that "nervous breakdown" card like an ace. But it's a joker, we all know that.

And I don't have any malice for him for wanting out *per se*, it's how he went about it that is so insulting. Belittling our relationship, talking about me as if I was some huge burden, rather than "the love of his life" as he so often referred to me. I can somewhat understand that it's hard to compromise feelings of being unable to commit to someone with being in love. He said he loved me more than anyone. Yet he didn't want to have to make plans for the future that had to include what I wanted to do. He didn't want to have to be in at a certain time because I was going to call. He didn't want to have to take my feelings, desires and, most importantly, needs, into consideration when living his life. He wanted to be "free." But when you are free from considering others' needs, you are also free from intense intimacy, support and close relationships.

And I guess that's a choice that everyone makes for themselves. You weigh up the pros and the cons. Do I want to have complete autonomy, to have no-one to answer to, to be completely free to disappear when I want to; to go wherever I want, whenever I want, without answering to anyone? Or do I want to have a relationship where I care about someone so much, and they care about me, where I can't not call for a month, because they'll miss me? I can't disappear for a month into the woods with no phone, because they might need me. Because if I am in a relationship with someone then they will be really attached to me and want to know how I am, and will worry about me if they don't hear from me. That if I have a partner, then they will make demands on my time, energy and love. But they will give back a thousandfold. They will give me their time, energy, support, fun, presents, attention and love.

But it doesn't have to be so black and white. Nothing ever does. There are always compromises. But of course he didn't see that. He didn't see that if he communicated with me, then we might have worked it out to some extent. But he kept it bottled up inside for months and months. And it got worse and worse. I believe that the resentment he felt for me, regarding my infringement upon his "freedom" ate away at his love and respect for me. It didn't have to. I would rather have had him as a best friend a long, long time ago, than a husband who fucked me over this hard. We all make choices. We should just decide what we want before screwing up someone else's soul. Everything in the whole world reminds me of him. Every plate, every song, every piece of clothing. Everything. I just wish he'd ended the relationship before it ate away at all his feelings. Once upon a time he loved me so much. And I can't help but think that it's all there, deep inside somewhere. I can only hope. I don't want the resentment and the bitterness to have eaten it all away. Because, of course, despite all of this, I still love him and want to be friends. I'm struggling to make sense of all of this. Life fucking sucks.

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Europe meets the USA: France, Hardcore and the American Bourgeoisie

"For fuck's sake" were the first words out of the Brits' mouths when they stepped into July's east-coast heat wave. Their sickly pale skin, having been deprived of sunlight for more than two decades, was burning bright. We were all finally in the Land of the Free: first the French, then the Scottish contingent. The Euros were damn happy to finally see the place where all that western culture was coming from, especially the Brits who've been force-fed American television all their lives. Everything was a Hollywood cliché for them and they laughed at all the fat people and oversized automobiles. JFK was overflowing with fast-food, ads, flags and cops. Outside we were greeted with a dusty construction site and a stream of taxis full of rude New Yorkers returning from various exotic vacations. I was glad this wasn't going to be the only side of America my European friends were going to get to see. Soon, we would be meeting friendly kids in New York and then descending to lovely North Carolina to start our trip.

It was this summer and I was finishing off



Brian Tipa

almost a year of living here in Dijon, France and was missing the motherland something awful. It must have been spring when some of the French kids over here got the wacky idea to try to do a two-European-band tour of the US; one band called Robotnicka (from Dijon) and another Divide & Conquer (two folks from Scotland and myself). The suggestion was a bit frightening as we didn't have any American friends who could organize such a thing and, since the US hardcore scene resembles almost nothing of its European counterpart, it was possible that the Europeans couldn't deal with the insanity that one typically encounters in America. Despite all that, it seemed somehow like the perfect occasion to share our country and its glorious music and political scenes with these kind comrades from across the Atlantic. Plenty of small American bands have toured in Europe, we'd just be returning the favor.

So, we began to organize a tour from France, using e-mail, telephone and a few friendly American agents. Occasionally we'd run out of American phone numbers. Luckily, the Dijon kids are part of MALOKA, the local anarchist collective who've been busy for 10 years with demonstrations, a vegan kitchen, info-shop, squat, hardcore record distro and a union. They also organize shows, often for US punk bands. We broke out the contacts they'd accumulated (from the continual seasonal flow of American bands over to Europe) and started calling folks. Unfortunately, most people, who weren't too busy organizing their own American tours, could only muster a "check our website" or a "I don't know shit, somebody's booking our tour for us." The French were disappointed but, with a little help, we managed to organize 21 shows. We were still happy because we're unknown and worse, from France(?!).

Before we know it, we're meeting Saddam the van, repairing, insuring and getting some friends to lend us their amps for 6 weeks. It's a rusty Dodge and we're packing it full of several pungent kids and their equally-rank possessions. We're nervously driving some ridiculously dangerous distance in our very illegal automobile to play noisy hardcore music in a far away town. There's a "strange knocking sound" coming from underneath the rear axle. The bad jokes are flying as freely as the potent flatulence from the back seat passengers' anuses. The Scots can't deal with driving on "the wrong side" of the road and the French can't make out what's up with the classic rock stations or how such a large quantity of coffee can have so little effect.

It was excellent finally getting to create such a cross-cultural exchange. The year of false American stereotypes I was hearing in Europe could at last be proven wrong since we'd be traveling in a hardcore band and would be getting to see a less typical side of the US. The Europeans were curious to see what the scene was actually like, since they had grown up listening to American music, and because the American nation and punk scene is such a model for the rest of the world. From the very first show, something seemed bizarre though. The politics, music and good people we were all hoping to encounter were distant. Instead, we often met mountains of double kick-drum pedals, DIY rock-stars, cynicism, cliques, guitar solos, apathy, consumerism, and an overall stomach-turning snobbery towards the Europeans. Ok, fair enough, French folks and Rock could be seen as a contradiction and, on occasion, they would get a "What y'all think about the World Cup?" or "Are there pretty cottages in Scotland?" but rarely would people seriously interest themselves in the lives of the foreigners. That was to be somewhat expected. The problem was the American Rock'n'Roll attitude we found in most towns.

It's surprising how the same imperialist attitude we often spend a good deal of time criticizing can be so blatantly approved of when it comes to our music scene. Be it one country's culture over another's or a commercial ideology over a politicized, do-it-yourself ideology, it seems like domination is rampant in the heads of the people in the international hardcore community. In Europe and the US alike, it's now acceptable to place importance on an American band in Europe, heavy metal rather than something more creative, merchandising over activism, men over women, silence over discussion, etc. It's not that that's news to anybody, it was just a shock to repeatedly run into such a large quantity of that genre of hierarchical mentality this summer. It becomes boring quick for people who are actually interested in hardcore for the music, meeting people, and revolution all at once.

In Europe, punk music is often aligned with an established political movement. That's why when

big American bands (who sometimes could give a rats ass about anti-fascism or unionism) come to tour here, they end up playing in squats, usually established by anarchists or communists. Although shows in Europe aren't always models of perfection, when bands play these places, the idea is to bring people together, eat (a lot) before the show, find out what's going on politically in the squat, exchange literature, talk about their town, and then have a show. It's that idea of community and the essential element of communication that keep the political movements alive even if the music turns crummy, or Rock attitudes spring up from time to time.

Perhaps this is where Americans could learn something and why we fail to establish a long-term, interesting movement that inspires people to get involved. It isn't our fault that there's not an established political framework to bathe our music scene in, but maybe it's time to start (or revive) one. Just what is the underlying ideology behind all the metallic music, record sales, international tours, and old-boys networks? Obviously there's a ton of stuff going on politically on the American continent and on rare occasions, it's the punks who are doing it for themselves. The problem is that, over the years, the music and politics have continued to keep a safe distance from each other, making it completely possible for one to travel from one coast to another without ever having meaningful discussions with other bands, meeting activists, seeing info-tables, hearing about demos, etc. Without that, a basement show's communicational role is reduced to that of a Michael Bolton concert, for example, with simply a bit more noise and, depending on the town, a lot less hair.

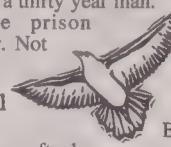
Despite the cultural clashings, our tour was incredible and, seeing as we were two unknown European bands who organized a whole US tour ourselves, it wasn't at all a catastrophe. We did get to meet interesting, active bands and folks who presented a nice counter-example to the unpoliticized rock music model, notably ABC-NO-RIO in NY, the Insurrection Center in Minneapolis, *Slave* 'zine people in Greensboro, activists in Pittsburgh, Portland, etc. The Euros discovered the wonderful world of Subway sandwiches, hoopy vans, demon-dialers, all-night driving, basements, flaky kids, break-downs, bizarre shows, Kinko's cards and cancellations; institutions most American traveling punky-types all arguably hold near and dear. We might even try it again this summer out of spite.

It's just that, in this age of technology, there's an incredible potential for internationalism, especially in a mostly middle-class movement, where people have the access to money and communications. It's time that we, as music fans and activists, lay cultural imperialism to waste, and share what we have with other cultures as well as learn from them. Maybe that sounds obvious, but it certainly wasn't this summer in basements across America or, for that matter, the rest of the year in squats all over Europe. Surely there's a way to win the West. Surely there's a way for cultures to interact without eating one another... Surely there's a way for America to become the hotbed of political activity it was always meant to be. Write: Brian c/o Ginger Liberation/6 rue de la Manutention No. 38/Dijon 21000/France.

Steel Bill died last night. His death won't be announced in the papers, or cried over by too many folks out there in the real world, but then, that's usually how it goes when you're in the joint.

Bill was a thirty year man. He'd been in for so long the prison psychiatrist that you said he'd gone crazy. Not

STEELE BILL
by Scott Darnell



stand-up guy. Not long after he got transferred to the Psyche Center he got himself a job in the Activities Department coordinating sporting events for the other inmates and doing miscellaneous clerical work for his boss. On Saturday he played Hearts with three other cons he was chummy with, and on Sundays went to church in the makeshift chapel set up every Saturday evening in the school area. Supposedly it was a non-denominational service, although the chaplain was a dyed in the wool Lutheran who just couldn't help but to throw in some bit of his own brand of doctrine.

As far as I know, Bill never missed a service. He was good that way, not some run of the mill "born again" who got religion after the deed was done and the cell door shut tight. Bill was honest about it. He tried

to live his religious beliefs, but not turn fanatical, or like so many others around Psyche, straight up delusional. He just minded his own and served his time.

There were only two times I ever saw Bill get in trouble with the Powers That Be. The first was over some young blonde kid unlucky enough to get sent to an adult prison full of kiddie molesters, hard timers and all around scum. That kid wasn't on the yard ten minutes before a bunch of the low life booty bandits tried pressing him out of his pants.

There were five of them, right up in the kids' face, snarling trying to intimidate him with the kind of bravado mobs usually build up in each other. You could tell all the way across the yard that kid was about to give in and take a walk.

Then, up comes Bill. He breaks right in the middle of these would-be bad ass child molesters and slams the ringleader upside his head with a sock full of rocks and gravel. Chump goes down, the rest disperse, and blonde does a year and a half without the least bit of trouble from anybody.

Bill on the other hand did six months in seg for assault. In the end he figured it was worth it when he got invited to the kids' graduation party up in the school building after he passed his G.E.D.

The second time Bill got himself in trouble, he was the one that got assaulted. Seems there was this kitchen worker who had a beef with one of his supervisors for putting him on shit detail. In typical bug fashion he stayed up all night grinding down a piece of metal on the floor until he had a nice sharp shank. The next morning he walked out of his cell looking all wild-eyed and muttering incoherently to himself. Needless to say, everyone gave him a wide berth.

This is the Psyche Center we're talking about here, the dumping ground for every loon the Department of Corrections is fed by the court system who considers them sane enough to stand trial. This guy was so sane it turns out, he wanted to slice his boss' throat for making him wash dishes.

Well, to make a long story short, it turns out that Bill lived about three cells down from this guy and had to listen to that all too familiar scraping noise going on all night long. He knew what that sound meant and in the morning beat it straight down to the sergeants' desk and let him know the deal. Old boy got himself frisked about two minutes later and put up in the infirmary. He had his medication appropriately adjusted by the psychiatrist and in a week, was as good as new and actually grateful to Bill.

Unfortunately, others weren't so grateful. They labeled Bill a trick, and sent one of their muscle-head pions to blinding him when he turned his back. Bill got three stitches behind his left ear, and muscle-head got transferred to another max.

I think it was around that same time that Bill came up for a transfer of his own. He put in for a Medium Security camp up North where he could be close to his family. A couple months later everything was approved and he was shaking hands and saying his good-byes. He had about three years left to do on his bit and was looking to do them all in a Medium. It turns out those last three years were longer for Bill than the first twenty seven. Six months later, he was back in Psyche. Word had it he'd tried to walk out the visiting room door one weekend when his people came to see him. He just got up, said he was going home, and tried to leave.

Well, he left alright. They sent him back drooling they shot him so full of thorazine. After that he just walked the yard aimlessly, not knowing or caring where he was.

Turns out that Steele Bill's schizophrenia had finally caught up with him. In remission for years, he became so bad off he often forgot what day it was and more than once had to be physically restrained so that he wouldn't hurt himself.

Most people forgot about him. Officers and inmates alike took great pleasure in cracking jokes about him when he stumbled by mumbling to himself about how he was going home. His Hearts partners looked the other way when he came around and wouldn't even throw him the occasional cigarette he would try to burn. Most of us simply passed him by. Like so many of the other really bad cases at the Center, he became a non entity, invisible to our eyes.

Then, one day the old Steele Bill was back. It was early December, a fine mist of snow covering the prison yard, and Bill walking out of the cellhouse clean shaven, wearing new prison issue, and the flicker of sanity back in his eyes. It was such a turn about it almost

seemed he'd never been gone. He got his old job back almost immediately. His Hearts partners welcomed him back the following Saturday. He even joined the inmate church committee to help plan out the upcoming Christmas service.

The only thing that remained the same was Bills' persistent claim that he was about to be released. "Praise Jesus," he'd smile as he passed by, "I'm going home."

"When's your outdate?" people would ask, though few were ever serious.

"Not long now," he'd answer whether they were serious or not.

He believed it so thoroughly that even his friends began to rationalize it. After all, when you've done twenty eight and a half years like Bill, what's another year and a half? It really was like going home any day now. So what the hell? Whatever got him through the day.

It wasn't until Christmas Even that everyone realized just how wrong they were. That's when the screaming started on the gallery above mine, agonizing, piercing screams that ripped away at the silence we were all enjoying. As the smoke rolled down the gallery, we realized that someone had set their cell on fire. With that realization a hundred voices trapped behind prison bars and choking on the smell of burning paint and plastic. (and yes, hair and flesh as well) began yelling desperately for help.

Moments later a dozen officers responded in a frantic charge down the gallery, their keys slapping against their waists with a sound reminiscent of sleigh bells. The clang of the fire extinguishers could be heard banging against cell doors and grill work like some morbid death toll being pounded out for Bill personally.

The screaming escalated inside the burning cell as though in answer to that call. You could see the fires' hot orange reflection on the wall, a half dozen shadows struggling to extinguish the bonfire that filled the tiny five by ten foot room where Bill was being held. Some officers busied themselves cutting at sheet ropes tied securely around the cell door to foil any type of rescue. Others were begging Bill to come close to the bars so they could douse the flames that engulfed his clothing. But Bill refused to move for them. He simply slumped in the corner, his cries diminishing as his throat became to raw to scream the pain any longer.

Only when the flames were out, the gallery fans sucking the last of the smoke from our lungs and into the night sky, did Bills' cell door finally get pried open. But even then the officers couldn't get in to physically extract him. He'd piled most of his property; clothes, mattress, blankets, audio/visual equipment, etc. in front of the door where it smoldered angrily with glowing embers. Instead, they called to him, coaxed him, even threatened him, until miraculously, he got up from the corner, left his cell by his own power, and walked down the gallery.

We found out the next day that, with the skin falling off his charred flesh and blinded by flames that had licked sadistically at his eyes, Bill made it all the way to the infirmary door before collapsing. He was pronounced dead an hour later at the county hospital. His cell was cleared out and repainted the day after Christmas so that another inmate could be moved in. I don't know if Bill ever really got home like he wanted. But at least he will never again be forgotten by those that knew him. In prison, that can sometimes be just as important.

In the garden December 98-January 99. The gardens are surrounded by a grove of oaks to the east, an open space park and houses to the south and west and basketball courts and a playing field on the north side. The trees are home for many birds that keep the local insect population in check. Finches, killdeer, and flycatchers scatter throughout the gardens and adjacent open spaces at all times of the day and hummingbirds and crows are common also. In the morning crows pick snails out of the grassy field, carry them to the top of the basketball back boards and drop them to break the shells. The gardens have maintained organic growing standards for 25 to 30 years and the deep dark soil is proof of the intelligence of that idea. Organic growing maintains a layered soil structure created by



Steve
Snyder

adding compost, mulch and plant clippings onto the producing beds. These additions decompose with help from earthworms, insect larvae and bacteria to provide the nutrients and minerals needed by healthy food producing plants. The blanket of decomposing vegetable matter also maintains even moisture throughout the soil for several days at a time and inhibits the growth of most unwanted plants.

The soil is a dark sandy loam that breaks into chunks full of worms, decomposing organic matter, and occasionally a few ants. It is possible to dig four or five feet down without hitting rock or clay and plants of all varieties grow with abandon. So far cucumbers, pie pumpkins, snow peas, carrots, sunflowers, and calendula have produced good crops until the cooler nighttime temperatures of winter killed off the plants or slowed their growth. Aside from the vegetables and herbs I have determined to introduce native plants into a section of my plot over the next couple of years with the intention of watching the area rebuild a fragment of the native plant community that may have existed here before the orchard and farm on which the public gardens were established. Finding and identifying local natives is a good way to get started. It can be a surprise to learn how many of the plants you take for granted have been brought from other parts of the world. Sometimes plants that seem to dominate the landscape are exotic species, a good example in Southern California being Eucalyptus trees. They were brought from Australia in the mid 19th century as a possible source of fast growing lumber and firewood but they did not fulfill those expectations. Many varieties were introduced for about 60 or so years and now they are dominant features of the landscape in many parts of California's coast. While they are beautiful trees and provide habitat for countless birds and butterflies, eucalyptus trees also poison the surrounding soil so that no other plants can take root. Agriculture displaces the native plant communities as well as the animals that live in them. There are some insects that will pollinate just one species and if that plant disappears from an area or becomes extinct, so does its pollinator. It seems a reasonable idea to grow some native plants along with the vegetable crops.

A garden is a community of plants, organisms, and substances both organic and mineral that work in concert to produce food not just for humans but for a chain of living things which becomes apparent while spending time observing the cycles of the day. Early morning is when all the birds wake and leave the trees in flocks to seek out insects, worms, snails, larvae, seeds, and sometimes young sprouts or shoots. The flycatchers and finches will sit on the fences, posts, and tall plants in the garden plots throughout the day occasionally swooping out for a catch. Larger birds will look for caterpillars among the leaves or unattended corn. As the sun warms the air honeybees and other pollinators arrive and their hum grows louder into the afternoon. The garden plot next to mine is planted with a cover crop of mustard which attracts hundreds of bees. Their low frequency drone combined with the rich, sweet scent of the tiny yellow flowers is a soothing sensory experience. All of the sunflowers I have grown have been colonized by aphids which are eaten by ladybugs and apparently finches. As the population of ladybugs grows the aphids have slowly decreased in number.

Throughout the day groups of tree frogs will sound off from their various locations throughout the gardens. One large group resides in a dense growth of caana lilies on a neighboring plot. They croak and call for a few minutes then quiet and begin again later. As the morning warms into afternoon the butterflies and hummingbirds show up. I grew a stand of Tithonia sunflowers in the center of the garden to provide food for both. Monarchs are the most common butterfly here in the fall and winter with several roosts along the Santa Barbara coast. They are the southern destination for the wintertime migration of the monarch population west of the Rocky Mountains. Monarchs, swallowtail, and other butterflies bring graceful flashes of color to the gardens. Hummingbirds are not so colorful but their swift motions amongst the flowers and loud whooshing swoops into and through the garden are a nice surprise. Usually they fly about in pairs but sometimes a single one will perch on a tree branch or on top a sunflower stalk and sing its long trilling call. In the afternoon and early evening hummingbirds will sit there for a long time looking about before suddenly flying off. Once or twice a day a red tailed hawk or a vulture will slowly glide over the gardens looking for rodents. Field mice and gophers are fairly common in the garden and the

birds of prey are a good control.

The many intertwined relationships within the plant and animal communities everywhere become apparent with slow observation. Coming to terms with the ecology of which we are a part is a reward for the effort invested, plus getting to know the sage, blackbirds, and ladybugs who take up residence with you can help to counteract the relentless crush of the human environment.

Ryan Gratzer

Jtry not to take life too seriously. But one can argue that if you don't take it seriously, then what is there to take seriously? Isn't life everything? In the end we are all in the same place, but does that mean we should take it more seriously, or less? Saying "should," of course, means there is a right way and wrong way, and I, myself, wouldn't go so far as to make such an assumption.

Is the act of taking life seriously just another attempt to giving meaning to it? Or is giving meaning to life another attempt to take it seriously? At this time, my basic intent is to prolong my life, since it is the only one I have, or get... but how to live it?

Should I be affected emotionally by small events in life, or should I move on? For example, should I feel sad or let down after I build myself up for a foreseen defeat? Such as if I like a girl who shows no interest in me, but yet I keep thinking of her, knowing it is only moving me farther away from her. It's as if am rising higher on a plateau, basically made up of denial, for which I am hanging on with my tippy-toes. And the higher I get, the farther the almost inevitable fall is, and the more self-induced pain I will feel.

So, should people dwell on pain, or almost anything for that matter, when we know without a doubt that we all end up in the same place? It's almost similar to asking, "Why doesn't the news go a single day without mentioning the Clinton/Lewinsky matter?" in that its point is just as valid. There is absolutely no doubt that it is mentioned every day. And it will keep being mentioned every day, with the help of such cable shows as, "White House in Crisis," which, for the sake of humor, could very well be a show that will go on for years no matter what the leading situation in the White House actually is. Fault will be found, and it will be chewed on and either spit out or regurgitated for longer than one ever thought possible. Having it spit out once it has gone through the so-called "process" is not an option anymore. The only equivalent is it fading into the fat, acid-filled stomach of attention until it is forgotten.

Yet, that situation usually only occurs with some sort of unknown political agenda behind it. The situation comes in the form of promises by politicians, such as proposed bills thrown out to the people for the sake of polls and election. Also in the form of minor scandals, where people may wonder, "Where has our money gone?" and also many other forms of slander. An investigation is then said to be in process, and then after an amount of time we forget about it, and no conclusion is ever seen, or even cared for for that matter. We have found a way to move on.

I was watching a political debate—or blown-up conversation between two people who are under the impression that they are different species, if you will—on the local public access channel. The main topic of conversation, naturally, was our president. And to make the show more interesting, the two men in the ring were sworn enemies and proclaimed polar opposites, as I have mentioned above. That is to say, one of them was a Democrat and the other a Republican. The narrator-of-sorts seemed to be a Republican as well. The specifics of the talk I cannot recall all too well, for it was over half a year ago when I watched this. But I do remember that the conversation turned into a scapegoating of each other with prejudice generalizations similar to—in my opinion—Clinton and General Colin Powell's proposed apology for all people under their laws (US citizens) with a resemblance to so-called white skin to all citizens with so-called black skin for slavery perpetrated by others who happen to share white skin over 100 years ago (maybe more on this next issue, but for now I hope the meaning of that synonym gets across). The Republican person continuously attacked his opponent regarding numerous actions in the past where, "You Democrats," have screwed things up or done something

wrong and then let it fade away. Well, this Republican was not going to stand for it, and more importantly, he was especially not going to stand for this Clinton matter to fade away as well. The Democrat's attempt at rebuttal was that the Republicans were always dwelling on the past, and what is done is done; we should all move on. On the Clinton matter, he showed support, as nearly every Democrat with a voice was doing at the time (and after Clinton's televised confession/apology, the media and Republicans would not let them forget how Clinton had made them look "like fools"). The Democrat also attempted an attack by searching for things in the past that Republicans had done wrong. But the attempt was futile, as it was thrown down by the Republican, with the help of the narrator-of-sorts, accusing him of changing the subject. Etc. Etc. Etc.

Although I fear, and foresee, the self-destroying of my ethos (of course, this is a column without an apparently visible thesis, hence all of the questions) I must ask myself if this subject is even important, or worth talking about. On one side it can be looked at as pointless to acknowledge because: 1) There is no realistic way that people, including me, are going to stop dwelling on needless things longer than can be debated necessary; 2) There is of course, to some effect, an obvious need for it. Such as, a killer or a rapist should not be freely allowed to move on with life as if they didn't do anything, with no consequences, and everyone saying, "What's done is done, the past cannot be changed," and so on.

On the other side there is a point, and debateably a need, in acknowledging it because people often seriously waste their time on the past, and create more problems, and retain better-forgotten things and events longer than necessary.

Am I making a copout by writing so much, even dwelling on and making such a big deal, out of something, anything, that I should not care this much about? Is that the whole point of this essay? To paraphrase from an episode of The Simpsons, "You have to listen to the notes not being played."

Here's another vague struggle between me having such a strong ego, and yet thinking of myself as such a loser. Stable or not, my weakness is in being strong, with the effect of continuously getting crushed by life. There is no one in here but me. I dare not have an emotion at my own expense. I will not make an effort just to get attention when, in fact, I remain at everyone's mercy. To remain an underdog. Why can't everyone just flock to me? Then I could be picky and dispose of the unwanted ones without feeling a loss. Dispose of them at my will.

As far as bar codes and major indies go, I don't care. Money to put out this 'zine has to come from somewhere. If Kent doesn't want them in HaC, so be it. That's fine. It's his 'zine. As they say, if you don't like it make your own fucking 'zine. Bar codes don't matter to me. I see them as just another technology tool, not some plot to subvert the underground scene. Most things are computerized these days and it does make keeping track of things easier. Put them on or not, it's your own choice. I think that when you get to the level of sales like Revelation, it's a must. I would hate to do inventory or keep track of sales at the Rev warehouse manually. That would suck.

Some people still bitch about CDs. Why does the format matter? Vinyl, cassette, CD, whatever. As long as the music gets out to those who want it. For instance, the Bad Brains first tape was only available on Roir tapes for years (it's on CD now). Are there stupid people who wouldn't get this great tape because they had to have vinyl? I hope not. If a band puts out some music that I want, I'll buy it. Whatever the format. Bar codes or not. Who cares?

I really don't want to hear any shit about major labels from the sXe scene. For the most part, all the mosh metal sXe bands buy and listen to all this metal stuff on major labels. Then some have the nerve to say "I would never sign to a major." What difference does that make because you are supporting them anyway? Lots of them also run around buying up Nike sweatshop gear, too. Everybody knows what Nike is about by now. Whatever.

Speaking of Nike, the more I find out about some mega companies, the less I have to do with them. Now, I eat at local restaurants instead of fast food giants when at all possible. I don't buy Nike shit. I don't drink coffee at Starbucks. These are little things, for sure but you gotta start somewhere. There is no way to be completely free of mega corporations unless you live in a log cabin or on a desert island, especially if you drive a car. Just examine your choices and do what you can. I haven't figured out how to not support crummy companies regarding music equipment. Any ideas? I do know that some guitar companies are harvesting rare woods from South American rain forests. What's up with that?

Skateboarding. Open a skate mag these days and all you see are ads for fucking shoe companies. It's ridiculous. Most of these johnny-come-latelys will disappear within a year. I don't understand the need for all these shoes. I wear and have worn Vans for 20 years. I remember when skateboarding was about skateboarding and not clothes and shoes. Now it's about hip hop, rap and gangsta nonsense. Along with that has come plenty of sexist and homophobic bullshit which I can't stand.

There seems to be more and more girls skateboarding these days which is good. It was like that when I started in the late '70s. A couple of all girl skate contests have taken place in So. Cal this last year and I hope there will be more. To those guys and girls who don't think that girls should skate, don't be an asshole. It's not just boys fun. Girls (women) can do whatever they like and should not be given shit for it from anyone. As far as skateboarding, punk, hardcore and anything else goes, gender is irrelevant.

Thanks for reading. As usual, questions, comments, answers and anything else is welcome. Eric Fortner/PO Box 55603/Hayward, CA 94545; e-mail address coming soon.

The Evolution Of Technology And What It Means To The Future Of The Human (rat) Race by Adam Brandt



To begin a look at technology, we must go back, to the creation of the creators (namely us); by this I mean evolution. Evolution happens, evolution was inevitable. Sometime during the history of the earth a complex molecule formed that had the ability to replicate itself. By this I mean that the molecule acted as a sort of template, building a mirror image of itself out of the random molecules in the area. This new copy broke off and proceeded to assemble more copies of itself. We can assume that the copying was not perfect, and that there were errors. Most of these errors resulted in a less effective copying machine, or one that wouldn't copy at all, but a few would be better copiers (by this I mean more efficient, faster, more accurate). Thus their numbers in the primordial soup would increase and soon it would be the dominant type of replicator. On and on this process continued, favoring the faster, more accurate, more protected. This process continued, and through competition and cooperation, cells and eventually organisms evolved.

For billions of years natural selection has unconsciously created creatures which are exceedingly complicated and well adapted. As long as the organisms could mutate and pass the mutations on to future generations through reproduction, evolution was inevitable. Natural selection is not a conscious process; there is no selector in a red cape and tights deciding on the fates of billions of animals. The ones who can reproduce more effectively, either through competition or cooperation, had more offspring.

On and on we follow the chain of evolution, sea creatures climb onto land, up into trees and become tree shrew type creatures which lead to the first primates which eventually led to early man...

THE EVOLUTION OF TECHNOLOGY

So here stands early man, pulling the flesh off of a recent kill. It would certainly be advantageous in this case to have a broad flat scraping nail on the end of his arm instead of a hand. He could scrape the meat off of the bones much more effectively and get more nourishment out of each kill. But realistically, natural selection probably would never favor such an appendage. His blade arm would be utterly useless in most situations, and a freak with no ability to grip would



most certainly die of starvation early in life, leaving no descendants.

Back to our early man and his new kill. He happened to kill this meal by a rock out cropping of brittle, sharp sedimentary rock. A FLASH OF INTUITION OCCURS AND OUR FATE IS SEALED FOREVER. He picked up a flat sharp piece of rock and scraped the flesh off of the bones. There is his blade paw. Then he drops it in awe, he found out how to use his surroundings to give himself what natural selection NEVER could: the temporary ADVANTAGE of a complex adaptation with NONE OF THE COSTS.

Much later on in human history we come to another invention was developed that I think is useful in making my point. Before the bow and arrow, there was the Atlatl, (Aztec for spearthrower) which is used, as the name implies, to throw spears with considerably more force. The Atlatl is amazingly simple. It consists of a straight stick with a resting ledge at one end. The butt end of the spear is placed against the ledge in the back and steadied with the thrower's hand, which is at the front of the Atlatl, and then thrown just like the spear. Essentially all the Atlatl does is lengthen the thrower's arm, enabling the force to be exerted on the spear for a much greater distance. The Atlatl increases throwing power by about two and a half times. The Atlatl was used by the Aztecs in battle against the Spaniards in the 1500s because of its ability to penetrate armor.

So here is ancient man, standing there with his Atlatl, again, as in the scraping rock, this provides him with an advantage that natural selection could not or would not give him. Needless to say an arm two or three feet longer would be a huge burden as well as an advantage. The extra nutrients to grow, maintain and keep warm the extra arm, not to mention the advantage it would impart to a predator lunging for our clumsy long armed man with his hands dragging on the ground or flailing in the wind. So early man with his Atlatl, has seemingly broken free of the shackles of natural selection, he has abilities beyond the scope of what natural selection could have given him, but the question remains, has he broken free, or do the same rules still apply?

The man with his Atlatl will show his new invention to his kids, tribesmen and anyone else whom he pleases, and its usefulness will ensure that its use spreads to all his fellow men. What about the resisting tribes, who refuse to use the Atlatl, either on the basis of superstition or just reluctance to change methods that have served their tribe for thousands of years? These people are doomed, pushed out of the way by the Atlatl hunters, forced extinct just as millions of other species have been since the beginning of time. Natural selection has bridged a gap from the living to the dead, working on tools and ideas, sticks and stones. The Atlatl would come to be replaced by the bow and arrow, musket, assault rifle, and who knows what for the future. Building greater and greater complexity in a seemingly never-ending spiral of complexity, exactly paralleling the rise of complex life. We (humans) replace the genes, unwittingly becoming the accomplices to the plan we thought we had escaped long ago, surviving merely as the blueprint of technological complexity, invention replacing mutation as the source of new variation. Our role has changed, with those who do not comply forced out of existence. Organisms (us) are only the by-product and vehicle, used by genes to perpetuate their survival, and so the analogy continues, as the carriers of our variation (invention, technology) live or die, we survive, or are weeded out as carriers of outdated and inadequate means for survival.

Simply put, TECHNOLOGY, AND OUR DEPENDENCE ON IT, IS AS INEVITABLE AS WE WERE. Selection continues on with the unliving, unfeeling, seamlessly incorporating it into our daily lives, we only have as much choice in the matter as evolving creatures did, to survive is to accept our fate. Technology is the life support system for a modern man; against the brick wall of flesh and blood, becoming our new eyes ears and (unfortunately) heart.

THE FUTURE

So what of this? This is the result of an introductory physical anthropology class, the book The Blind Watch Maker by Richard Dawkins, and a discussion about the benefits technology with a friend. I do not know if this has been written about before, or if it is an established idea. I am assuming it has, probably in science fiction. When I started thinking about this I was scared, and I will explain why.

It seems to me that for the modern world, natural selection has been replaced with a sort of

"Homogenizing Selection." As a result of our incredible demand for resources, OUR DECISIONS have replaced natural selection for the rest of the world. We select the ecosystems and creatures that we find useful or aesthetically pleasing. Either breeding mutant or highly changed strands of food crops to maximize production for our huge numbers, or limiting conservation efforts to acceptable and "cute" species. WE are stamping out diversity and imposing our own homogenizing influence over the rest of the world, making it our playground or our factory, whichever we please.

Even more frightening is the homogenizing selection pressure on us. Modern society, technology, whatever you wish to call it is selecting for the modern man in us, disposing of the rest like chaff from the wheat. Modern society, a creation of man, is now standardizing our desires and our lives. In my environmental studies book there is a chart that shows death rates in the US in 1900 and 1987. Suicide is not listed in 1900 and is 1.5% in 1987; a statistic that I think will only increase. We created technology and it will create us (THE US OF THE FUTURE); it will standardize our beliefs and impose value upon our lives. It will impose value upon sitting in front of a computer all day, and slowly but surely it will destroy those who would not do as it pleases. Those who can cope with modern life and the pointlessness of it all will survive to reproduce, those who can not will pull a gun on themselves and hope that someone somewhere cares. ORIGINALITY AND CREATIVITY ARE DEAD. LIFE IS OVER AS WE KNOW IT

This is a negative and pessimistic point of view. Please convince me that I am wrong. Write me:

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THIS IS MY OPINION. THIS COLUMN DOES NOT INVEST ME WITH AUTHORITY.
YOUR OPINION IS AS VALID AS MINE.
CONFLICT IS SOMETIMES A NECESSITY
FOR HONEST COMMUNICATION. STAND UP
AND BE COUNTED. ☺

Are you Out of Step or stepping into line? I'd like to preface my comments by disclosing, if you will, the fact that I am a card carrying hypocrite who has, at different times in my life, called myself straightedge despite the fact that I've never been able to stick to it for very long or with any great success. I should also note that I do in fact own several records with bar codes on them, and that I did undergo confirmation at a Lutheran church when I was 14. Such are the indiscretions of (perpetual) youth, and I would guess that probably nothing is really "true 'til death," except for the fact that we all are going to die. I have long since abandoned the term "straightedge" as being applicable to me, whether I'm engaged in substance use (much less abuse) or not. From a "moral" standpoint, I regard being straightedge or using drugs both as valid decisions—what's good for one person may not be good for another, and it is up to every individual to decide what works for them, particularly when the decision is relevant to the control of one's own body. I do believe in personal responsibility—a person should know their own limits (and not get rowdy at a show and act like an asshole). And this isn't to say that I don't think that a sincere straightedger shouldn't argue abstinence, or a drug user shouldn't argue indulgence, but that both sides should recognize that the decision should ultimately rest with the individual. Having said that...

Where the hell did straightedge go wrong? At what point did the majority in straightedge transform from a youthful rebellion-within-a-rebellion into a militant body purification cult, where kids get irrationally uptight about drinking a cup of coffee or taking a tylenol? When I was growing up, maybe at age 14 or 15, I remember having long drawn-out, discussions concerning the nature of the straightedge "rules," and whether the "fuck" thing really applied or not, and other crazy shit that basically came down to my mistaking Ian MacKaye's ideas for my own because I identified with his alienation. The sheep drawing on the jacket of Out Of Step is kind of eerie, considering how many kids let the lyrics to a song (or genre of songs) that cover a very narrow aspect of life, consume their identity so totally. I guess, in all fairness, anyone who is heavily involved in Hardcore/Punk is dealing with some identity and alienation issues, or else they never would have been seeking to participate in a subculture of any sort. If anyone is interested in contrasting and

comparing two radically different paradigms on straightedge, they should read an Ian MacKaye interview (one where he doesn't dodge the question, like in the book All Ages) and then go examine an Earth Crisis lyric sheet. It is 1999 and things are looking grim. Henry Rollins has been narrating Ford truck commercials. Rolling Stone has been using the word "emo." Taco Bell has used Che Guevara's image in the form of a talking Chihuahua to sell burritos, and there are actually a lot of people who still listen to Earth Crisis. I know this is old news, but I still can't believe that supposedly sober and oh-so-clear headed people think that Earth Crisis's message is anything but neo-fascistic idiocy. Just take a look at their hit song "Firestorm," wherein Earth Crisis evoke peculiarly Nazi-esque imagery, pledging "violence against violence—let the roundups begin." Roundups? For summary execution or concentration camps? Do you mean "roundups" as in a vigilante lynching, or "roundups" like a politically orchestrated pogrom? Where might these "roundups" be taking place? Perhaps in the neighborhoods where Earth Crisis thinks the "chemically tainted welfare generation" live in their "absolute moral degeneration"? Well, if you examine your Republican Party Handbook, an apparent source of inspiration for Earth Crisis's poetic musings, you'll note that this terrible scourge of welfare cheats live in mostly impoverished and non-white neighborhoods. The not so subtle implication is that Earth Crisis, a group of white men, probably from a middle class background (just speculation on that point), are going to come on down to "the ghetto" and PURIFY it by violence. They justify this bizarre power fantasy with their favorite rationale of "the innocent's defense." Earth Crisis is working from the flawed premise that drug dealers and drug users (bearing in mind that most dealers are also users but not vice versa) are somehow alien and disconnected from the communities that they live in, and that they are EVIL predators who aren't acting partly in response to a poverty stricken economic situation, but because they are DEMONS consumed by GREED. I'm not going to try and front that the local crackhead is anybody's favorite person, but Earth Crisis's message attempts to dehumanize everyone involved in the drug trade because this makes their violent, "militant straightedge," message more reasonable sounding and palatable. This is similar to government propaganda that is utilized to justify wars and state sponsored killing—it is right wing propaganda more or less. Although Earth Crisis is apparently not a religious band, they make wide reference to Biblical imagery, referring to drug use as a "sin" and naming an album Gomorrah's Season Ends. I'm not sure what they're getting at, but Gomorrah, along with Sodom, was one of the, uh, wicked cities that God destroyed to punish sexual perversions and so forth. I would say that the rhetorical intention is to create a Good versus Evil conflict that invests relatively normal behavior like drug use (normal if you consider that it has been going on for at least as long as humans have recorded history) with an inherently negative quality, regardless of context or individual subjectivity. Not coincidentally, this sort of argument is highly favored by the US government and the Drug Enforcement Agency, who both have incredible social and economic stakes in keeping the drug prohibition active. Of course, the DEA is far more wide reaching than Earth Crisis in their methods of indoctrination—the DARE program or the "Just Say No" campaign of the '80s that now seems to be the primary inspiration for the majority of the straightedge bands this side of Minor Threat. We've all learned in school that drugs are only for sociopath criminal types, with a shattered family background, who suffer from low self-esteem. As Earth Crisis would put it, they are not "pure" but "weak." I keep looking for the footnote that explains how everyone from John Coltrane to Sigmund Freud to Eugene O'Neill are part of this great morass of losers, but I've yet to find it. But hey—none of them ever sang for a popular Hardcore band, so who the hell cares, right? Earth Crisis's stance on drugs curiously mirrors the one born in the Reagan era. William Bennett, a former "Drug Czar," at one time suggested the public beheading of drug dealers. Perhaps Mr. Bennett should form a metal band—if he wears some baggy pants and a headband he just might get an audience. While I don't anticipate that the hardline straightedge nation will ever rise up from the suburbs and cleanse the world, they can take heart in the fact that their governmental counterparts at the Drug Enforcement Agency are already hard at work "firestorming." The United States of America has the highest prison population, per capita, in the entire world.

In 1975 the prison population was about 380,000. Within ten years, by 1985, it had soared to 740,000. In recent years, it has grown in excess of 1.5 million, with millions on probation. In case you weren't aware, the overall total population of the US has not quadrupled in twenty years. We have more people in prison (in proportion to our population) than South Africa did under apartheid. According to the Federal government's own statistics, 59.6% of those 1.5 million human beings are imprisoned on drug offenses, meaning either the possession, distribution, or production of drugs. This absurdly high rate of incarceration has done absolutely nothing to curb the drug trade—it is commonly estimated that anywhere from 12.7 million to 40 million Americans are using illegal drugs, or have used them in the last year. Ten percent, about 30 million, is a common figure as well. The US government has used "The War on Drugs" (and more recently the "War on Terrorism") to attempt to create a virtual police state. Our meager civil liberties are being gradually eroded in the name of Law & Order, as evidenced by things like Bill Clinton's not-so-liberal get tough on crime legislation, which tries to virtually eliminate our fourth amendment rights. Gore Vidal puts it quite well, "Drugs. If they did not exist our government would have invented them in order to prohibit them and so make much of the population vulnerable to arrest, imprisonment, seizure of property, and so on." The drug war is part of the class war—it is a war on the underclass, particularly African-Americans and other people of color, who are disproportionately prosecuted, convicted, and then given harsher sentences by our institutionally racist judicial system. Law enforcement in and of itself is a big money market. Prisons are a growth industry in America—more and more private "correctional corporations" are opening up prisons to capitalize on the rising incarceration rate. In fact, it's lucrative above and beyond the billions of dollars in government contracts, because now—just like China—we have prisoners working to make shoes and garments and so forth for American corporations, at virtual slave labor rates, like eight cents an hour. Certain States, such as California, are now spending more money on prisons than on University education.

The blanket legalization of drugs would be

a disaster if it was turned over to the alcohol, tobacco and pharmaceutical companies, as the billions of dollars in drug money would go into their hands, and the government's coffers via taxation. We would then just be handing more power over to multinational corporations who would probably then be mass marketing heroin as a way to stay thin. There has been anecdotal speculation in the past that if Americans immediately quit buying drugs altogether, there would be an international economic crisis, so you can see why Phillip-Morris would love to be able to get in on the profits. The drastic decriminalization of drugs, in the very least the elimination of prison sentences for possession, would solve some of the civil liberties problems associated with the drug war. This decriminalization is already going on to some extent in parts of Europe. Instead of spending money on prisons and military style law enforcement, maybe we could use it to fund treatment and education programs, as wacky and utopian as that sounds.

The question of whether a person feels that drug use is essentially right or wrong—"good" or "evil"—is only truly relevant to their own decisions and behavior. Drugs undoubtedly can have some negative impacts on society. However, it is important to question whether this impact is inherent to drug use or if it is largely a result of the conditions of prohibition, and to consider how much of mainstream America's attitude towards drug use comes from misinformation and government propaganda. Furthermore, since the drug prohibition has been totally ineffectual in fulfilling its stated mission, the reduction of the drug trade, why would it make sense to continue this method of approach, as opposed to more (and more honest) education and treatment programs? I think it is a fairly surreal contradiction to destroy a person by imprisoning them for twenty years in order to save them from themselves.

Earth Crisis and their militant straightedge cohorts are either consciously or unconsciously (i.e. ignorantly) supporting this classist, racist, and moralistic government crusade, by spreading a violent and reactionary message that relies heavily on the stereotypes and misconceptions that have been used to

demonize and criminalize millions of people. A more rational and intelligent way to argue for abstinence from drug use is the ideal of "political straightedge"—the boycott of the alcohol and tobacco industries from a consumer standpoint, and abstinence from illegal drugs because of the perceived mind-numbing effects and the ramifications of placing oneself at risk of imprisonment by an oppressive government. Although I don't see perfectly eye to eye with every aspect of this argument (for instance, it relies too heavily in some instances on a semi-factual CIA-as-drug dealer conspiracy, that probably seems a lot more widespread to someone who has never met a cocaine dealer or an underground chemist) you'll happily note that this position does not rely on threatening violence towards others or supporting fascistic government drug wars. The Former Members Of Alfonzin (who are an amazing band) make this point quite well. Check out the song "XXX" on their record, and then you should also check out their "Alfonzine" which can be found online at home.earthlink.net/~xmax. There are about a million drug legalization websites, but a good one to start off with is www.drcnet.org. In addition to checking out articles about the drug prohibition and current developments, like medical marijuana, it is a good idea to read unbiased clinical reports that detail the effects—negative and positive—of the most commonly used illegal drugs. As is the case with our educational process in general, most of what you learn in school about drugs and their effects, is a distortion of the facts. Whether you decide to use substances or not, you should at least make your decisions in an informed manner, and that includes questioning my (assuredly suspect) authority, as well as the authority of any popular Hardcore band, and investigating things for yourself.

—Ned Kelly

PO Box 14411/Minneapolis, MN 55414
(And if any of you are already thinking of trying to "kick my ass" for dissing Earth Crisis—including members of the band—instead, how about you just go ahead and use your big fat X marker to write a counterpoint letter to me or to *Heartattack*? A wise man, that many of you apparently revere, once said, "If you have to fight, then fight the violence that rules your life.")

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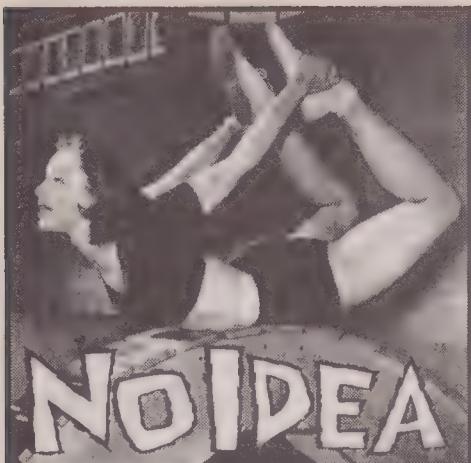
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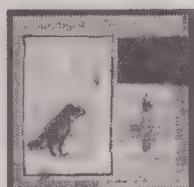
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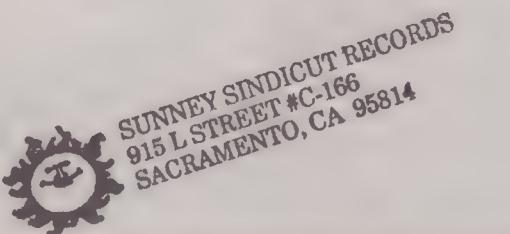


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On Saturday, November 7, 1998, my friend Nancy and I traveled to a club in Philadelphia to attend the record release party of a new band called Kid Dynamite. We didn't really have an interest in seeing the other bands that were going to play that night but because of the cold weather we decided to stay in the club and watch the whole show. The first band of the night was The Judas Factor. To be honest, neither of us expected very much. For the next 30 minutes we watched one of the most emotional and powerful sets that we had ever witnessed. The songs and the people playing them seemed to be in a perfect harmony. The singer said little but what he said was powerful and it really sparked our interest. After their set we found the singer, Rob Fish, and we ended up speaking for well over two hours. At the end of the night he gave us a tape of their new LP and a lyric sheet. Since that time the tape has not left our tape deck. The music and lyrics express emotions that few bands seem to bring out. A few weeks after the show we met up with Rob to again discuss the songs. —Kim O'Dwyer

Rob Fish

HaC: Can you tell me what it was like to write this record?

Rob: Well, I guess it has been a long time in the coming. I have been doing bands for the last 10 years and I was never really able to just write out my thoughts. I was confined to writing more on a subject than a feeling. I just couldn't write about what I was feeling because I couldn't even admit to myself what I was feeling. So it was sort of a slow process. Over the past 5 years I have been really struggling a lot with depression. I have been struggling with certain events in my life, with who I am and most of all who I want to be. It just got to a point where I couldn't really function normally. So I began to feel the need to acknowledge a lot of things that I had previously been ignoring. While dealing with many of the events in my life it was natural to write about the different experiences that had been affecting my life in such a drastic way. I think the most important factor in being able to write these songs now, as opposed to a few years ago, is that I needed to learn how to trust myself. I needed to learn to trust my feelings and to come to grips with my experiences. When I was writing the record I thought about this issue of trust a lot. In a sense I think there was a barrier, in my mind, that before I could really open myself up in my music I needed to be able to trust the listener. But the reality is that it was all a matter of being able to learn how to trust myself.

The other ingredient was to be in a band where I felt free enough to write the music and say the things that I really wanted to say. That was a big reason why we drastically changed the lineup of the band. We added Justin Fullam on guitar and he just started writing these songs, that to me, dictated a certain mood that allowed me to open myself up when writing the lyrics. The first time we played together he showed us a song he had written ("Beauty Mark") and when I heard the music I was moved. All of these thoughts burst into my head and I just started writing what the music made me feel. That is what really began the process of writing this record. Although four of the songs were written before he joined, I feel that the most expressive songs were written after he joined. Dave and Justin had a knack for writing songs that made me feel free to write. The music would dictate a mood and then I could just write without having to over think anything. So everything was there. I was in a band where the musicians were able to write songs that moved me and I was also learning to trust myself and my



feelings.

HaC: Can you explain a little about the background of the song "Beauty Mark"?

R: Well, when I was younger, around 7 or 8, I was sexually assaulted on several different occasions by my

happening. In a sense I was able to put it out of the forefront of my mind. However, in a subtle sense it was something that completely took a prominent position in my life. Looking back I can see how the experience completely altered me and had an affect on everything that I did. After that I really felt sad and just vulnerable. It was like I never felt safe. Emotionally and mentally I feel like I was always on the run. Externally it also changed me in a lot of ways. One thing is I would never again go to see a dentist. Actually it was pretty extreme. I would do whatever it took to not go. I'm talking about locking myself in the bathroom, vomiting and even getting dropped off and waiting for my parents to leave and then just running out. But it ran deeper than that. I would go through periods where I would just act irrationally.

HaC: Did your parents suspect anything?

R: No, they just figured it was some normal fear of the dentist and that my acting out was just some phase. I don't really think it was something that my parents could have been able to detect because so much was going on in their lives. My mother was always sick and no one knew what was wrong with her. It got to the point where she just thought she was crazy. She was also dealing with a lot of childhood trauma that she had experienced. My father worked two jobs to try to support my family and pay for my mother's many medical bills. My parents were great and they were very caring but they had so much to deal with that I think they couldn't

really detect what was going on in my head.

HaC: So how else did you react to being sexually assaulted?

R: Well, I just started to feel alienated from everyone. I started getting into a lot of trouble. I had this weird rage. I would just go out and destroy things. Just a lot of stupid shit. To this day the most lasting effect was just that I really felt alone and vulnerable. I was always looking for something to make me feel safe or to at least keep me distracted from everything that was going on in my head.

HaC: Do you think that being a male made the experience any harder to deal with or come out with?

R: No. I think it is something that is just as hard on anybody regardless. The one thing I am thankful for was that it wasn't a family member. I do think that would have made it more traumatic. More tragic, no, but more traumatic. Maybe being a male had some effect

Beauty Mark

to me. Was I the only one. You are the rotting teeth in my mouth and everyday you're there to remind me. You symbolize my pain. You're the gun in my mouth but no bullet.

You're my beauty mark.

The Last Song

no words, to describe the feeling. The helplessness, the numbness, that ran through me to see the fear in my eyes. my world spiraled out of control and my life could never be the same. it's like to lose control of yourself, this is what it feels like to be alone. no words, to describe the feeling. The helplessness, the desperation.

And I succumbed to the numbness that ran through my veins. No control over life, no more will to fight. Sit back and watch as it is all taken away.

to my parents and I just tried to act like it never happened. I remember that my mother had talked about being sexually abused and it was something that really fucked with her head. I just wanted to wish it away and I didn't have what it took to tell anyone what was

on how I dealt with it psychologically but I wouldn't say that it made it harder. Maybe the feeling of vulnerability was a little compounded by being a male just because men are supposed to be so "strong" or whatever you want to term it. There was and is always this weird guilt. But I don't think being a male made it harder or easier. It is what it is. It affected me in a certain way and that may differ how it effects someone else. I think that I wanted to write this song many years ago.

HaC: When you were in Resurrection?

R: Yeah, Fuck Your Sympathy. The main difference is that then I put all of the emphasis on my feelings about some of the individuals who were in my family's life at the time. It didn't deal with my feelings and struggles with the actual death of my mother. Her death was a very slow and agonizing experience. She had a disease called Lupus. At the time there wasn't much information on Lupus and for many years the doctors basically told her that she wasn't sick and that it was all in her mind. She got to the point where she believed them. My mother was a very beautiful and strong person. In the last few years of her life she really changed, especially physically. She couldn't do anything. Just rolling over in bed she could (and one time did) break her ribs. She was in a lot of pain and very depressed. She was the kind of person who wanted to do things and her illness took that away from her. With each passing month she got more and more depressed. She would cry a lot and she was just really frustrated. My dad was the greatest. He would work two jobs and take care of her every need. He was a saint. There would be times where she would yell and curse at him because she was so distraught and he would just take it. He wouldn't say anything and would act like nothing was happening. He was really selfless. He is a really beautiful man. He loved her with all of his heart.

HaC: What about you?

R: I was really scared. Mentally it was just numbing. I did my best to help out but I really had this mental block. Watching her die was killing me. I was young and didn't know what to do. I didn't know how to express myself and in a sense I had a lot of anger. I was angry that she was dying and in pain. I was angry that my father was losing his wife and the most important thing in his life and I was angry that I was losing my mother. At times I was even angry because I felt I was losing my childhood which to me is a real selfish and terrible thing but I felt it.

My biggest regret is not being able to tell her one last time that I loved her. Just to have the opportunity to drop my mask and just sit with her, tell her that I loved her and let her see the fear and sadness in my eyes. I remember when she finally passed away it was almost a relief. Her years of suffering were over. At the time I lived in a temple in Philadelphia when my dad called and told me that she might pass away and that I should come home right away. I got on the first train but because of a snow storm it took like 9 hours to get home. Halfway through the trip I called and my Dad said that she was doing okay and that he would pick me up at the station. When he picked me up I could tell she was gone when I saw his face. I still see that face. I remember my dad telling me about their last words together and it breaks my heart. It was so sad and to this day it brings chills through my body. It just fucking tears me up.

That night while laying on the couch I remember just feeling relieved that it was over. Her pain was over. But I was haunted with the fact that I couldn't just be with her one last time and tell her how much she meant to me and how much I loved her. I feel like I didn't say it enough. That I didn't do enough. I have been ridden with that guilt for so long now.

HaC: Did writing the song help with that?

R: I don't know. The song at least gave me the opportunity to live with the situation. To express my sadness. But it is something I will always live with.

HaC: Do you think that the need to feel safe and your feelings of guilt and helplessness was the reason you turned to religion?

R: To an extent, yes. I think that my becoming a Hare Krsna had more to do with searching for personal relationships and finding some relief from my mental anxiety than it had to do with some philosophical reasoning. I think that most things I have done in my life have been because I was trying to do anything to find some level of security. To just feel some happiness.

HaC: What about now?

R: Well, I am just trying to face my demons. To an extent it has changed a lot of things for me in the last

who I am and to face my problems and to be able to deal honestly with my emotions. I want my son to feel secure and safe about who he is as a person and I think part of how he will develop that character is if I am like that.

HaC: In songs like "My Favorite Stranger" and "Re-Invent" you seem to express your struggle with regret and your desire to get past all of this and develop a new sense of yourself. So where do you draw a line between living in the past and, as you put it, reinventing yourself?

R: Well, I don't exactly know where the line is drawn. I just know that I need to acknowledge my past and sort of give it closure and by doing so I hope to allow myself to really move on. I guess I sort of hope to learn from my past because I feel like I never really allowed myself to know myself. In the last year I have spent a lot of time just trying to deal with many experiences in my life and it was shocking to me just how much I tried to deny everything. How much I tried to act like nothing was wrong. Then the reality is that

I did a really bad job because these events that I fought so hard to banish actually controlled my life. Everything is connected. So it was like I was a stranger and in a sense my own biggest enemy.

About 4 years ago I really hit rock bottom. I contemplated a lot of stupid things. I remember writing an old friend of mine. I wrote him basically to say that I was really sorry for being so screwed up and that he meant a lot to me and I hoped that he could understand and forgive me if I ever hurt him. He never replied. I ended up writing and sending him three letters and I never got any reply from him. I saw him a few times and he said he would write me back and never did. This was a person who I was really close with for like 8 years. We grew up together and we were inseparable for many years. I never expected that things could go back to the way they were. I didn't want things to go back to the way they were but I did want to let him know that I was sorry if I hurt him in anyway and to just let him know how I felt. When he didn't take the time to write back I was crushed.

That is part of what inspired me to write "My Favorite Stranger." Growing up, and specifically in the last 19 years, I was like a stranger to myself and I wanted to explain to those that were close to me that I didn't mean any harm but that I was simply struggling to try to bring something into my life. I did a lot of stupid things. If anything I had hoped that by reaching out to my friend that he could at least acknowledge my apology and accept it as sincere. Even though I never heard from him it helped to write those letters. It sort of began the process of trying to deal with my past.

HaC: What about the last part of "My Favorite Stranger"? "Why can't this just be beautiful? I guess we need our suffering as much as we need our bliss." Does that tie into the song "Stealing Away"?

R: Yes. They refer to my belief that as much as many of these events in my life were painful they are also essential parts of my life. You can't just wish away all of the bad things in life. Hopefully I can just find a way to take these bad events and use them to help me grow as a human being. Ultimately that is why I find this band to be such an important part of my life. The band gives me a way to deal with my life and to grow as a person. I think that having an opportunity to express myself in the music is going a long way towards my desire to grow as a person.

The Judas Factor is Robert Fish, Dave Ferreira, Justin Fullam, Chad Dziewiar and Jason Lederman. The songs we discussed in this interview appear on their first LP entitled Ballads In Blue China which is due out in February of 1999 on Revelation Records.

For more information you can contact The Judas Factor at: The Judas Factor c/o Robert Fish/PO Box 2087/New York, NY 10009.

My Favorite Stranger

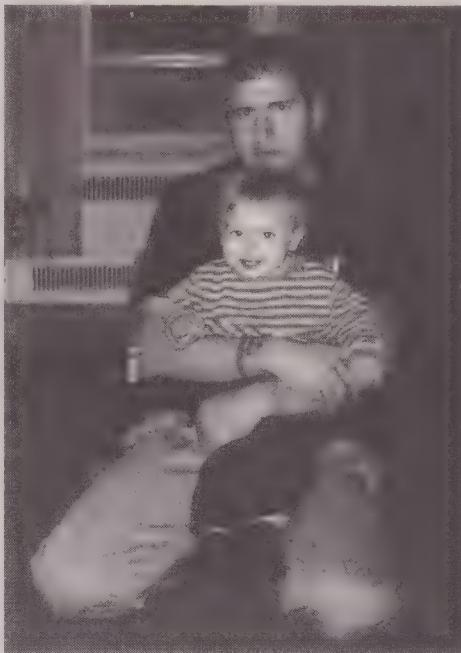
*I won't live
my life for you and I won't sing this song for you. Why can't this just be beautiful?
I guess we need our suffering as much as we need our bliss.*

Stealing Away

*Pictures embedded in my mind. I guess it makes no sense to regret those things we could
be the man you want me to be and I can't be the father he needs me to be and it's this truth
that's killing me. And I can't find solace in wishing this away.*

HaC: Has becoming a father had a lot to do with your desire to heal yourself?

R: That has probably been one of the biggest impetuses. When I am with my son it just makes everything else seem so small. Having my son was the most powerful and beautiful experience of my life. When I look at myself and what I have been through I want to give my son the opportunity to have what I didn't have. I guess that is a real "parent" thing to say, but it is true. A big part of providing for him depends on my ability to be



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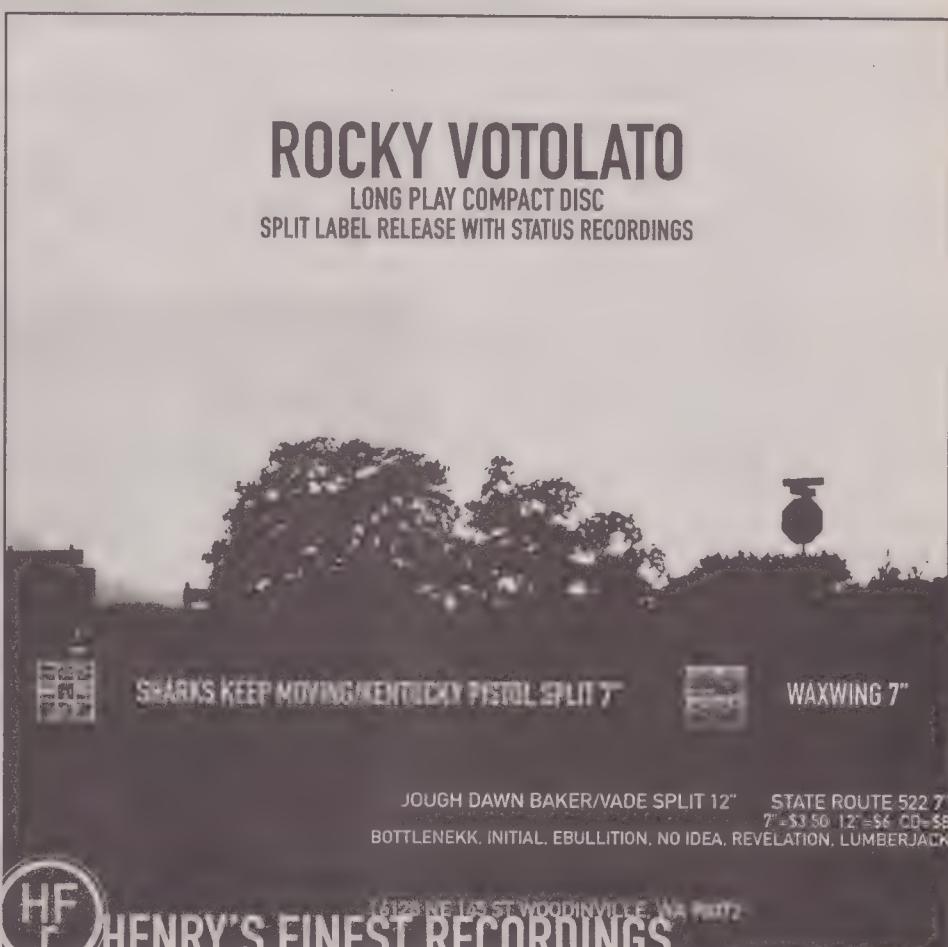


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Record Reviews

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We do NOT send out promo copies of HaC to people or labels that submit 'zines, records, CDs, or tapes for review. We simply can't afford to send out 400 or so copies of HaC to everyone that sent in promos. Sorry.

SUBURBAN VOICE #41 with V/A • CD

Al is still pumping them out. This issue comes with an awesome CD comp of hard to get tracks by bands that Al has been into over the years. Each song has an explanation from Al about why it was chosen. Very cool. The CD includes (just picking my favorites) Youth Brigade, Jerry's Kids, MDC, Stretch Marks, Offenders, Instigators, Justice League, Shattered Silence (Al's band from the late '80s), Wrecking Crew, Nine Shocks Terror, etc... The 'zine features the usual Suburban Voice stuff along with interviews with Sweetbelly Breakdown, Defiance, Gary Floyd of the Dicks, The Business, and some others. *Suburban Voice* is exactly what *Flipside* was like in the early '80s (a major compliment). Great stuff. KM (\$6 to Suburban Voice/PO Box 2746/Lynn, MA 01903)

GULLIBLE 'ZINE #14 with FLESHEATING CREEPS • 7"

This 7" comes with a 'zine. F.C. might have been a decent punk band pushing a few borders with some manic, spastic guitar parts, but the sound quality is once again bollocks. *Gullible* 'zine, however, I found entertaining. While there were no breakthrough ideas, I still had a really good time reading it. It was just some stories and a few emo rants, but good. So thanx for the 'zine and no thanx for the record. ADI (PO Box 4909/Richmond, VA 23220)

PASAZER #12 'zine (5.5x8.5 180pgs.) with V/A • CD

Pasazer 'zine is a massive, beautiful publication written in a language from (and I'm pretty sure of this) Debica, Poland. This is a great disappointment for me only because I cannot indulge in the contents, which appear to be incredibly interesting. I like the compact format, the paper is high quality, with a stiff, light cardboard. There are numerous band interviews and scene reports, photos abound, and quite a few comics interspersed throughout. The comics have a light-hearted appeal (I wish I could understand the dialogue!), while there are a many others of an ironic nature (my favorite is a family pulling up to a McDonalds drive-thru window with a big ass hanging out shitting into the car). There is a one-page version of the movie *Titanic* starring Sid and Nancy. So there's some fun material even for the Polish-impaired like me. A lot of the information seems to encompass much of Eastern Europe (including the Czech Republic) and has a definite focus on the international punk/hardcore community. The 'zine starts off with a few columns and ends with some reviews. There's also band information for each group appearing on the accompanying CD. The CD (33 tracks (74 minutes) put to good use—a heavy deal of political punk and hardcore songs with a decidedly international feel, but dominated by Eastern Europe. Most recordings are excellent, and there is a variety of pace and content that it certainly doesn't lose interest. It reminds me in many ways of the excellent H:G Fact comps I've heard. This is well worth seeking out. 1ST (Pasazer/PO Box 42/39-201 Debica 3/Poland)

NOTHING LEFT #8 'zine (8.5x11 122pgs.) with V/A • CD

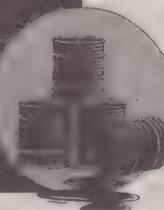
This is put together quite well and has a lot of stuf in it, but I can't shake the feeling that the entire reason that *Nothing Left* exists is to sell music. I realize that on some levels HaC works as a tool to sell shit. I am not that stupid, but *Nothing Left* just doesn't seem to be doing anything else except marketing and promoting. The CD comp has 28 bands, with only 10 of the songs being unreleased. It is basically an advertisement for the bands "real" releases, and in fact the bands or labels pay per minute to be on the CD comp. The bands that have unreleased songs are Jazz June, Frownies, All Chrome, Hunter-Gatherer (cool name, if you ask me), Tucker, A New Found Glory, The Chase Theory, Autumn Lee, Joshua, and Time Will Tell. The 'zine itself has columns (a fair number of them actually), a few articles (which is the best thing going for *Nothing Left*) and a lot of interviews with bands such as Grade, Avail, Samiam, Jets To Brazil, Anthrax, Assuck, blah, blah, blah... I am glad this isn't HaC because while *Nothing Left* is put together well, has a lot to read, and is basically a good 'zine I can't stomach the underbelly of advertising and promotions. In my opinion this is exactly what the initial 'zine/mailorder, the Revelation 'zine/catalog and the Victory *Megazine* are striving for; a perfect synthesis between advertising tool and content. Basically the bigger labels should be wetting their pants over *Nothing Left* because this is by far the best of the bunch, and it will undoubtedly become a very effective marketing tool. KM (\$4 to Nothing Left/PO Box 1073/Wilkes-Barre, PA 18703)

2.5 CHILDREN INC. • Never Gonna Work For The Boss... 7"

Potato-mashing hardcore punk. Some of the recording is apparently live, and suffers, but the other tracks are decent, pushing forth an old school northeast hardcore sound that takes a break here and there to slow down the pace. I don't know why, but I just get the urge to cook when I listen, like some sort of "Soy Not Oil" subliminal message is interwoven. Several songs twist through a mix of off-beat rhythms then verge off into manic punk rock over the top guitar. There is a small degree of annoying soundbite content and a one song that has a sort of ridiculous kazoo sound that is just annoying, but overall it's a pretty decent record. Mash it up! 1ST (#220 252 E Market/West Chester, PA 19381)

30 DEEP • Best Regards CD

Bad Religion meets Strung Out meets NOFX meets Blink-182 meets another shitty pop punk band meets another shitty pop punk band, on down the line. The lyrics aren't that bad, and a couple songs are even vaguely political. I guess their girlfriends haven't dumped them yet. PCD (1206 Richardson St./Greensboro, NC 27403)



!!! • 7"

For some reason this reminds me of The Big Boys. It doesn't really sound like them, it just has that feel. !!! play weird-ass funk punk stuff that makes me jump around like a lameo. I really like it, I'm pissed I missed them when they played at the Pickle Patch. NS (Hopscotch Records/PO Box 55783/Valencia, CA 91385)

12 TONE SYSTEM • Soundtrack To Synthetic Music 7"

Hmm... The title says it all. Pretty synthetic. At least they use the electronic stuff the whole time and make it legitimate, rather than throwing in a note and stupid-ass electric croaking sound or some shit. Doesn't mean I'm down... five boys dressed in black with greasy hair and softly-spoken voices that are oh-so-New Wave or retro or something. I'm sick of all the movie soundtracks having Crystal Method, Chemical Brothers, Prodigy, DJ Loops-Unoriginal-Bastard and whoever the fuck else is making "synthetic music" in their basement studios and I'm sick of everyone else who wants to jump on the electro/techno/hip-hop bandwagon. Devo are not men, Ink & Dagger are not vampires and computers aren't musical innovators. At least I can hear some real-sounding drums in there somewhere, lost amidst the mechanical storm... Includes THE BIG HOLE! DO (Keystone-Ember/PO Box 1798/Wilkes-Barre, PA 18703)

A GREAT DIVIDE • 7"

A.K.A. The Great Divide. Hardcore sort of in the vein of Native Nod or Nuzzle. Most of time it is pretty mellow, with an occasional part that starts to rock out. Emotional lyrics that repeat lines and probably don't have too much meaning. A very listenable record without any in-your-face-ness, just nice music. I just saw them play with Sunday Instrument and Yaphet Kotto, and they fit in nicely. RG (Fiver Records/784 Heath Cove/Santa Cruz, CA 95062) or (Myelin Sheath Records/610 Escalona Dr./Capitola, CA 95010)

A SOMETIMES PROMISE • discography CD

Now, I'm just about the least likely person to give this CD a totally unbiased review, seeing as how I'm the only non-member to have seen them at every show, but I CAN honestly say that I've been as much a critic of theirs as I've been a fan... so... anyway, the CD contains all 12 of the songs they recorded in their year-and-a-half lifespan and the quality is very good. On the plus-side, they do a marvelous job of combining styles into an unique style that's all their own... somewhere between Promise Ring, Hot Water Music and... I dunno... Bryan Adams or some '80s rock band. They had a certain pizzazz that is rare, were always exciting live and as easy to dance to as any band in recent memory. Now for the criticism—the music is sometimes rather cliché... so familiar that it's tough to believe that it's their own. The vocals are certainly an acquired taste... one that I've personally acquired, but isn't accessible to many; off-key screaming and singing with a fair share of pretty corny lines about girls. However, I think that fans of swingy music and Midwestern rock (Cap'n Jazzy quirky vocals) might find this a goldmine. They are all-star lineup (ex-Bassbass, Octre, Manumission, Incurable Complaint) that played some gutsy rock 12 songs, 36 minutes. DO (Association of Welterweights/PO Box 1431/Ojai, CA 93024)

APRIL • 7"

The dynamics of this music are decent enough, but it's the sheer locomotive intensity that makes it such a fine listening experience. There are also a few segments of trickery that do not come across as gimmicks, but instead add to the record. There are six songs with vocals and lyrics in German, and like many releases from this country, both the vinyl and the cardstock of the sleeve are extremely thick. Good record. DF (Alveran Records/PO Box 100152/44701 Bochum/Germany)

ABSENCE • Shall The Sentence Be Death CD

Extremely political sXe hardcore, but noticeably lacking in the power category. Very bassy, with lots of double-bass drumming, but nothing stands out in the haze of low-end mess. I can't agree with their likening pro-choice to racism and slavery, but whatever... also on the basis that the music is deathly boring to boot... Nice try and they put some thought into the lyrics and rantings in the booklet, but overall this is sub-par metal. 9 songs, 23 minutes. DO (Screams of Salvation/PO Box 76/New Ferry/L63 0QT/England)

A/POLITICAL • Punk Is A Ghetto 7"

Four tracks from Baltimore's A/Political. Two vocalists deliver angry lyrics about a punk community that is often more interested in making a fashion statement, getting drunk, and dividing into sub-groups based on the same sort of class divisions that are used to keep our society in tow. The music is fast and aggressive, and very much comparable to British punk ala Crass or Flux Of Pink Indians. The record comes with a fold out poster and will certainly appeal to anyone not afraid of self-criticism and text. KM (Profane Existence/PO Box 8722/Minneapolis, MN 55408)

ACROBAT DOWN • Life/Robots 7"

I had to finally put a quarter on my needle to get this record to play all the way through. There were about 3 locked-groove style skips on side 1 and another two on side 2. Annoying. Anyway, Acrobat Down have a real weird sound. Their melodic and light hardcore is given a new wave feel with the addition of synthesizer sound. The vocalist's voice goes pretty well with the sounds, making the finished product pretty unified. LO (Her Magic Field/PO Box 211/Denver, CO 80201-0104)

ADAMANTIUM • From The Depths Of Depression LP

Ten songs on clear vinyl (the most obnoxious of all vinyls) by a band trying to get into the tough-guy arena occupied by bands like Converge, Coalesce, and Cave In. Technically they're up on it, maybe not to a level as the Dillinger Escape Plan, but they're precise. Why is it on every one of these records you got some guy screaming "RE-AL-IT-TAY"? This band, this music, this whole military beat... Christ, give it a fucking rest for a few years! How much more backwards baseball cap metalcore posturing and pictures of people several feet in the air gripping the mic do we need as a people? As a "scene"? How about these rusty looking million-dollar Photoshop design jobs? Who are these kids, Tool? Nah. A complete portrait of flat, uninspired mosh metal performed by robots. Can't STAND it anymore... DM (Indecision Records/PO Box 5781/Huntington Beach, CA 92615)

ADRENALINE O.D. • Phat And Old CD

Tracks from a WFMU live broadcast circa 1996. OK, at first I was skeptical of yet another dinosaur punk release, especially given the "top 14 reasons A.O.D. broke up" listed in the cover and the discouraging photo on the back (sporting the So Cal bleached hair hardcore look). But along with a decent sized serving of humor, many of the tracks here actually blaze. It certainly benefits from the live recording, which is balanced quite well, but also avoids the stale, polished sound reunion releases often suffer from. The blitzkrieg sound is still there, echoing the slight metallic feel (unavoidable with the presence of the highly pointed "Flying V"). Mostly just over the top hardcore from the early '80s presented with some humility 1ST (Glue/PO Box 320/Verona, NJ 07044-0320)

ALL BETS OFF • Roshambo Deathmatch 7"

This is sort of reminding me of the metal that bands like Leeway play (or played). It's not extremely heavy, but there is some double bass stuff and singing which gives it its metallicity. I am not really turned on by the hip-hop metal thing that these guys do (for lack of a better description). But some people might enjoy this hardcore/mild metal. RG (Cynic Squad/530 Divisadero #121/San Francisco, CA 94117)

ALL-SCARS • 7"

Ex-ignota meets Manraa meets the Clash, and so on. Those first two bands divide out the picture after the first minute or so, and we are left with the last one. I've got to say, I like this a lot. It's well played, and they don't waste time trying to prove how punk they are, but they get their message across with intelligent lyrics and original music. If you like Combat Rock, etc. then you will probably dig this. It's sort of odd, but not so much that it ruins the music. Give me a full length. RG (Ae Fu Records/PO Box 4218/Portland, OR 97242)

AMBITION MISSION • Spit Where The Liars Live 7"

6 songs of pretty average hardcore out of Chicago. There's some nice co-ed vocals going on, but I've heard all the music before, and so have you. It's not especially powerful or catchy or anything; just fast and dynamically flat. DM (Disgruntled Records/827 Somanak St./Sycamore, IL 60178)

ANTI-FLAG • Their System Doesn't Work For You CD

19 songs @ \$7.03. If you're like me, then you live in Pittsburgh. And if you live in Pittsburgh, and have even the slightest connection to anything remotely "punk rock" then you know about Anti-Flag, who pack more clubs with sell more aspates to preteens than I could count without a research team. This CD is a reissue of their North America Sucks CD and a live radio set dating 1994-96, released by the band. I guess they got out of their deal with New Red Archives, which could only be good from what I gather. Honestly, I wish that Kent didn't ask me to review this one, because someone not privy to the (counter)cultural shift Anti-Flag spurred here in town could give it a fairer shake. It sounds like Rancid, Sham 69, and occasionally Naked Raygun or Half Life. It's competent, catchy, and kinda fun (and features Andy Wright on bass, who is scientifically known to rock). I'm more interested in seeing where the kids take the concept of this band, since the band unquestionably gives back to the local music scene. Will they take things one step further, explore the musical heritage around the band, and do something really revolutionary? Or will they just go to college, forget all about it and go smoke a bowl? DM (A-F Records/PO Box 71266/Pittsburgh, PA 15213)

ATLAS SHRUGGED • Old Familiar Face 7"

I'm having a difficult time describing *Atlas Shrugged*. I keep wanting to describe them as a slowed down 88 band gone emo-core with added harmonies and heavy parts, but that still doesn't quite do it. The song on the first side was great, but the second side didn't hold my interest quite as well. Lyrics are kind of corny, but the vocals are great. I would keep my eye on this band because if they became a bit more refined I think they could from releasing mediocre 7" like this to incredible ones. GD (Fist Held High/PO Box 2652/Madison, WI 53701)

BAROQUE • 7"

Think slowed-down Promise Ring chord progressions and mellow Texas Is The Reason jams with low-pitched, throaty, slightly twangy female vocals and you've got some idea about Baroque. "Letter To A Friend" has actually managed to strike a chord with me, as it builds to slight crescendo with screamed male vocals to top it all off. The rousing finale of "Where Good Men Go" absolutely kicks ass! It's refreshing to hear some interesting variations on the same-old same-old "emo" crap and the fact that a woman is doing most of the singing is a plus, too. The vocals aren't overly sweet, so I am digging it. Too much of the sugar-coating tends to make it rot the roof of my mouth off, so to be able to bite into something with substance (even if it is slightly bitter at times) is a nice change. Not bad, my friends. Too bad there's no info on who you are. DO (Keystone-Ember/PO Box 1798/Wilkes-Barre, PA 18703)

BEDFORD • Smiles Are The Batteries CD

About as upbeat as it gets. Bedford thrives on the vibe of Doc Holler, Weston and the poppy elements of Less Than Jake and the result is one of mixed success. The first song, "The Sound and the Fury" is pretty effectively done, but then it's followed by "The Last Song" which proves to be rather sloppy and lackluster. The vocals are very similar to those of Wisconsin's Loomis, but overall it falls short of the caliber that it takes for me to be really taken by pop-punk stuff. I like when it gets gutsy, but it falls into the cheese bowl too often for my liking. Kinda-sorta fun, but relatively uneventful. 16 tracks, 44 minutes. DO (Keystone-Ember/PO Box 1798/Wilkes-Barre, PA 18703)

BLUID • 7"

This seven inch was numbered "5/025" as if to imply that there were only twenty-five of these made. Twenty-five! Bluid are an Italian band that do four songs in the vein of One Eyed Goat Prophecy; lyrics screamed over thick, crunchy guitar. LO (Nausicaa Records c/o Nico Vassellari/Viale Della Vittoria/31029 Vittorio Veneto (TV)/Italy)

BOILING MAN • I'd Watch You Die 7"

Fast harsh and driving. It wants to have that early Rorschach drive to it, and almost succeeds, which is still saying a lot. With less than good vocals this would still be a nice record, but the vocals straight up rock and fit perfectly for this music, making the record excellent in my opinion. He kind of sounds like the throatier singer from Remission. And the music is kind of similar to them, except with more tempo changes, and still with an original sound. Sometimes it kind of edges on thrash. Wouldn't that be cool if I could fit the words, "straight" and, "edge," into every sentence. Well, this is an awesome record coming straight from New Haven, and I think I'm on the edge of insanity. Late. RG (Ice Records/PO Box 422965/San Francisco, CA 94142-2965)

THE BRADSHAW FIGURE • 30 Gallon Tank O' Love'n CD
A descent musical combination of Jawbreaker and Texas Is The Reason, heavy on the Jawbreaker. Vocals are quite similar to Jawbreaker as well, just not as distinct. Five songs-five good songs. I hate to keep on the similarity, but it is just too hard to get past—if you are a big Jawbreaker fan, I really would check this out. Hope to hear more from this band soon. GD (First Blood Records/PO Box 740/Hornsby 2077/Sydney, NSW/Australia)

BIRTHRIGHT • Out Of Darkness... CD

This nine song CD has three studio tracks and six live tracks. The live stuff generally has good sound, though at times it can be a little annoying because some people standing near the device that recorded the show are talking during all the songs. The studio songs are slick and powerful. Birthright are straight edge vegan hardcore with chuga-chuga guitars. There are a million bands just like Birthright, and if that annoys you then Birthright will not speak to you, but if you like the chuga-chuga hardcore with sing-a-longs and lyrics about staying true that are veiled in cryptic metal influenced imagery then Birthright will rock your world. KM (Good Life Records/PO Box 114/8500 Kortrijk/Belgium)

BRIGHT EYES • Letting Off The Happiness CD

This was emo stuff. Not very good emo stuff. Large Dinosaur Jr. and Pavement influence, but those bands are good and this one just doesn't do it nearly as well as they do. Um, not much else. GD (Saddle Creek/PO Box 8554/Omaha, NE 68108-0554)

THE BLOOD BROTHERS • 7"

I am so sick of this pretentious and arty vampiric frenzied hardcore. Give it a rest. Songs about kissing, vampires, and a bunch of other dumb things related to kissing and vampires. Hell I like vampires and fantasy worlds more than most, but I can only take so much pretentious crap before I vomit my insides all over your dumb ass record. Musically, The Blood Brothers play exactly the style of music you would expect. Just another boring, tenth generation Antioch Arrow era San Diego clone with whiny vocals. KM (Hopscotch Records/PO Box 55783/Valencia, CA 91385)

BROTHER INFERIOR • Six More Reasons... 7"

It had been a while since I'd heard Brother Inferior. In fact, between the first seven inch and this record I had completely forgotten what they sounded like, so I can't really compare this to their other records. This seven inch has six new, fast punk anthems. The sound is real traditional and angry. Nothing fancy and nothing heavy—just pure punk rock. Their lyrics don't stray from the course either; they are real plain about delineating societies ills and how they impact out lives. LO (Sensual Underground Ministries/PO Box 8545/Tulsa, OK 74101-8545)

BUFFERINS • CD

Really bad lyrics, presented by really annoying vocals. This band really does not do anything different than any other bands, except they do it significantly worse. GD (Straight Up Records/Kowa bld 2F/Minami-2NISHI-1Chouou-KU/Sapporo 060/Japan)

BUILDING • In Time We'll Grow 7"

With song titles like "Drug Free Declaration" and "Inhale" you can guess what this is. Rather generic SxE music with a really weird singing style. It sounds like he's just talking instead of singing. NS (Sober Mind Records/PO Box 206/8500 Kortrijk/Belgium)

THE BURDENS • 7"

Fun pop punk guitars, at first. They have that late seventies, early eighties punk sound. Like early Clash and what not. They sound European, but I'm not sure if they are. It's still kind of fun to listen to, and even though I have heard bands like this nowadays, I'm still kind of surprised to hear this music played by bands in 1998, or 1999 by the time this is printed. I can't exactly say why, but the music brings a smile to my normally incessant, or occasional painful grimace. RG (Red Star Records/PO Box 1204/Glen Ellen, CA 95442)

BURN IT DOWN • Eat Sleep Mate Defend CD

Seven hard sounding metal hardcore moshers with slick production and solid vocals. The lyrics tend to be about fighting the sickness of life in the 20th century. Well put together with great photos. Definitely not for everyone, but if you like metal hardcore then Burn It Down will beat you to death just for the fun of it. KM (Escape Artist Records/PO Box 363/West Chester, PA 19381-0363)

COMRADES • Dark Edge Violence 7"

Communist grindcore. Very much like Monster X, although more slow parts. Apparently the last release for this band. If grindcore is your thing, you really should check this out. GD (SOA c/o Paolo Petralia/Via Oderisi da Gubbio 67/69/00146 Roma/Italy)

CALLOUSED • The Masquerade 12"

I can't help but mention the cover art. It features a drawing of two anatomically perfect human specimens (perhaps these are the archetypal god-like crusty punks in the buff?) fighting with some skinless ghouls. Very funny. The music is okay. Decent hardcore punk with a slight metal influence and female vocals. The vocalist is a bit unexciting, if not downright annoying. At her best she sounds like a mediocre Amy from Nausicaa. I believe that Calloused has the potential to be quite good, but they haven't quite gotten there yet. Better luck next time. KM (Fired Up! Records/PO Box 8985/Minneapolis, MN 55408)

CANEPHORA • At Loss For Words 7"

Brutality comes in many shapes and this would be one. Chugga chugga guitars shouting and screaming. Hard and heavy like Gehenna (I hope they are nicer though) with a little Unruh twist. This is a very popular sound right now but I always love to see these bands live. You can feel the energy coming right through the speakers. CF (Moo Cow Records/PO Box 616/Madison, WI 53701)

CANEPHORA • 7"

This Canephora record joins similar releases on Moo Cow as an energetic installment in the chaotic hardcore genre. It's easy to picture them wailing away like madmen when I listen to this. Like the majority of records that I hear, this is well done, yet standard. So if this is your genre, and Hydra Head isn't releasing records fast enough for you, by all means get this. I prefer the Moo Cow releases, and will keep the early Disembodied and Converge records in my heavy rotation bin. DF (Moo Cow Records/PO Box 616/Madison, WI 53701)

CHALKLINE • In The Present Tense CD

Chalkline play a mix of rock and hardcore. Judging from their previous split 7" with Figurehead, they seem to be a band whose roots lay in the intense hardcore style but have lately been influenced by the more melodic stuff coming from some of the top end acts. Sometimes their songs come together with power, other times not. To me, this sounds like the kind of record that would come out on Doghouse right about now. LO (Shandler/PO Box 1032/Mentor, OH 44061-1032)

CHAUNCEY • Picture Windows 7"

It's amazing that with at least three people who apparently sing on this record at one point or another, none of them appeal to me. The music is sappy punk with an emphasis on the new, weak "emo" sound. All of it is well played and may very well be a quality record in the land of pop punk, but it just doesn't do it for me. No lyrics or insert. RG (Synapse Records/628 Pheasant Ln/Deerfield, IL 60015)

CLOUDED • Inheritance CD

More metallized hardcore from Germany. Clouded have a big Str8edge streak as well as keeping up with the German sound. The lyrics are political and are decent except when the singer says "Hated is my oxygen, it will keep my fire burning..." Cheesy. This is a good solid release, with full production and pretty booklet. Not the most original, but the songs have a heavy catchiness to them. I think I'll slip this into my collection and you might want to as well. 4 songs and one hidden acoustic melody. ADI (Genet Records/PO Box 447/9000 Gent 1/Belgium)

COLONNA INFAME SKINHEAD • LP

This LP is the repressing of the CD this band had put out on another label. They went through a period of inactivity but are apparently playing again. Colonna Infame Skinhead preach activism in many forms, especially promoting communism and fighting fascism. Their songs have a steady rock'n'roll feel that harks back to the eighties when punk was more rock and less metal. Many of their songs are melodic and catchy. For those of us who don't speak Italian, they have a short description of all their songs, which generally talk about politics and personal issues. LO (S.O.A. Records c/o Petralia Paolo/Via Oderisi Da Gubbio 67-69/00146 Roma/Italy)

CONCRETE CELL • Return Of The Fantasy Models CD

Return of the Propagandhi vocals. Return of the cynical poppy punks. Return of the review with nothing useful to say... okay enough of that. This is actually quite enjoyable. It's fun listening, good reading and nice-sounding. Quite different than the covers split CD with the Satanic Surfers... and even though that was kinda cool in its own right, this is far superior. Very quality, upbeat stuff even when dealing with things like "waste disposal bags with limbs" and the fact that "British trains don't use their brakes when a body blocks the rails." Interesting lyrical content and well-executed pop-punk with lots of melody without falling into complacency. Good show. 13 songs. 30 minutes. DO (Genet/PO Box 447/9000 Gent 1/Belgium)

CREATION IS CRUCIFIXION • 7"

Great record. Many bands have produced such loud, fast and harsh sounds as these. But only a few are able to capture the sense of urgency (deja vu) that Creation Is Crucifixion has. Union Of Uranus comes to mind as an example. The soul of the record is fortified with an abrasive collection of wicked sounds, and there is a great booklet with lyrics and cool artwork. "Life is not an Algorithm." Highly recommended. DF (Willow Tip/103 Main Dr/Butler, PA 16001)

THE CRIMINALS • Morning After 7"

I've just listened to extremely simple, straight ahead snort punk. The Criminals play four songs and provide lyrics which are primarily about drinking. They don't paint a pretty picture, but I guess this would be recommended to those who like the sound of that. And perhaps to those who collect picture discs. I was thankful it was mercifully short. Don't get robbed by these guys. DF (Rhetoric/PO Box 82/Madison, WI 53701)

CROSS MY HEART • 12"

It looks as though Dim Mak has scored another big release. I daresay that this is the best record they've put out yet, in fact. This is just solid. I say this not because the proprietor is a fine fellow (although he is), but simply due to the fact that the music is moving, the packaging is gorgeous and the sound quality is wonderful as well. The players include members of Blank and they rock the Texas Is The Reason style like few can. It's somehow more sincere than a lot of the bands attempting similar things and their musicianship shows through. A lot might feel that it's too polished and, basically, radio-friendly... and... well, I can't deny it. If *Teen People* is right and "emo" really is the next hot thing, then these guys could easily find a comfortable niche right next to Promise Ring and basically all the Deep Elm, Jade Tree and Initial Records bands in the airplay. Easy on the ears (with occasional fits of screaming), as Give Until Gone and I Wish I had set as the Dim Mak precedent... and its keep on coming. Get the vinyl. DO (Dim Mak/PO Box 14041/Santa Barbara, CA 93107)

CRUDE • CD

Noisy punk rawk with yelling/growling vocals. Very average. Nothing sticks out as original or creative. GD (Straight Up Records/Kowa bld 2F/Minami-2NISHI-1Chouou-KU/Sapporo 060/Japan)

CRUSH STORY • 7"

Indie-rock meets the Lookout style of punk—whiny, too upbeat and many times just plain annoying. The second side is better than the first, sounding a bit more like J Church, but not that much better. GD (702 Records/PO Box 204/Reno, NV 89504)

CURSIVE • The Early Summer: Semantics Of Song CD

Pretty, well-crafted "corporate-emo" songs with annoying vocals. If you like what everyone else is doing in the emo scene then you might like this, because it's not extremely original. But I guess it has its moments. Nope, nothing new here. GOR (Saddle Creek/PO Box 8554/Omaha, NE 68108-0554)

DAYS GONE BY • CD

Three songs. Three grooving mellow rockin songs. Three damn good songs. Days Gone By are really good. They don't really fit into a genre smaller than rock. Relaxing while rocking at the same time. Bass driven, flowing. Vocals are scarce, but great. This CD is really, really good for only being three songs. I just wish there was more. GD (Electric Field Dance/PO Box 19394/Cincinnati, OH 45219)

DEMON SYSTEM 13 • For The Kids, Not The Business 7"

Another great sounding 7" from Sweden's Demon System 13. I hear a little Minor Threat in here, which is really where their strength comes from, combined with a snotty punk style and attitude. Well played and catchy. "Pavlos Dogs" is a great anti-smoking song. Their first 7" was re-issued on Havoc, and I expect this one will show up in the States soon as well. Great stuff. KM (Insect Records/Postfack 58/116 74 Stockholm/Sweden)

DECEMBER • Praying, Hoping, Nothing. CD

I'm sorry, but all I can think is "Pantera, Pantera, Pantera" when listening to this disc. These days, that's not really what I care to be thinking, either. Back in ninth or tenth grade, it was a pre-requisite to living to be able to recite the lyrics to "This Love" or give a blood-curdling "FUCKING HOSTILE!!!!" scream... but now, I'm just sort of ashamed. This fellows aren't, so I suppose I ought to feel remorse for belittling something that is so essential to the creative energy of the band, but I just don't. If you might classify yourself as a cowboy from hell that finds themselves performing a vulgar display of power than BY ALL MEANS try December on for size. Metallic and pretty hardcore, but I don't think that I'd feel comfortable calling it metallic hardcore. 8 songs, 31 minutes. DO (\$10 to Negative Attention/2905 NE 190 St. #302/Aventura, FL 33180)

THE DEGENERICS • No Comply 7"

Up tight punk rock that follows the general quick paced formula but also adds a few ska and surf influences. The songs they play are good for what they are, but most of it just comes off as generic to this reviewer. The lyrics are all about resisting a system of intimidation and oppression; a point in their favor. I enjoyed the songs on the second side more because they shed some of the ska style and stick to a more traditional punk form. LO (Beer City Records/PO Box 26035/Milwaukee, WI 53226-0035)

DIAVOLO ROSSO • Groove Down To The Riotock 7"

Everything about this seven inch is thick; the jacket, the plastic, the vinyl itself is probably the thickest slab I have ever seen, and not to mention the music: This is angry as fuck hardcore from Germany. There are two songs on each side, all assaulting the listener with a relentless barrage of punk rock from all directions. The words are sung in English, and they are basically angry personal lyrics. The music has some of the same crazy heaviness as Golgotha. RG (Bad Influence Records c/o Stefan Fuchs/Rennweg/93049 Regensburg/Germany)

 DIECAST • Undo The Wicked CD

Heavy-hitting hardcore. Hardcore with an emphasis on hard. The music goes from slow to moderately "mosh" as some would coin. Overall, nice with a very slick layout. NS (PO Box 215/Groton, CT 06340)

THE DISENCHANTED • How Can We Lose... CD

Punk rawk, fast and furious with yelling/screamy vocals. I really would have latched on to this CD about four or five years ago when I was really into PUNK music, but somehow I feel out of place reviewing this because it's so distant from what my musical interests are. This was, however, pretty good. A good mix of heavy fast parts with the pleasant ones, this CD had more than enough to catch my attention. Is punk making a comeback? If it is, these guys will be leading the pack for sure. GD (Motherbox/60 Denton Ave/East Rockaway, NY 11518)

DOGFIGHT • 7"

This record shoots by with seven sloppy, fast songs. The vocals are rough and seem to just try to catch up with the music. The drumming is good, but the rest of the music doesn't complement it. It is in the same vein but somehow doesn't work together. Dogfight follow in the vein of other crazy grind bands, but their stuff just sounds bogged down on this record. LO (S.O.A. Records c/o Petralia Paolo/Via Oderisi Da Gubbio 67-69/00146 Roma/Italy)

EAGLE BRAVO • 12"

This one sided 12" has seven songs that consist of mostly medium paced punk with a noisy emotive influence that can occasionally become a bit frantic. The vocals are screamed though not too harshly, and the melodies and rhythms are solid and driving. They do it well, or I guess I should say they did it well since this is apparently their swan song (they broke up, dude). Three members of Eagle Bravo were also in Rights Reserved, and Eagle Bravo also has a 7" that came out previous to this 12". KM (Gridsector Records/PO Box 172/Chapel Hill, NC 27514)

EX-IGNOTA • Jammin' On The One CD

I liked Ex-Ignota when they were around, enough to put out their 7", and I had originally offered to do their LP as well, which I guess would have been this CD, but by the time their 7" came out on Ebullition I thought Ex-Ignota had gotten a bit too arty, and while they were still good I could understand why a lot of people would not groove on their vision, so I never followed through on my offer to do their LP, which was good since the 7" pretty much bombed due to the fact that a lot of people just thought their listless arty music was too "out there somewhere," which is ironic since this CD creates new ways to define "arty" and "weird" without capturing any of the energy and bombastic qualities that defined Ex-Ignota's beginnings which is what I liked in the first place, and with all that in mind I write a rather verbose run on sentence to describe "Jammin' On The One" which tends to be overly verbose and does indeed run on and on and on. KM (Satellite Transmissions/PO Box 4432/Boulder, CO 80306)

EVORSER • Breakfast Club 10"

When I first listened to this I was shocked at having the inclination to compare Evorser to a '80s Brit pop band such as Flock Of Seagulls. I thought to myself, "How can I compare this to an '80s Brit pop band without seeming like a complete loon?" But then I saw the title, and it all came together. Fast and melodic power pop that is certainly influenced by the '80s Brit explosion. New wave for the '90s? KM (Green Records/Via S. Francesco 60 35100/Padova/Italy)

EL CORAZON DEL SAPO • Fuego Al Cielo De Los... LP

When I first heard this I liked it but it didn't totally grab me but after repeated listens, I like this. All the singing is in Spanish, but the record comes with a really nice layout and has lyrics in Spanish and English. The booklet is 10 pages with pictures and comments on the songs. I wish they would have translated the comments because they seem to be singing about good politics. NS (Apdo. C. 603/5/0080 Zaragoza/Spain; e-mail: entropia@arrakis.es)

EMPATHY TEST • Synergy Of Intertwining Lives CD

This has a slight industrial feel to it (it could be the lack of a drummer and the substitute percussion). Songs move really well and are pretty imaginative. This is definitely not something you hear every day. I like it and would recommend it to anyone who's willing to check out something a bit different. M (\$8 to 34A New York St./Dover, NH 03820)



ENDSTAND • *Aurinkokerho* CD

Hardcore. I thought it sounded a lot like a sloppy Ensign at first, but it lacks the obvious 88 influence Ensign has. Instead, they have a more sloppy 85/6 sound which does them well. Pretty good stuff. Fast hc which got me rockin' several times. GD (\$4 to Halla. pl 139/00131 Helsinki/Finland)

EASY ACTION • *Do It Cuz I Can 7"*

Like everyone that is old enough to remember, I still love the first Negative Approach 7", and I found Laughing Hyenas to be completely enthralling. So with that said, it is no surprise that I was looking forward to hearing the Easy Action 7", which features John Brandon from Negative Approach and Laughing Hyenas on vocals. Was I let down? A little. Easy Action sounds a whole hell of a lot like Laughing Hyenas but the production and song writing just isn't as good. John's vocal style is still right on and that comes through quite nicely, but everything I considered I would much rather listen to the old Laughing Hyenas stuff. Hopefully the next Easy Action release will change my mind. KM (Reptilian Records/403 S. Broadway/Baltimore, MD 21231)

EX MEMBERS OF... • *The Art Of Expression* CD

Ex Members Of... sound a whole hell of a lot like Avail without sounding like Avail at all. I mean to say that this is what Avail would sound like if you could take away all of their energy and power and drive, which isn't too say that Ex Members Of... are bad, but only that they sound like a very mellow and melodic Avail that has yet to exist. I found these songs to be enjoyable and I would expect that this band will become more and more popular as more people are exposed to their sound. KM (Infusion Records/PO Box 2271/Hagerstown, MD 21741)

FLATLINE • *7"*

Straight edge metal metal from Austria. The music is strong and follows the contemporary trend of abstract, wordy lyrics and chugging guitar. The nice thing about this band is that they have a short commentary about each song next to the printed lyrics, sort of making real sense out of all of the wordage. However, I wish they would just come out and say what they want to say rather than hiding behind enigmatic tired phrases about what they "abhor." Just a thought. LO (Disider Records c/o Clemens Pierer/Rothenstr. 8/94600 Wels/Austria)

FULL SPEED AHEAD • *Born And Bred 7"*

Old style hardcore. Pretty simple. I enjoyed listening to Full Speed Ahead, but honestly I don't think that this holds up to the era that it is influenced by. If I didn't own hundreds and hundreds of hardcore records from the '80s then Full Speed Ahead would be a breath of fresh air, but I do own hundreds and hundreds of great '80s hardcore records so Full Speed Ahead is just okay hardcore. If they would have been around in '83 I probably would still remember them, but I probably wouldn't have listened to their record in ten or eleven years. Okay, but not great. KM (Teamwork Records/PO Box 4473/Wayne, NJ 07474)

FALLEN • *Cold Turns On Cold* CD

Metal and hardcore blended together with an almost emotive melodic approach; meaning, for example, that a song might start with a light intro with actual singing and then break into a harsh sounding metal assault. I can't say that it always works, but I do think that people that can relate to the complexity and diversity of a band like Converge or Cave In might also find Fallen to be of interest as well, which isn't to say that Fallen sound much like these bands. Eclectic and definitely still in the juvenile stage of development. KM (\$5 to Pensive Recording Group/65 Pacific St./Rockland, MA 02370)

FAULTER • *7"*

Weird. Slow music that wants to get fast but never does. The vocals are screeched rather than sung. The back of the 7" intrigued me because there are 12 songs on 33rpm so I thought the songs would be really fast. NS (Denied A Custom/3-5-12-106 Hashigaki/Narita-Shi/Chiba 286-0037/Japan)

Ghetto • *Amnesia O Memoria* 12"

Hardcore that ranges from simple to fairly complex to just out there on Planet 9. Some of the riffs are fairly interesting but for the most part the songs lack a driving force or enough hookyness to draw me in. The vocalist usually sings dramatically, sometimes reminding me of Jello Biafra. Every once in a while the songs will go into these stupid funk or psycho song parts. I don't know who I'd recommend this to, but there's probably some people out there who'd like this. ADI (Mala Raza/Apdo. C. 6037/50002 Zaragoza/Spain)

GORILLA BISCUITS • *Walter Sings The Hits* CD

The sound quality is bad, there is no other way to describe it. Simply bad. But if you are a Gorilla Biscuits enthusiast then it really just doesn't matter. The Moondog 7" is on here, which I wish had been put before the LP with Walter singing, along with the LP (as the title indicates) some live songs and two different demos. It sounds as if this was recorded directly from the 7" versions, so as I said, the sound quality isn't all that good. But Gorilla Biscuits were a great band, and every time I heard this I found myself enjoying myself and remembering how damn good Gorilla Biscuits were. I wouldn't need to be reminded of how good the Gorilla Biscuits music was and still is if only Civ hadn't been such an asshole at one of the shows I saw them play at Fenders in Long Beach, CA. But after seeing them live a few times I pretty much gave up on the Gorilla Biscuits as anything more than some talented morons. KM (no address)

GROWING CONCERN • *Never Fades Away* 7"

My first impression was Youth Crew meets Dag Nasty. Rockin'. Fast parts, breakdowns, melodies, you name it. Good stuff. 6 songs—what a deal! Good to see yet another damn good youth crew band rockin'. I'd love to hear more from this band. Hope they make it to the states on tour. GD (SOA c/o Paolo Petruccia/Via Oderisi da Gubbio 67/69/00146 Roma/Italy)

GORDON SOLIE MOTHERFUCKERS • *7"*

Fairly raw fast punk with a little-bit-too-high, mildly annoying yelled vocals. This record isn't bad, but it just doesn't do it for me. I am not too into the standard, fast, wild punk. Too predictable. The lyrics are basically stupid. Their anger comes from saying the word "fuck" a bunch of times. But I see it as blind, pointless, I'm-angry-because-I'm-punkasfuck jive. I can't even figure out what the song which speaks of "corporate jobbers" and wrestlers is all about, and frankly I don't really care. Of course, I may be being too hard on this record. RG (River On Fire Records/PO Box 771296/Lakewood, OH 44107)

HAPPY SPASTICS • *War* 7"

Hailing from the UK, the Happy Spastics are your average street punk band. Their four songs are simple punks with "fuck you" lyrics. The songs are about war, the police, priests who molest, and apolitical drunk punks. Though they sometimes have a slight oif sound, for the most part each tune sticks with the upbeat, circle pit rhythm. LO (Fight Records/Turtolaanmäenkatu 6 D 31/33710 Tampere/Finland)

HOOD • *7"*

This is definitely a strange selection. I'll give it big kudos for going the originality route, even if some of the tactics aren't totally pleasing... for the majority of the 7", however, I find myself entranced by the repetitive use of looping drums, subtle high-pitched squealing, classical guitarwork and whispered background vocals. Brings to mind the eerie 7" that I reviewed a couple of years ago by a group called Cailope, with its organic, yet somehow electronic feel. Really weird, groundbreaking stuff (at least in our area of "punk") but I'm not certain if many folks will be willing to follow their lead. A stand-alone group that is far more interesting in my eyes than the slew of post-hardcore, post-modern, post-exciting wannabe techno/electro/indie-rock bands that are trying to seem innovative. File under: sleepy band for your background mood music collection. DO (Rocket Racer/PO Box 620173/San Diego, CA 92162-0713)

HURL • *We Are Quiet In This Room* CD

Weird. I heard the first track, "This Numbness," on Andy Fraire's lovely radio show and just figured that it was a song off of the Strictly Ballroom CD that I hadn't heard before. Turns out to be Hurl. Like I said... weird. Good, but weird. Add to that, I catch some heavy Jawbox/Kerosene 45 vibes, especially on "A Riot Failure," where the insane drumming and repetitive and droning, yet driving guitars stew themselves into a lovely and familiar DC math-core. There are some spots on here where it drags a little, but then it all comes together as one is finally able to realize when the ultimate objective is achieved... the end result is one of those CDs that don't necessarily grab you at first, but after a good half-dozen listens, you're surprised to find that it has become your favorite disc in recent memory... that is the mark of true musical talent and a group such as Hurl shouldn't be accessible to just any casual listener. Thank god for non-commercial radio. Six songs clocking in at 28 minutes. And what a lovely 28 minutes it is. DO (My Pal God/PO Box 13335/Chicago, IL 60613)



photo by Jeremy Dyer

FORCEFEDGLASS • *When Backs Are Turned...* CD

Frantic and chaotic emo influenced craziness from some folks that were in a little known band called Bastian. The vocals are an almost inaudible blur of screaming which blends in as best it can with the violent assault of chaoscore, and the lyrics are pretty much one liners that mean nothing to me but are probably meaningful to the one doing the screaming. Probably influenced by bands such as Frail and Honeywell. KM (\$5 to Pensive Recording Group/65 Pacific St./Rockland, MA 02370)

THE GREY A.M. • *Move The Monuments East* CD

Melodic and emotive indie rock played with plenty of spunk. This is the sort of stuff that I would put in the same genre as Jazz June, Promise Ring, Mid Carson July, etc., etc... Light melodic stuff with personal lyrics. Not the sort of stuff I generally am interested in, and The Grey A.M. was a real exception. I found *Move The Monuments East* to be lacking of the sort of substance or soul that is necessary to make this sound appealing. KM (Fiddler Records/PO Box 330667/Miami, FL 33233)

THE HADES KICK • *7"*

I've listened to this seven inch so many times, each time uninspired. The sound is even toned, college rock melody that is very smooth and fine tuned. For me, it lacks substance enough to really suck me in—but they still do the style well. My buddy Tim sat through a few minutes of it and then said, "This is crap. I want to kill everyone of these neo-emo/post-Christie Front Drive earors. Thank you." This should have gone to Dylan. LO (Thick As Thieves/PO Box 7774/Austin, TX 78713)

HAYWIRE • Mad Cow Disease 7"

Fast punk from Britain that reminds me of Remission and Kill The Man Who Questions. The lyrics are more-or-less about society and the music seems to fit around the lyrics, instead of the other way around, with many rhyming lines. It comes with a Blind Destruction catalogue with a lot of records on it, and a bunch of addresses for organizations around the UK. All of the songs have that fast punk beat running throughout them. RG (Blind Destruction/Box 29, 82 Colston St./Bristol/BS1 5BB/UK)

HERS NEVER EXISTED • Cotton Croch 7"

I don't know if that's really the title of the record, but whatever. They're all girl trio from Berkeley who really rock me with their rocking punk rock. Maybe they kind of sound like The Third Sex (who I have only seen in concert), but are more punk. The music is very well played and it gets me moving. They have a rolling feel similar to The Party Of Helicopters. Very good, and I would love to see them live. Interesting cover. RG (Big Mama Records/PO Box 1161/Berkeley, CA 94701)

HARBOR • 7"

Harbor claims to be only two guys, John and James, but there is a drummer for the song on the first side, Matt, and the second side has Marc performing "various instrumentations here." Of course, Marc's song, "Radiance," sounds like a normal instrumental song with all of the needed instruments used, not an overly weird experimental thing. The song on the first side reminded me of a mellow Pearl Jam song. Maybe "Black" or something. RG (Fluxer Records/PO Box 944/San Mateo, CA 94403)

HARVEST • Transitions CD

I don't know how I managed to get this past Kent. This is one of the best things I've heard in a long time. For those of you who have never heard them, Harvest plays the metal-influenced, chugga-hardcore, but unlike most who do so, Harvest plays it well. Good start-stops, great scream-y vocals. I have listened to this time and time and time again since I got it. This CD contains 4 new songs and contains a bunch more off of various comps, 7", etc. Good good good. GD (Trustkill/23 Farm Edge Lane/Tinton Falls, NJ 07724)

HIS HERO IS GONE • Fool's Gold 7"

I guess this isn't a new release, since these six songs originally appeared on the His Hero Is Gone/Union Of Uranus split 12", but these six songs are re-recorded and re-mastered, and ultimately this 7" blows 12" material away. They may well be the same songs, but this 7" sounds a whole hell of a lot better. Totally awesome. Heavy and sick and very His Hero Is Gone. The Jerry's Kids cover rounds it all out. Great fucking record. KM (Great American Steak Religion/Coalition Records)

I WISH I • CD

Melodic post-hardcore rock with an epic feel. A contemplative mood is focused by the plaintive vocals and coalescing guitars. Tension is built and released through various constructs, escaping to quiet moments, only to bomb back in with the rhythm and guitars. The quieter elements expressed through these variations temper the intensity nicely and provide a solid framing for the more impassioned songs. The intense tracks center along the vocals, launching guitar forays that circle and recombine with the drumming. This CD is enjoyable and easily avoids monotony. 1ST (Dim Mak Records/PO Box 14041/Santa Barbara, CA 93107)

IDI AMIN • Allstars 7"

This should appeal to people interested in noise and experimental sounds. Swirling guitars and electronics in an organic construction of feedback, the lowest frequencies creating the feel of a cauldron, while the higher frequencies emanate from the gaseous bursts of a bellowed furnace. Suggestions of lawn mowers and summer insects complete the sound. Other moments are more cohesive rock with a heavy psychedelic guitar feel coupled to hardcore vocals, an effect that conjures images of Liquorball. The last tracks are blowing window panes out hardcore. Guitars and bass dominate through mondo-distortion, while the drumming provides good reinforcement and accenting to the vocals. This is hard to put on the map for sure, but an interesting release nonetheless. 1ST (Dwie Strong Medalu Records/PO Box 55/58-260 Bielawa/Poland)

INFILCTED SPOON • Their Money Or Your Life CD

A raw, old school hardcore punk sound that initially reminds me of Code Of Honor, and has some other moments of So Cal hardcore circa 1981. Contains some fairly playful songs with unrefined musicianship that provide a cool DIY feel to go along with the personal political views. Frankly, the rawness of this music makes a hell of a lot more sense on a 7" rather than a CD, and I bet Inflicted Spoon would have a fun live show because there's this spirit of the Big Boys surfacing off and on. Enjoyable overall. 1ST (PO Box 11362/Raleigh, NC 27604)

INK & DAGGER • The Fine Art Of Original Sin CD

Eight new songs from Philadelphia's vampires. Unfortunately, their waning inspiration comes through in these tunes. The first couple songs are akin to their better stuff, not unlike "The Shadow" or "Full Circle" from their first CD. From that point on the songs aren't very catchy and the 2 dance mixes are downright painful for any punk rocker. Most of the lyrics stick to the whole vampire theme, but the metaphors are more and more strained. I can't imagine they'll have much good material for a third CD. LO (Initial Records/PO Box 17131/Louisville, KY 40217)

INOPPOSITION • 7"

Fast punk rock with similar structure to Crudos. The songs all have more-or-less political lyrics. The vocals aren't really the best. The kind of sounds like a kid whose voice just changed. But the songs have good meanings, so I can't help but like this. Included are a bunch of addresses to active political and meatless organizations. RG (Kiss The Goat Records, but they don't have an address, so: PO Box 101763/Denver, CO 80250)

INSIDE • Seven Inches To Wall Drug CD

Inside is seriously one of the best emo/indie rock bands I've heard in a really long time. The vocals are sooo good. Music is fantastic. Live they rock as well. All fans of the indie rock/emo genre really should check this out. Pretty parts accentuated by a few heavy parts, great vocals, what more could you ask for? This CD contains all three 7's, a few comp songs, and a live recording recorded last spring when they played A Sometime Promise's last show. What more could you want? RG (Motherbox/60 Denton Ave./East Rockaway, NY 11518)

ISIS • The Mosquito Control CD

Powerful hardcore/meta with a little weirdness mixed in. Sort in the vein of Spaceboy, with weird ambient things going on in between some songs, and lyrics about mosquitoes, in contrast to Spaceboy's lyrics about smoking pot and going on space adventures. The music also at times reminds me of Golgotha, or at least having some of that European influence. It appears from a picture of them that they have two people who play drums, or at least one of them plays a couple drums, but I don't think I picked that up on this recording. There are four long songs on this CD. I like this a lot, the songs don't have many fast parts, but they do contain a lot of heaviness within a reasonable pace. A full length would be nice. RG (Escape Artist/PO Box 363/West Chester, PA 19381-0363)

IRE • I Discern An Overture Of Tragedy In Your Voice CD

I saw Ire play a few months ago and enjoyed them. They trudge slowly and agonizingly along with heavy, power metal/hardcore. I keep waiting for the songs to speed up but they never do. There are only four songs on this CD, but all of them are very long. They each have about a million times where it slows down until it sounds as if it will build up into a fast part, but that fast part never comes. Tempo changes occur very often, and I think I figured out that each one lasts about as long as the speed of itself. For instance, a fast part will not last long at all, while a slow part will last very long, and so on. The vocals are very predictable, they sound like a high-pitched hoarse growl that doesn't take a lot of energy to pump out. More variation would be nice. But I still like this record. RG (The Mountain Cooperative/PO Box 220320/Greenpoint Post Office/Brooklyn, NY 11222-9997)

JETS TO BRAZIL • Orange Rhyming Dictionary CD

Having been a rather obsessed Jawbreaker devotee, I was especially eager to hear of anything that might arise from the ashes of the band whose spirit and meaningfulness in my life were unequalled. When my boyfriend surprised me with a promotional copy of this CD on our summer trip to Yosemite, I was ecstatic, but a bit tentative considering my unreasonably high expectations. Hearing Blake's raspy voice emanating from the car's speakers assured me right away that I was going to fall in love with this band. (In case you've been living under a rock, Jets To Brazil is the "post-hardcore supergroup" fronted by Blake Schwarzenbach of Jawbreaker, as well as members of the Van Pelt, Texas Is The Reason, and Handsome.) From upbeat, sing-along pop-punk to incurably romantic love songs and dark, extraordinarily literate songs contemplating writer's block and suicide, this is a testament to classic songwriting. Each member is obviously talented in their own right, yet blend together with seaworthy tightness. And Blake again proves his lyrical genius with bright observations and poetic storytelling. "Double-edged and super blue/vertically letting the light from you/casting a new darkness through the room/angels lay their odds on you/know not quite what they should do/only that they can't quite tear themselves from view." Even my boyfriend, who generally dislikes the genre from which Jets To Brazil was born, didn't complain when I kept pressing the repeat button throughout our long drive. Since then, I've seen this band play live more times than I'm willing to admit. Each time, I was enraptured by their charismatic and spirited show, of which Orange Rhyming Dictionary wonderfully captures the essence. SGL (Jade Tree Records/2310 Kennwynn Rd./Wilmington, DE 19810)

JUDGEMENT • Night Brings 7"

Another thrashing Japanese hardcore with jerky Rancid style vocals on side A and mixed nutty ass boxed vocals on the other. The music is energetic, clean, and made angry by frequent crashes. Late '80s style Japanese on a two song 7" that makes you just a little bit hungry for more. JI (H:G Fact/401 Hongo-M/2-36-2 Yayoi-Cho/Nakano-Ku/Tokyo 164-0013/Japan)

KEystone SINATRA • 7"

Keystone Sinatra comes to us from Sweden and plays a really eclectic mix of One Hundred Words For Snow, Promise Ring, Get Up Kids and Weston. Weird. Poppy, then driving, then indie-rocking. Pretty good, with some rough spots and strange transitions... The vinyl is this translucent murky gray, the lyrics are vague (and fairly meaningless to me) in a Promise Ring style. The packaging is sparse and clean. There are four songs on the 33rpm 7", and all in, is quite a find. Not terribly ground-breaking, but very nice to listen to. Keystone Sinatra is on their way, especially with singy ballad-style numbers like "De La Hoya." Very nice. DO (The Diving Empire/Fogdårdsv. 19/243 34 Hörn/Sweden)

KID DYNAMITE • CD

I actually had to check to make sure that I had the right CD playing when I first listened to this. I swore it was Avail on a day when the singer had a sore throat. These four guys from Philadelphia, including a Lifetime alumna, do classic punk rock with all of the explosive energy that their name implies. Driving guitars, simple, disenchanted lyrics and rousing anthems that sound like they're being sung by dozens of kids with fists in the air—elements that guarantee to attract a following. I found the CD a little bereft of originality, and it was nearly impossible to differentiate one song from another. On the bright side, I saw Kid Dynamite open for Jets To Brazil and they played with such an excited, infallible spirit that you couldn't help but be roped in as well. SGL (Jade Tree/2310 Kennwynn Rd./Wilmington, DE 19810)

KIMUSAWEA • Kurze Abhandlung Vom Menschen... LP

This LP combines really cool abstract, artistic material and direct punk rock. Each song has many layers, giving it a really full sound. Kimusawea have an intense sound that doesn't quit. A lot of German bands have this engaging style, but the female vocals bring in a hint of Nausea that can't be ignored. One track goes deep into a trance-like groove that reminded me of Neurosis. The packaging is also really impressive. The lyrics are printed in varnish on the back cover; a nice effect, but it does make them hard to read at times. A superb record. LO (Nabate/BP 92/4000 Liege 1/Belgium)

KITO • 12"

Mix 400 Years with His Hero Is Gone and a few out of place harmonies. Average to pretty good in range, depending upon song. While I love both the above bands, this band does not quite reach the splendor of either, merely rocking on an average level. GD (Flat Earth Records/PO Box 169/Bradford/BD1 2UJ/UK)

KNUCKLEHEAD • 7"

Racey, grindy, crusty Japanese hardcore with animalistic lyrics to satisfy the demon in you. This 7" is a delightful mix of Bad Acid Trip grind as well as Swedish rhythm and Doomcore pace. Definitely brutal and a must for your Japanese collection. JI (H:G Fact/401 Hongo-M/2-36-2 Yayoi-Cho/Nakano-Ku/Tokyo 164-0013/Japan)

KRUSH • Murder Rhythms 2x7"

I knew this was weird from the start. The band recorded music and then had different people sing about whatever issues were on their mind. Most of the music is sloppy hardcore with a lot of different vocals. The weirdest is the one guy screaming about how if you see a woman on the street and she has a run coat on you should kick the shit out of her. I thought that was extreme. NS (Beyond Records c/o Thorsten Fuchshuber/Hauptstrasse 67/70354 Eisingen/Germany)

LIMECELL • 7"

Rock'n'roll with a sense of humor, kind of garage meets metal. Really simple lyrics about stalking... and a song about "crazy Dave." Similar sound to previous bands I've heard on Headache, though not my cup of tea. Recommended for those who like Motorhead. M (Headache/PO Box 204/Midland, NJ 07432)

THE LOUDMOUTHS • Spit It Out 7"

Just plain awful punk rawk. GD (702 Records/PO Box 204/Reno, NV 89504)

LEFT FOR DEAD • Splitting Heads CD

The Left For Dead CD discography finally sees the light of day. Sixteen tracks of brutal hardcore that could only come from the wasteland's of Canada. No pretty melodies or soft interludes; Left For Dead deliver a blow to the head with anger and hate. Their lyrical content goes straight for the throat with nothing but negative energy; "Pulling Teeth," for example, depicts suicide as the ultimate act of self determination. The CD includes eleven live tracks, for a total of twenty-seven tracks. Ugly, pessimistic, and intentional. Well done. KM (Phyte Records)

LYNNRD'S INNARDS • Houston, We Have A Problem 7"

Ok, side one has got a decent pop tune worth a couple listens. Not original, but catchy. Side two's got more mid-tempo pop punk but the catchiness is lacking a bit and the Buzzcocks cover is just blaaaa. ADI (Harmless Records/1437 W Hood/Chicago, IL 60660)

MAD MINORITY • Vacuum 7"

Very emotionally driven hardcore. I hate to point this out, but I do not mean "emo." Most of the songs are sung in German, where they are from, and a few are in English. Since I got this I have listened to it many times, and lately it has hardly left my turntable. The music is sometimes heavy, sometimes bouncy, and sometimes fast. There are six songs of nice length, all bringing out a sense of positivity, yet also emotional strangeness, though perfectly executed hardcore. RG (Operation Mindfuck c/o Sascha Jankowski/Haltenhoff Str. 8/30167 Hannover/Germany)

MAINSTRIKE • No Passing Phase CD

Ten more songs from Holland's Mainstrike. They are keeping the spirit of '88 style straight edge alive with a fervor and passion; strong guitars, sing-a-longs, and big fat magic marker X's on their hands. They even have the bonus track tagged as song number 88. There was a time when this was the only sort of music that I ever listened to, and Mainstrike does a good job of reminding me why that music was so vital and powerful. Energetic and bombastic. No passing fad, indeed. KM (Crucial Response/Kaisersfeld 98/46047 Oberhausen/Germany)

THE MAN I FELL IN LOVE WITH • Dis Yourself CD

This CD has seven news songs of light, easy college rock. Some people might still call it indie rock, but college rock suits it just as well. Each tune sort of wails along in the air with a subtle melody. There is an overall liquid quality to their songs, similar to bands like Antarctica or Christie Front Drive. While they do this stuff well, for me the CD was disengaging background noise. LO (Keyston Ember Records/PO Box 1798/Wilkes-Barre, PA 18703)

MANCHURIAN CANDIDATES • Dead New World 7"

The thing I liked about this was that the lyrics were in English and Chinese and/or Japanese (sorry, I don't know). That is about all that thrilled me. Crappy hardcore with vocals that seem to almost die from exhaustion; songs like he is going to faint. NS (Denied A Custom/3-5-12-106 Hsinghagad/Narita-Shi/Cniba 286-0037/Japan)

MURDER-SUICIDE PACT • Lobotomy Kit 7"

Four more tracks from Murder-Suicide Pact and another Mad Marc Rude cover design. I would argue that these songs are much better than the songs that appeared on the Murder-Suicide Pact LP even though these songs were apparently recorded at the same time as the LP songs. I would chalk that up to the fact that a 7" is short and to the point. With the 7" Murder-Suicide Pact get in and get out, where as with the 12" they linger a bit too long. In any event, the sound is speedy to mid-tempo '80s hardcore done with anger and power. Short and sweet, or is that "short (fast) and sweat(y)" in this case? KM (\$3 to Burrito Records/PO Box 3204/Brandon, FL 33509-3204)

MAR • Solitude Of Many 7"

Mar play fast, crazy and intense hardcore that falls somewhere between Rorschach and Union Of Uranus. Those influences come to mind, but I am not sure they can always be heard. If the recording were a little clearer, this record would be great. As it stands, it is still pretty good. Plus they have a thorough booklet with lyrics and commentary about the songs. LO (Windmill Records c/o Stefan Kauschitz/Siebenbrunnenpl. 3-32/1050 Wien/Austria)

MELTDOWN • 7"

Pushing along with a furious sound, Meltdown play energetic, strong hardcore that gets your foot tapping. Their slower part drawn on the current groaning style of tougher straight edge bands. Right now I am sick out of my mind and can't really read their lyrics because the font is kind of crazy and I am not all here. Unfortunate, since they seem to be of the personal nature. LO (S.O.A. Records/Via Oderisi Da Gubbio 67-69/00146 Roma/Italy)

THE MEN OF HELL • The Return Of The Gods LP

Damm. Metal hardcore that is very German. Thick and heavy with some solid metal parts and a bit of melody. The aesthetic is metal up your ass with a cover shot of Wolverine ripping his shirt off in a fit of ebullient anger. The Men Of Hell do this sound really well. I enjoyed listening, and would recommend this to anyone that likes the German sound. Lyrics in German. KM (Maximum Voice c/o Andre Sieg/Postfach 26/04256 Leipzig/Germany)

MONTH OF BIRTHDAYS • 7"

A mysterious 7" with minimal information for a wacky band that fuses off-time jazziness with female vocals that strike me as sort of Bjork-ish (and maybe the singer from the Pretenders), but not nearly as captivating. This thing is a tough call, since musically it sounds like they'd be really hectic live, but on the record, it is somewhat droning, due in part to the recording or mixing... vocals too high, everything else too bassy. I'd call it interesting, but it is sometimes more boring than interesting... so I suppose it is intriguing. Lots of noodling around and time changes, but the monotony of the vocals and the weird tones keep me from really digging this. Pretty cover, no insert and so-so vinyl. DO (Subjugation/PO Box 191/Darlington/DL3 8YN/United Kingdom)

MOL • Dos Mundos 7"

Kind of weird technical stuff. Good drumming that just goes all over the place, sometimes a little too all over, and you have to wonder, "what the hell is going on?" I think this would really work if the singing was different. There is definite potential for some good crossover metal stuff. They are from Spain and the words are sung in that language. Spanish, or something like that? The lyrics are about immigration, politics, some apocalyptic stuff, and even UFOs. If I look at this music as sort of a crossover between hardcore and Dio, then this is actually quite creative. Yes, I think I'll call this Pogrom-esque style music, and now my opinion is that it's pretty good. RG (Mala Raza/Apdo. C. 603/7/50080 Zaragoza/Spain)



MARGO KUSO • 7"

Art rockin stuff with a bouncy punkish side that is sort of catchy sometimes. Lyrically they are nothing special. This is well played, and shows definite musical ability, but this is really not my thing, I don't find it interesting at all. If this sounds good to you then you will probably like it. ARB (Mitch/105 East 2nd St. Apt. A/New York, NY 10009)

MAN VS. HUMANITY • Anti Imperialist Culture Sound 7"

This is a great 7" in every respect. The music is harsh and aggressive while being interesting and powerful. The artistic design is top notch, with great use of images and color. The lyrics are thoughtful and intelligent. Everything is very well done, though I do find it annoying that one side plays on 45 rpm and the other on 33 rpm. As a side note, "Truth Is A Lie" is amazingly similar to something I wrote in an insert I did for the Econochrist - Another Victim 7". The similarities are startling. KM (Paracelsius/Hambergstr. 12/37124 Rosdorf/Germany)

MORAL PANIC • Whispers From The Qu'apelle CD

Political hardcore that encompasses a variety of stylistic approaches, from metallic hardcore to melodic punk and grind. At times I'm reminded of Submission Hold, Capitalist Casualties, even Fugazi when Moral Panic periodically embraces subtle guitar and rhythmic structures. The musical variation is nice and ties the entire CD together into a flux of emotion and expression, sometimes cohesive and driving, other times falling apart into a disarray of frustration and anger. The politics expressed are fairly socialist/communist, and sometimes verge on Soviet apologetics, but are underlined more generally by the war against global capitalism, free market reform, and consumerism. The CD makes good use of time by including a 34 minute Michael Parenti talk to round out the political sentiment. Quite good overall. 1ST (358 Halifax St./Regina, SK/S4R 1T2/Canada)

NAILED DOWN • Honour And Glory 8" flexi

Eight more thrashers from Nailed Down along with two live tracks. At least two of these are from Nailed Down's "Violent Distortion 10", and the sound quality is nowhere near as good as on the 10". In fact I would describe the sound quality as horrible. I wouldn't recommend this 10" to anyone that wasn't already into Nailed Down. Check out their 10" and skip this poor sounding flexi. KM (Six Weeks/225 Lincoln Avenue/Cotati, CA 94931)

NARSAK • Vatra 7"

Side 1-slow, not very good metal. Side 2-fast, not very good metal. Not much connecting here. GD (Per Koro Records c/o Stickfigure Mailorder/PO Box 55462/Atlanta, GA 30308)

NETWORK 34 • CD

Emo-screamo. Fast parts, breakdowns, but keeping in the high, pleasant end. They don't get into the popular metal zone, rather staying with their own particular style. Screamy vocals are great. Music is ok to better than average. All in all an ok release. I guess they won't be releasing any more because as they noted, "everything dies" as did this band in '96. Oh well. GD (Planaria Recordings/PO Box 21340/Washington, DC 20009)

NOUMENA • Regression Now For The Future CD

Two tracks at 50:20 minutes. This CD contains two long tracks of dual guitar improvisation recorded live to two tracks. Track one begins with somewhat sparse arrangements of beeps and buzz progressing into longer intertwined lines of relaxed sound exploration. Track two relies more on distortion and effects. The twin guitars produce a dense structure of sharp edges and deeply curved rumbling. One guitar generates a circular whirl, like a space ship floating over some distant hills, that is pleasant enough alone. Add to that the alternating splashes of wailing and frying distortion from the other guitar and you get some fine foggy day music. SJS (Noumena/1412 Beers School Rd. Room 204/Moon Township, PA 15108)

ONE FINE DAY • Tough Guys Anthems CD

Italy's finest coming out to play a Grade-style of hardcore that has lots of chunks and then smoothes out momentarily to sound sweet and melodic. These guys opt for more of the former, but it's a nice blend, for sure. You'll need the lyric sheet to understand what the hell is being said, but happily, they DO include it. From here, it looks as though they hit some of the popular hardcore themes of "staying true," not getting complacent, and struggling against pre-set conceptions and prejudices. Good stuff, even written pretty well in English...thankfully for me (the stupid monolingual American). I approve and most should, if you're into mush-mouth melodic hardcore with slight metal overtones. Includes a cover of The Beatles' "Daytripper," too... schweet, man. Schweet. 8 songs, 27 minutes. DO (Impression Recordings/Eric Muehsamstr. 35/09112 Chemnitz/Germany)

ONLY YOU • CD

Whiny vocals with matchingly irritating music. As far as their style, Only You play a meld of pop-punk and emo-rock occasionally a cool part emerges, only to be ruined by the next or the vocals. The screamy vocals do this band well, but most songs are ruined by the singing involved, mostly due to the nature of the vocalist's singing style. There is not much more I can say about this. GD (Only You/3309 23 Ave. S/Seattle, WA 98144)

OUT COLD • No Eye Contact 7"

This is called the Euro edition of this record. They are from the US, but it is released on a company from Holland. The song structure on all of the songs are all done with the fast punk rock beat, yelled vocals, and choruses and such. It's not a bad record, but nothing outstanding. At times it seems like they might want to sound somewhat like Econochrist, but they don't really. I am not much of a fan of repeating choruses in hardcore records. RG (Kangaroo Records/Middenweg 13/1098 AA Amsterdam/The Netherlands)

OVERFLOW • Protected By The Badge 7"

I can picture a lower budget surf video using Overflow. They got the punch, the melodic punch with the one-two count driving home 4 songs of pop punk. From Croatia, they don't stay far from your ordinary pop punk band, keeping the chords simple and fast. However, pop punk here in the USA has become a commodity for the growing "MTV movement" which allows them to pitch in thousands of dollars on production so you can hear that bass drum just right. Overflow definitely doesn't have that appeal which makes it that much more raw and messy. For Overflow, punk rock should sound raw and messy steering away from all that high production garbage that taints the good nature of our subculture. SA (Broccoli Records/Postfach 1612/72606 Nürtingen/Germany)

PCP • 7"

Political hardcore/crust from Holland. They have two female vocalists, often ranging over to a genderless sound. The music is similar in some ways to fellow Netherlanders Seein' Red. Has members from the bands Fleas and Lice/Catweazle. All of the songs are fast and powerful, and I was particularly impressed with the guitar and its craziness. The lyrics are all intelligent, mostly dealing with society and politics. An excellent debut slab of vinyl. RG (Resuscitate Records/PO Box 324/7900 AH Hoogeveen/Holland)

PARASITOS • Planeta Volcan 12"

Fuck, I had the hardest time trying to find out what this band was called. This is band is label mates with Ghetto who I just got done writing about. I'm going to try to steer clear of reviewing Mala Raza releases in the future; it's not that the records are bad, I just have a lot of trouble drawing comparisons and the sound is a bit foreign to me. Anyway, Parasitos are kinda bizarre and kinda hardcore with effected guitars. Sounds like if Sesame Street did a punk rock album but in a scary good way. Rather diverse stuff with female and male vocals with parts ranging from straight melody to crazy tom driven Boredomish parts. ADI (Mala Raza/Adpo. C. 603/50080 Zaragoza/Spain)

PEAWEES • This Is Rock'n'roll CD

Read the title of this CD again. That's what PeaWees are all about. The cover makes them look like they came straight off of "Happy Days." The Fonzi would be down with this. Awesome, straight-forward four-chord rock, with really well done anthems/sing-along vocals. Good job. GOR (Mother Box Records/60 Denton Ave./East Rockaway, NY 11518) or (Fridge Records/via Rovigo 11/20132 Milano/Italy)

PROFAN • CD

Weird metal stuff that is influenced by hardcore and uses a lot of samples and effects. The sound is eerie and odd. At times the music is incredibly rhythmic setting up an almost drug like feel. The lyrics seem to be in German as is all the printed text, which may or may not be lyrics. The production is very powerful and very slick. It is all well done. I enjoyed the trip. KM (Pandemonium Records/Herscheid 12/42799 Leichlingen/Germany)

PLACEBO • 7"

Placebo are a quintet of French Canadians from Montreal. Their songs roll along nicely, but aren't overly stimulating. While the insert is in French, I couldn't tell what language the vocals were in because they were of the yelting muted muddy type. I think Dylan calls it mush mouth. The sleeve is so gorgeous it led me to believe it would be a great record, but the music was too repetitive for me to really get into. DF (PO Box 524/Station C/ Montreal, PQ/H2L 4K4/Canada)

PLUG • Resound CD

Noisy punk. Noisy in a really unconnected, meaningless way. Actually, much of this seems unconnected and meaningless. Not something I will ever consider listening to again. GD (Straight Up Records/Kowa 2/F/Mammi-2NISHI-1Chouou-KU/Sapporo 060/Japan)

PLUNGER • 12"

Just why this 12" is in the review box is a mystery to me. Apparently it was released in 1997, but what the hell... It's comforting to think that Plunger could have still been around, since it seems as though lately there is no continuity or constancy in this world. This group, headed by one Tom Lomacchio (also of the Deadwood Divine), takes us back to the days of Moss Icon and the bands that couldn't help but release their energy through poetry and intricate guitarwork and bursts of life. A precursor to the downfall/over-polishing of the genre, Plunger is raw enough to bring Rites Of Spring to mind and unique enough to hold their own amidst the hordes of today's Johnny-come-latelys... Plunger is/was an excellent band with plenty to say and they said it is a pleasant (but not overly-wimpy) way. Nice packaging and is also for fans of Bob Tilton. DO (Planaria/PO Box 32123/Washington, DC 20007)

POISON THE WELL • Distance Only Makes... CD

I guess it is safe to say that the metal influenced yet melodic hardcore sound has become a style in and of itself. Poison The Well is mired deep in that sound. The production is slick and metallic with lots of heavy guitar, and yet the music can be catchy and a bit melodic with pleasant singing mixed with slightly harsh and rough screaming. Two singers, six tracks, and two guitars. KM (Goodlife Recordings/PO Box 114/8500 Kortrijk/Belgium)

THE POSERS • 7"

With songs like "Body Bag" and "Fuck Off and Die," The Posers are among the ranks of innumerable independent musicians who are disgusted with the world they live in. The size of these ranks makes it hard to stand our and although The Posers have produced some decent songs with an old school slant, they inevitably become engulfed by the masses. Nice artwork and overall job, but needs something more for me. DF (Oink Records/PO Box 27813/Washington DC 20038)

POSITIVE NEGATIVE • For How Much Longer... 7"

Positive Negative do full and furious punk rock. Their thick sounds mixed with direct punk stylings make a nice layer of rough sound. I have their split 7" with Detestation, but don't remember them sounding this good. The topics for their songs aren't anything new to this style, but they do express themselves well. At least, much better than in the title for this record. A cool record. LO (Fight Records/Turtolanmäenkatu 6 D 31/3710 Tampere/Finland)

PRESSGANG • Self Destroyed 7"

Pressgang plays bursty, spazzy (not the band, the word) punk rock. Very creative parts, good tempo changes. The vocalist at times sounds like Brown Shawn of Swiz, but it's not. Maybe it's the similarity to Swiz that made me think that. Pressgang is similar to Swiz in many ways, but where Swiz went rock, Pressgang goes punk/hardcore. This 7" revitalized my faith in punk music. The packaging seemed nice, although I think the reason it seemed nice was because the packaging on all the other Bloodlink releases I own is really bad. All in all a good 7". GD (Bloodlink/PO Box 7414/Philadelphia, PA 19101)

THE PROMISE RING • Boys + Girls CDep *

Our pride of the north is back with another reminder of their gift to put butterflies into the stomachs of boys and girls everywhere. You know these guys. They stay true to form in this three song release with the infectious, I-dare-you-to-try-and-not-dance-to-this tunes they're known for. Something I love about The Promise Ring (okay... there's nothing I don't love about this Milwaukee quartet) is that they're getting better and better without changing course, seemingly unaffected by their success. The first two songs are exemplary of the clever, abstruse lyrics with sentimental tendencies and fetching melodies that never fail to put a grin on my face. "By the way I say your name I always know, by the way, I always say your name." I'm a sucker for this stuff. The third track, however, is a dulcet little afterthought which won't be missed if you pick up the vinyl version. Hearts are sure to melt with this one, even in the frozen tundra from which The Promise Ring hail. Five stars. SGL (Jade Tree/2310 Kennwynn Rd./Wilmette, DE 19810)

PROVIDENCE UNION • 7"

Two songs here. Both are emotive and yet powerful. Starting out mellow, exploding with some harder power, and dropping back to a lighter groove. Slightly chaotic at the peak of the energy, and utilizing variation well, with solid rhythms. Singing that is just strained enough to retain some sense of a raw edge. Decent. Lyrics are personal. KM (Gin & Catatonic Records/116 NW 12th St./Gainesville, FL 32601)

QUEERFISH • 7"

The first song is happy pop-punk with really bad somewhat dramatic Eddy Vedder/Hootie and The Brofish type vocals. The next song is metallic-hardcore with screamed vocals, and it is much better than the first song. Both songs are very catchy. The first song on the other side starts out like the first song I heard, and then it starts moving into some strange straight-edge breakdown with gang vocals. The next song starts out sounding like really bad ska, and then it starts becoming gang-vocal straight-edge, and then it ends off in fast pop-punk style. A very strange sporadic record. GOR (Per Koro/Humboldstr. 116/28203 Bremen/Germany)

RACEBANNON • Master Control Program 7"

This 7" is much better than their last record. This recording actually captures something more than flat music. The songs go back and forth between drawn out slow parts and crazy unions of discord and screaming. Still, Racebannon are incredibly minimal. I'd like to compare them to charged hardcore bands like Reversal Of Man or Inert that play basically the same arrangement, but something in the approach makes it different and makes me want to compare them to a band like Black Dice. Maybe it's the freaky sound bites between the songs that sound like clips from David Lynch movies. LO (The Great Vinton Mystery)

RADIOACTIVE TOYS • Kings Of The Rhumba Beat LP

Sometimes sounds like it has some traces of drunk punk rock. But it is a lot better than most (all) of that stuff I have heard. A lot faster as well. Some of the songs have horns in them, which adds a nice touch. For some reason, the lyrics are only printed for seven of the songs, and there are fourteen songs total. Lots of the songs sound like they might be just about drinking and such, and a few of them are, but most of them have more intelligent lyrics. The songs range from being fast hardcore, to fast, somewhat bouncy punk, to anthem-type songs. They are from Germany. RG (Revolution Inside c/o Le Sabot/Briete Str. 76/53111 Bonn/Germany)

RIPCORDZ • Is That A Squeegie In Your Pocket... CD

Melodic, rockin', beer drinking, let's slam around, political punk rock with a few interesting songs which are drowning in a cesspool of mediocrity. At least they have choruses. KM (Underworld Records/10738 Milles/Montreal, Quebec/H2C 2E6/Canada)

RADON • Aw Geez! LP

Wow, the stuff on No Idea really is strange. Sometimes there is nothing else to compare it to than other No Idea releases. So, in the spirit of being cyclical, this reminds me of Fay Wray. But there are some differences... Radon is poppy, rocky, and catchy—even though it is easy to hate. At best, they remind me of The Replacements or Gray Matter. Not that either of those bands were ever this relentlessly upbeat, but somewhere on the second side Radon really picks up that affect. LO (\$7 to No Idea Records)

REVEAL • Through The Eyes... CD

This is one of the better things that I have heard on Good Life. The music is hard and explosive with the metal mosh influence being very dominant. The production is crisp and clean, as all Good Life releases are. Reveal has above average lyrics with songs about religious faith, domestic violence, corporate mind control, and of course a song titled "Evil Empire" that utilizes the demonic imagery that is required by mosh metal influenced hardcore law. The design and content and music all come together quite well, and I would have to give this one the McClard seal of approval. KM (Good Life Records/PO Box 114/8500 Kortrijk/Belgium)

THE RAPTURE • 7"

The quirkiness of Modest Mouse combined with some DC influenced keyboards. The vocals seem like they try to reach too far for that Modest Mouse feel. Since Modest Mouse are in a completely different world it is easily recognizable when a band tries to reach that enlightenment. I'm sure they play a good live show though because all the instrumentation gives off that magnetic energy that can't be clearly felt through a record. In all, I don't recommend this short 2 song 7" but I would book them a show at the Pickle Patch. SA (Hymnal Sound/1892 A Market St./San Francisco, CA 94102)

RAW POWER • Reptile House CD

Fast speedy punk. I just listened to it and I can't remember anything about it other than that, which should say something. GD (Westworld/Box 2091/Tucson, AZ 85702)

THE RECEIVERS • Dropout 7"

Catchy stuff. It reminds me of the Foo Fighters a little bit. It sounds like they're writing theme songs for really bad '80s TV shows. Awesome sing-along vocals. This is worth getting if you like bay area pop-punk. GOR (Cheetah's Records/PO Box 4442/Berkeley, CA 94704)

SAETIA • CD

SWEET! I love this. Emo that is a lot harder than usual, or is it hardcore that gets soft and then hard again in a matter of seconds? I don't know, I just know I like it. The layout is real cool too. NS (PO Box 220320/Greenpoint Post Office/Brooklyn, NY 11222)

SCATHA • Birth, Life, And Death 12"

First thing I noticed was that I could not in any way shape or form tell what they were saying. So I approach the lyric book to find out what's going on, but the lyrics were nothing spectacular and I found myself thinking, "maybe it's better I can't understand them." Musically, Scatha is not half bad. Heavy speedy hardcore relents rarely in its onslaught. Not much else. GD (Flat Earth/PO Box 169/Bradford/BD1 2UJ/UK)

SCHRASJ • 7"

Just about as '60s/'70s as a cover can get and the music, complete with funky basslines, diddling guitar notes and low-key female vocals... pretty intriguing. A toned-down !!! crossbed with one of those lo-fi indie bands like Low or Ida, maybe. This 7" is pretty lengthy and some might consider that a fault, since the energy level is so... well... non-existent for the better part of the record. It has a tendency to drag, but some of you folks out there might get a kick out of it. I can't see myself listening to this with any regularity, but my experience was pleasant enough. One of those records that is intended to help you with the transition from day to night and conscious to sub-conscious. DO (Rocket Racer/PO Box 620173/San Diego, CA 92162-0713)

SELFISH • Joy Of The Industrial Society 7"

Selfish play stuff in the typical hardcore crust genre, you've heard it before. Nothing too spectacular. The lyrics discuss the destruction of nature and genetic engineering, which is a plus. Lots of cheesy solo parts and one song with the sound of a bomb exploding! I guess this is ok. ARB (Pekantie 26/58500 Punkaharju/Finland)

STACK • Selbstfindungsgruppe 6"

Solid and brutal, Germany's Stack play the heavy handed hardcore with a zat-slid-load of power. Stack were one of the German bands to help originate the heavy and thick German sound that has become so popular today. This new 6" stands as some heavily condemning proof of that fact. KM (Coalition Records)

SET APART • *Within The Guiding Hands 7"*
Chugging emotional hardcore, most of the time staying relatively slow and driving. Sometimes the drumming gets technical that I can't help but wondering where the beat has gone. The singing sounds like Slave One, and the music, especially the wailing guitars, is similar as well. This is a good record, but it is hard for me to overlook their Christian lyrics and pro-life t-shirts. Especially the latter. RG (Finest Hour/12780 SW 26 St/Miami, FL 33175)

SKARNSPAGE • *Loko 7"*
Six chaotic, noisy, fairly unhinged songs of godknowswhat from the land of Black Metal. Skarnspage are all over the fucking map, with a constant stream of whistling feedback, dizzying tempo changes, and ferocious screaming. It sounds like someone's playing Space Screamings, Spazz, a surf record, and a radio news broadcast all at once. These guys are definitely not trying to be different for difference's sake; any fool can realize that. Lots of interesting ideas rise and sink back into the fray before you can even really grasp onto them. Sure enough, this is nothing more than two guys in a well-stocked studio, but they're making enough music for about four bands and they're impossible to ignore. Reminiscent of all that crazed Finnish rock that's been coming out on Bad Vugum for x number of years to uniform obscurity. I need to lie down! DM (LaNuGo Records/PO Box 987/N-1054 Moss/Norway)

SLANG • *The Day The Sun Shone Cold* CD
Melodic, light, and pleasant music with a somber atmosphere that works fairly well for Slang. I enjoyed their sound and never once found myself displeased by their CD. The vocalist's style is well done and seems to have more substance than a bubble gum pop punk vocalist might have; translating to some soul. The lyrics are not printed, but I am sure I could decipher them if I was so inclined. KM (B Core Disc/Apdo Co 35221/08080 Barcelona/Spain)

SOTTOPRESSIONE • *Cosi' Distanze* CD
This Italian hardcore band plays fast hardcore in the same vein as bands such as AFI. Fast and unrelenting are the first two words that comes to mind. The lyrics are sung in Italian which I thought was cool, but the lyric sheet came with two versions of each song's lyrics: the Italian and the English. While I'm not really into this style at all, I found myself enjoying this a bunch. From what I can tell, these guys are really good at the style of music they pay considering I hate the style and I still liked them. Check it out lovers of AFI style punk/hardcore. GD (Vacation House/via San Michele, 58/13856 Vigliano B. se (BI)/Italy)

SPORTSWEAR • *It Runs Deep 7"*
No, Sportswear is not doing an Econochrist cover! Too bad. In any event, Sportswear may well have one of the worst names ever, but their music is great Youth Of Today influenced '88 style hardcore. They do it very well, and they seem sincere. I thought they were a joke, but I guess it is clear that they are for real now that they have two 7's out. I listened to this about forty times tonight (I had my turntable on repeat) and I never got bored. Energetic music with strong singing. Go! KM (Crucial Response Records/Kaisersfeld 98/46047 Oberhausen/Germany)

STATIC 84 • *Another Funeral 7"*
Pretty much just the same old new skool punk that's trying to be like Pennywise and get to Phat. But this is from Germany and I'm not sure if this music is as played out there as it is here. I shouldn't be the one to talk because I just joined a band that is pretty damn new skool, so I do have a spot in my heart for this stuff but these guys aren't getting in. Ok, it isn't that bad, maybe they do add a little to the genre. ADI (Bad Influence Records/Rennweg 1/93049 Regensburg/Germany)

STRANGE CORNER • *Schism* CD
Straight forward mid paced hardcore from Italy. This has a definite European flavor to it. Faster parts intermixed with the typical chugga breakdowns. Lyrics dealing with being bored with daily life, nuclear power, and hardcore lifestyle. Not anything too exciting musically or lyrically, but it is competent. Average stuff, not great like some other European bands, but not terrible by any means. A good effort. ARB (Vacation House Records/Via S. Michele, 56/13069 Vigliano Biellese/Italy)

STILL LIFE • *Slow Children At Play And Beyond* CD
I got goosebumps the first time I saw Still Life. They were, quite frankly, amazing. The show was in the backyard of a friend's house and there couldn't have been more than a handful of people there. But the energy and enthusiasm of these three guys was simply overwhelming. I was hooked. This CD contains the track they did on their split with Evergreen, the tracks from their first 7", and also the tracks from the 8" that Rhetoric put out. I still enjoy all of these tracks and I recommend this to anyone that enjoys honest and emotional hardcore. KM (Sunflower Records/PO Box 618/Moorpark, CA 93020)

SUBSIST • *Lessons In Brokenness* CD
Six song CDs are kind of a weird length. But, I'm happy to say that is the only (important) complaint I have about this record. The music is very good, it is in the range of moshy straight edge metal/hardcore. But not too metal. Sort of like Throwdown. You all know the sound I am talking about. The lyrics seem to about personal issues and there are a lot of words for each song. I have listened to this CD a few times and enjoy it. Personally I wouldn't really think of it as moshy, but I believe that is what fans envision it as, though not jockcore type moshing. Moshy with an emotional edge. RG (Akeldama/PO Box 234/Hudsonville, MI 49526)

SUBWAY THUGS • *"7"*
Yet another record from Oink Records. The review for the Moloko Men/Violent Drunks split applies here as well. The only differences are that their sound has a little bit of high end jangle, and their glossy cover is art oriented instead of photo oriented. Like the Incitors/Durango 95 split, this didn't come with any info other than the label's other releases. DF (Oink Records/PO Box 27813/Washington, DC 20038)



photo by Andy Caraca

THROWDOWN • 7"

This is heavy, angry hardcore, similar to the sound that many progressive hardcore bands are taking now. Southern California bands and such. The singing reminds me of a little Wounded Knee, powerful and loud. The music sounds somewhat like Botch. Three out of the four songs have the word GO! in the lyrics. I will let you come to your own conclusions on that. What I found amazing about this band was that they have five band members but also have six ex-members. Excellent record. RG (Prime Directive/1552 Ocean Blvd/Balboa, CA 92661)

THE THIRD DEGREE • 7"

They may look like male models, but they sure as hell don't play like them. Please stand back as I give you the third degree on this record. One side has a long hard rocking song that has a lot more music in it by itself than music plus singing. It sort of reminds me of ex-Ignota a little bit, but not too much. When the singing comes in, the music could almost qualify as nearly metal, but not quite. The other side has a shorter song, but not too much shorter, and is similar in nature, but not too... Oh you get the point. The singing is kind of emotional singing plus screaming. Enjoyable! RG (Finn Records/PO Box 5781/Huntington Beach, CA 92615)

THE GODSHATEKANSAS • CD

10 tracks @ 19:51. From the label that brought the excellent Soda Pop Fuck You to the world comes a much more basic punk rock tirade. A Bay Area pop-core approach with Crass-like rants. At times, these vocals seem to weigh things down considerably, giving their otherwise catchy music a preachy, Bad Religion-esque feel. Nevertheless, the music prevails, and really gets things movin' on a few tracks. You could stand to do a lot worse. Cumbersome packaging includes a zine which denounces the capitalist motives behind books, examines the numerology of credit cards, and even teaches you how to pick locks. DM (New Disorder Records/445 14th St/San Francisco, CA 94103) or (Bad Monkey Records/473 North St/Oakland, CA 94609)

THIS ROBOT KILLS • *Molecule* 7"

A mix between jazz/funk/fusion and weird rock and punk rock. Whatever it is, it's definitely different. They make use of synthesizers by adding weird sound-things in between songs. At the end of the first side a synthesizer-thing repeats over and over. But the first time I listened to it I didn't know that it catches on the turntable and repeats forever without stopping. You can't really hear the catch. So, I go to the bathroom, thinking that it will be over by the time I get back. But when I get back it is still playing, to my surprise, and it dawns on me that the record has a catch. The catch is that it is annoying, and odd, and I would never actually listen to this on my own time. RG (Outer Universe Research/1257 Ameluxen/Hacienda Heights, CA 91745)

TRICKY DICK • CD

Screaching/FX. Weasel Queens. NO Religion. Pop punk with a tinge of Hardcore Lite. Melodic and upbeat. Add it to the pile. 1ST (Quincy Shanks/PO Box 3035/Saint Charles, IL 60174)

TUOMIOPÄIVÄN LAPSET • 2x7"

I've reviewed a few things on Eight Records this issue and this is by far my favorite. Tuomiopäivän Lapset play upbeat and to the point punk rock with awesome political lyrics. Everything is sung in Finnish but the slick looking booklet translates the lyrics into English as well. Most of their songs follow the basic guidelines, but it all comes together well. Since they have a female singer, they at times sound like a faster Detestation. Which is good. LO (Fight Records/Turtolanmaenkatu 6D31/33710 Tampere/Finland)

UNDERPRIVILEGED NATION • 7"

Eight songs that combine the typical hardcore style and the ever-popular metal based guitar sound. Underprivileged Nation screams, squeaks, and chugs through each tune with tempo breaks to add emphasis. The female vocals give it a less generic feel, though none of the songs are particularly good. This band, I have a feeling, would be much better live. LO (Underprivileged nation/PO Box 1307/West Chester, PA 19380)

ULL'C • *Gedankensplatter* 7"

It's kind of hard to describe this band, but I would say their music is in the realm of powerful, emotional hardcore ballads. They are not fast, but still have a lot of power to them. Two of the four songs are sung in German (or something, I think that's what Lisa said it was) and the other two are in English. The guitars have a metal sound to them. It's not sappy in the least, but yet still emotional...? I like this. RG (Beyond Records/Jahnstr. 4/73054 Eisingen/Germany)

THE UNSEEN • *Lower Class Crucifixion* CD

13 tracks @ 30:02. Punk rock from Boston on Anti-Flag's new label. Not surprisingly, they sound an awful lot like Anti-Flag, but with less complex bass parts and a more bare band rockin' feel. They got big blue moshwars n' at. I don't know how many times I'd be throwing this in my CD player, but it is fast and rockin' punk, with strong gang choruses and head-noddin' melodies. I had to read the lyrics to get their circle A bend, but hey—good for them. Anarchic punks are go! DM (A-F Records/PO Box 71266/Pittsburgh, PA 15213)

URSA MINOR • 7"

Ursa Minor play mid tempo emotional rock (a la Broken Hearts Are Blue/Mineral) but with a raw edge. Good solid parts which aren't overplayed and really well arranged. Though over 60% of the new bands I've heard lately have a similar sound, this stands out somewhat for me. Two thumbs up. M (Abraham Records/8946 Powell Rd./North Charleston, SC 29406)



USELESS • *Fifteen Cents Short 7"*

Get ready to be bombarded with, "whoa-oh, whoa-oh," and more, "whoa-oh." And even some, "Tie-e-i-ime," and, "my-e-i-e-ine." The only enjoyment I got out of this is the fact that the singer sounds like Cartman from South Park. From the depths of Oklahoma, they attempt to make some punk rock, but it sounds too much like country. Actually, I have no idea where they are from. In all honesty, this is the standard type of punk that is in every surf movie these days. But personally, I make an effort in life to avoid this type of music at all costs, and I dislike it with a passion. West Sideguide. RG (Cloister Records 190 S Benton St. Lakewood CO 80226)

WAIL • *A Silent Voice Wanders... CD*

Pop-punk emo. Whiny, but surprisingly ok. Wail is from Japan, but they sing in English. Music is not bad, but vocals could use some serious work. I didn't really enjoy this, but mostly because of the style of music. GD (Snuffy Smile/424 4302 Daizawa/Setagaya Tokyo 155/0032 Japan)

WITH LOVE • *CD*

With Love play some light melodic parts, but they also thrash with an intense chaotic energy. It is a strong combination, and it seems to work very well for them. I enjoyed the variation and found With Love to be pretty damn good. KM (Green/Via S. Francesco 60/35121 Padova/Italy)

ZERO HOUR • *From Me To Me CD*

Fast, irritating, and generally unintelligible unless you speak Japanese, a skill which I unfortunately do not possess. All the same, the general spirit of the release was just plain horrible. Bad punk rock. GD (Straight Up Records/Kowa bld 2/F/Minami-2NISHI-1 Chuo-KU/Sapporo 060/Japan)

LICKITY SPLIT/NO SENSE AT ALL • *split 7"*

One ok pop-punk song, one really really bad ska song from Lickity Split. No Sense At All plays some rough, sort-of growly punk that goes nowhere. Not much more to say about this one. GD (Dirty Leon's Big Ride/PO Box 5211/Conover, NC 28613)

PHOTO BY JOSHUA PEACH

**UNEMPLOYED** • *Opportunity CD*

Having grown up in the same town as Lagwagon, I've learned to hate all the clone bands that can't duplicate an already annoying sort of musical style... Unemployed lands themselves in the heart of Lagwagon wannabe land, but my critique can't end that easily. On a very positive sidenote, these kids seem to sing about real issues (or at least issues other than girls)... even if the lead vocalist has a hard time getting out of his monotone rut. The backing vocalist has some singing talent and the group is very high-energy, so I can't let myself ride them simply because they sound similar to a group that has spawned too many terrible frat-boy "punk" bands. They certainly have a harder edge, so that's a good fucking thing, seven real songs, fifteen minutes. DO (Unemployed Records/119 Clarence St. Apt. 205/Ottawa, ON/K1N 5P5/Canada)

URANIUM 9 VOLT • *A Few Things Should Not Be Held... CD*
A bit on the more softer side of emo. This CD sounds a lot like Stratego. The CD has one of those cardboard layouts that seem to please me. What I'm trying to say is, I like it. NS (Grafton Records/99 Glen Ave./Oakland, CA 94611)

VINDICTIVES • *Party Time For Assholes 2xLP*

Party Time For Assholes is a cover album, actually two. There are only two reasons why you'd like this: ONE you're old and know the songs or TWO, you like whiny pop-punk. I fit in with the TWO crowd. NS (Liberation Records/Postal Box 17746/Anaheim CA 92817)

WAIFLE • *The Music Stops, The Man Dies CD*

Twelve tracks at twenty-six minutes and fifty-nine seconds. Waifle are an obviously young, impressionable band who tell us right off the bat that they are going to rescue us all from the niche marketing of the emo scene and the state of independent music. Fine, but isn't the problem acknowledging that these things even exist, and the solution doing what you want to do regardless? The last thing I'd want my band to be remembered for is who liked what we did as a band—it's far more important to be happy with yourself and what you can make, and while I'm sure that these Waifle kids are, it's their mere insistence to influence something more that burns me and makes this standard emotional hardcore screaming/teen angst bullshit that much less palatable. There's little on this record that hasn't been achieved or said already to much greater effect by other bands (like Indian Summer and Impetus Inter, whom Waifle seem to have derived their sounds from), but maybe that's the point. This is their moment, and who am I to criticize? DM (\$5 to The Magic Bullet Recording Company/2005 Monitor Dr./Stafford, VA 22554 or e-mail them at magicbullet45@hotmail.com)

WRATH • *Twisted And Tormented CD*

Heavy chugging hardcore played in seven parts. Each song lamenting life's tragedy, each chord pulling the listener down into a precise gloom. Some issues touched upon in the lyrics are child abuse, addiction, and betrayal. Musically, I think they are drawing on the influences of bands such as Threadbare and Converge. They then take those influences and combine them with a little metal influence just for good measure, of course, and come up with something they call Wrath. LO (Losing Face Records/Postal Box 443/Round Lake, NY 12151)

THE WAYOUTS • *Better Days... CD*

Instantly brings to mind the two Rocketscience 7's and the 4-song Get Up Kids CD. Singy, poppy indie rock that is all too insignificant to the real world, but so big in their own realm of reality. This is not meant to belittle anyone, just that the personal issues have been dealt with time and time again and the melodies and tenderness lead one to believe that the troubles of the suburban cul-de-sac are not the same as those of the inner cities and third-world countries. I'm not one to speak, either. Depending on who you ask, they'll either say that The Wayouts are simply a rehashing of a style that shouldn't exist in the first place or else that these guys are the "hope for the future" of the genre. In any case, they know what they'd like to sound like and it's already been named The Get Up Kids and signed to the major label of their choice. Seven songs, 32 minutes. DO (Harmless/1437 W Hood/Chicago, IL 60660)

WRENCH • *Torture Of Restlessness And Vague Desire CD*

Grrrr. Coalesce meets Monster X's vocals meets Disembodied meets satan. Heavy, heavy shit. Brutal metal. Pretty good, but much of it sounds kind of muddled, without much differentiation between songs, but not to say that it's bad, just needs refining. This is the first I've heard from this band and hopefully it won't be the last. GD (Cedegate Records/PO Box 7349/Huntington Beach, CA 92615-7349)

YOUR ADVERSARY • *7"*

Easily the best record I listened to for this issue of *Heartattack*. When I think about hardcore, this is the sound I hear in my head. All four songs have their own personality, but each is artistic, intelligent, powerful and soulful. And it wasn't a surprise either because the sleeve was just as well done. Somehow they pulled off a package that looks professional and D.I.Y. all at the same time. Other pluses are the mixed male and female vocals and the quality recording. Your Adversary obviously put their whole selves into this record. Most readers will love this 7" or should learn to. DF (Your Adversary/Postal Box 52/Cooper Station/New York City, NY 10276)

COWPERS/SWEEP THE LEG JOHNNY • *split 7"*

The Cowpers were indie rock stuff with melody and all that. At times it sounded like their singer had just visited the dentist and was trying to sing even though his mouth was still numb. They sounded better when Lisa was singing along to the record, well maybe not better, but more interesting at least. Sweep The Leg Johnny are more energetic and when their singer plays his saxophone I pay attention. I wish he would sing less and play the sax more. In any event if you like melodic stuff that is right on the border of being straight up indie rock then give this one a sample. KM (Choke Records/PO Box 4694/Chicago, IL 60680)

PARIAPUNK/FINAL BLAST • *split CD*

The complete discography of two mid-'80s French hardcore bands on one CD will bring you back to the days of anti-nuclear protesters circling US bases and Star Wars. Pariapunk play in mostly a three-chord raw hardcore punk style with some interludes to break things up. Most tracks stand out as classic double vocal aggression, but melodic backups are a nice touch. Acoustic guitar and some flute are introduced later, creating a nice blend of experimentalism while maintaining the urgency and rawness. Final Blast are a good match for the Pariapunk tracks, and play in much the same vein—just great three chord punk hardcore that should bring to mind some of the great international comps of the '80s. Final Blast have a tight bass/drum interaction with straight-forward guitar. Both groups sing in French, and the sound is fairly good overall. The CD comes in a miniature gate-fold package, with a 40pg. booklet of lyrics and writing, printed on heavy, recycled paper. All of the text is presented in both French and English. 1ST (Boisileve/B.P. 7523/35075 Rennes Cedex 3/France)

FORWARD DEFENSE/ARM'S REACH • *split 7"*

Forward Defense combine punk and straight edge influences to make their marginally interesting hybrid. The songs are often predictable and the vocals are generally just sort of blurted out. Most of their songs condemn some sort of addiction, the others criticize vivisection and fashion. Arms' Reach has the tough guy, circle pit sound that is also over played. Their better tunes are played fast, infest style stuff. But let's not kid ourselves, they aren't that good. Their songs talk mostly about personal freedom, in and out of the scene. While this record isn't terrible, it does tend to fall into the large gap of "just not that good." LO (Snapshot/PO Box 175 Georges Hall/2198 NSW/Australia)

SO FAR NO GOOD/URINE LUCK • *split 7"*

So Far No Good play fast and energetic ska punk. It is simple and effective. Urine Luck play more straight forward punk stuff. Not a great record, but decent. KM (\$3 to Buy My Records/PO Box 2339/Lutz, FL 33548)

MK-ULTRA/SEEIN' RED • split 12"

The long awaited collaboration between Chicago's MK-Ultra and Holland's Seein' Red finally sees the light of day. Both bands play quick, fast, and energetic songs. Hell both bands clock in with fifteen tracks. Get in, make your point, make some noise, and get the fuck out. Top off that off with very direct lyrics about the ills of life in a capitalist society, and this ends up being a very essential release. Hardcore. KM (Coalition Records)

ASTRONAUT CATASTROPHE/ NEGATIVE CONTROL • split 7"

Astronaut Catastrophe's first song starts out sounding like a pop punk song, but then the many crus cross vocals come in. It still retains some of its popiness, which gives it a nice touch. The rest of the songs are a little slow and basic, and in some ways give off an 1980's feel, but are still quite unique. They are from Boston while Negative Control are from Brazil. NC have a lot more power, and in-your-face fastness. Some of the singing reminds me of Congress. Its fast thrash with fast singing and background vocals. Son of the raw side, without hardly letting up. I think the vocals are done by a female, but I wouldn't have guessed it without looking at the band picture. RG (\$5 to No Fashion c/o Pingo/Rua Java, 12- Jd. do Mar/S.B. Campo - SP/CEP 09750-650/Brazil)

ANTISOCIAL BEHAVIOR/ LEGION OF DOOM • split 7"

Antisocial Behavior at times sounds a little like Avulsion, but at other times they don't really sound like them at all. And in those other times I could say they sound somewhat like Halfman. They play a clip from a movie version of 1984. I believe that pertains nicely to their name. I hate to associate two bands to one in review, but Legion Of Doom sound like Avulsion also. The difference is that they sound like them all of the time. It's very hard, crazy thrash. Sort of like Remission on steroids— even more of them, that is. RG (Subordi-Nation/1132 S Quincy St/ Green Bay, WI 54301)

MIND/DISTRESS • split 7"

I was sort of overwhelmed by the throaty vocals and plowing sound of Mind. They are from Germany, but the vocals and lyrics are in English. Other than the fact that they're from the Netherlands, the above can also be said of the Distress side. The music felt like it was all bark and no bite. Not a bad record, just not for me. DF (Resuscitate Records/PO Box 324/ 7900 AH Hoogeveen/Holland)

I HATE MYSELF/TWELVE HOUR TURN • split LP

I have enjoyed I Hate Myself material before, but I really thought that these recordings were just too much. Way too listless and disjointed for me. Go somewhere! I think I Hate Myself is a decent band, so I will just chalk this one up as a conflict of personal taste and move on. Twelve Hour Turn is a fitting combination for I Hate Myself, though thankfully Twelve Hour Turn's songs are much more interesting and don't turn into dribble. Melodic and emotive, with some more bombastic elements thrown in to keep the energy level from dropping off. A bit sad sounding and certainly somber. I am reminded of a rainy day with not much to do but curl up with a book and a blanket. KM (\$7 to No Idea/PO Box 14636/ Gainesville, FL 32604-4636)

LUSH WORKERS/GOOD MORNING • split 7"

Well I don't really know what to say. I guess these bands are just really young but, they do hail from a place that doesn't really have much of a scene so I guess they are starting it up. The Lush Workers play fast and more together punk their good morning. I guess they really like Code 13. Good Morning, sorry guys but you don't really get to any gold stars this month, maybe next month. The lyrics for both the bands are really young and generic, but that's okay. CF (468 W Broadway/Winona, MN 55987)

451 FAHRENHEIT/KIARRA • split 7"

An open note to both bands: I don't care about your over played and seemingly empty whining. Your lyrics could be so much better. You could be inspiring. Instead, you bore me with lamentation and bad rock. Your music can encompass much more than this record releases. Give me something new or leave me alone. Give me something that isn't clichéd. I know you can do better. LO (Snapshot/PO Box 175 Georges Hall/2198 NSW/Australia)

CALIFORNIA STADIUM/ THE HEARTWORMS • split 7"

I can sum up The Heartworms for you in one word—Enigma. Or to be more accurate, since Enigma is now defunct—Trance Atlantic Air Waves. So there you go. The Heartworms in just four easy words. Alas, I don't believe that a four word review is sufficient for anyone who goes to all of the effort to put a record together. So here are some more words: weird, slow, I am falling asleep. I don't really mind this kind of music, but there are a lot of people who probably don't care for it. On to California Stadium: um, ok, here is the review. Let's see, um, this is, uh stuff and like oddball and all that. Where's my thesaurus? Weird, acoustic, stuff. RG (Ace Records/PO Box 42181/Portland, OR 97242)

VERY SECRETARY/ COMPOUND RED • Post-Marked Stamps #7 split 7"

The seventh installment of Tree Records' Post-Marked Stamps series is one of the most aesthetically-pleasing (sonically speaking) to date. Very Secretory, out of Champaign, IL, includes ex-members of Braid and Days In December... with the latter giving the listener a close example of what to expect. What one will find is some pretty, mellow, meandering music that brings to mind a mild stew of a Sunny Day Real Estate ballad and the classical elements of The Rachael's. Granted, that sounds like hell for anyone interested in hardcore, but if you have feelings then more likely than not, you'll find this soothng as anything. The second side boasts Wisconsin's Compound Red, who is also more concerned with melody than angst. Step up the energy one half a notch and you'll get something that resembles the most low-key Sticks and Stones song—collides-with-Far and is heavily influenced by the secretary on the other side of the vinyl... very pleasant, but nothing to get your blood boiling. Pretty as sin. DO (Tree/PO Box 578582/Chicago, IL 60657; www.treerecords.com)

DEFORMED CONSCIENCE/ EXCREMENT OF WAR • split LP

This is a great hardcore crust/hardcore record. Deformed Conscience play fast and hard with great vocals and catchy songs and some metal licks thrown in for good measure. Excrement Of War are similar, though some of their music reminds me of some of the better Nausea stuff. An excellent record. Be warned, though, the labels on my record are reversed and it took me a bit of time to figure out which band was which. KM (Fired Up/ PO Box 8985/Minneapolis, MN 55408)

SLAIN/STATE OF FILTH • split 7"

These two bands team up for a total of twelve songs, but I would've preferred just one good song. Both bands are similar and have a thrashy grinding style. The only slight difference is that some of the State Of Filth vocals are more deathly. The lyrics are included, but they didn't tickle me any more than the music did. DF (Enslaved/PO Box 169/Forster Court/Bradford, West Yorkshire/BD1 2UJ/UK)

ARMAGEDDON CLOCK/RÄHÄKKÄ • split 7"

Rähäkkä play harsh sound medium to fast paced Finnish thrash with a solid dose of energy. Armageddon Clock are straight forward hardcore punk stuff. Both bands have political lyrics. Drunk as crust! KM (Morbid Productions/Kanslerintie 9 as 93/20200 Turku/Finland)

SNIFTER/YUPPIE CRUSHER • split 7"

I was not too thrilled with Snifter's performance at first but with a second and third turn it started to deliver. The singer's voice can at times be compared to that of Spazz and backups are hoarse, high, and grindy. Much quicker than your average Sweden drone, but the guitar riffs, though quicker, are still true. Anarcha style lyrics written in both Swedish and English. Yuppiecrusher impressed me with their insert and lyrics about animal suffering and the hypocrisy involved in punk rock. After each song is a written summary of its meaning. Very nice. As for the music, I can't say that it doesn't sound like your average Swedish hardcore, because it does. Wailing guitars and vocals that don't quite flow nicely with the rhythm. You know, your average Swedish rock. II (Insect/Postfack 58/ 11674 Stockholm/Sweden)

ENCYCLOPEDIA OF AMERICAN TRAITORS/ KWISATZ HADERACH • split 7"

Encyclopedia plays two songs of a screamly nature with the music behind the vocals pulsating between blistering speed and slowed-down, cool-off sessions. Lots of bursts of energy. They sing of the inequity of the American way and are noticeably upset by how terrible the history of our country truly is... Kwistaz Haderach gets mad props for using a name borrowed from Dune, and they too play a nutso crazy style of hardcore that is no slow, all go. They play it with precision, which makes it far better than most speed-core. One of the two songs is apparently in Spanish, but since you can't make any words out either way, it makes no difference. Pretty quality shit here. I think that the Encyclopedia might have a member of Spirit Assembly or something, but it's much more hectic than Spirit Assembly was. Good stuff, but be warned if you're just waking up... it's a harsh awakening. DO (\$3 to 1701A Hobart St. NW/Washington, DC 20009)

ESTRADA/SHOSHIN • split 7"

Estrada play a mix of semi metallic hardcore chugga parts with screaming vocals and more mellow droning wandering parts. Shoshin play choppy and sort of bouncy hardcore, and vocals that are sort of strained but sort of sound a little rockin (in a mediocre ROCK way). Couldn't really get into Shoshin, but Estrada was ok. ARB (324 Allendale Dr/Atlanta, GA 30317)

HELLCHILD/KILARA • split CD

Hellchild are fucked up and sick sounding. Heavy hardcore that is influenced by '70s metal. Kilara are equally heavy, but slightly more straight forward. Throbbing hardcore with a heavy energy and a powerful delivery. The only exception to this formula being Kilara's second track which is an acoustic number about the loss of nature to the concrete jungle. Weird. The whole CD is about a town in The Czech Republic called Kutna Hora. The CD details the towns history and even offers details about ordering some limited edition prints of a bone structures that were built in the 18th Century in Kutna Hora. KM (Rhetoric Records/PO Box 82/Madison, WI 53701)

MORSER/SWARM • split 7"

Morser is German and very German at that. Heavy assaulting hardcore with vocals that are a deep throated moaning. Energetic and very powerful. I guess they feature some folks from Carol and Systral. So you know the score. Swarm sounds like a million other bands doing this sound. I have heard it before and to be honest I have little left to describe a band like this. Heavy and harsh, blah, blah, blah. Nothing new. Swarm features members of Acrid, Left For Dead, and Grade. I guarantee that anyone into the brutal and heavy shit will dig this split 7", but I have run out of adjectives to describe this sort of stuff. KM (Spiritfall Records/Per Koro Records)

SUMMER OF KILLING FLIES/ SANDKICKER • split CD

Each of these bands comes from the indie rock genre but, thankfully, had enough energy to still sound good. Sandkicker has a smooth and full sound that reminded me of the local emo heroes Stratego. Each of the three songs build and change with honesty and a real sense of emotion. Summer Of Killing Flies are similar, but reminded me more of minimalist bands like Braid. Their four songs float lightly along without disappearing into background noise. Dylan, you need to hear this. LO (PO Box 10212/Ogdan, UT 84409)

SWEEP THE LEG JOHNNY/ A MINOR FOREST • Post-Marked Stamps #8 split 7"

I must begin with a confession: A Minor Forest has never struck me as a band that I'd be all that interested in. Now, read on... their side of this 7" is a joke. Either I just don't "get it" or this is the biggest waste of vinyl ever. It consists of playing the same raucous "riff" over and over, a little faster, a little slower, and then doing it again in a storm of low-end computer thunder that does nothing for me. Insert silly, typical sample here and play the math-core again, but realize that the calculations are all fucked up because you forgot to carry the one and add the vocals... or hold anyone's interest, for that matter. I guess someone likes it, but it's not me. Sweep The Leg Johnny, on the other hand, tries to utilize the tricky time schemes, have some cohesiveness and include vocals. The result is still lacking a little in my eyes, but they have the uncanny ability to throw in a kick-ass part into every song that manages to keep me into it. The craziness of the saxophone and discordant guitarwork grinds on my a bit, but then they come up with Jawbox choruses and !@!-esque build ups to a rousing crescendo that blows my mind. Mixed feelings about the 7" as a whole, but Sweep The Leg Johnny helps this one from plunging into the shit pits. DO (Tree/PO Box 578582/Chicago, IL 60657; www.treerecords.com)

URKO/SUFFER • split 7"

Urko are fast, loud, and pissed off. Unlike a lot of thrashy, crusty stuff I've heard, the songs had enough variety in them to hold my attention instead of just going in one ear and out the other. One of their songs is about the extinction of the human race, one is (very) anti-emo, and the other is, I Have (No) Faith, "Written by Youth of Today, corrected by Urko." They say some unpopular things that I disagree with, but I like that Suffer's offering is posthumous by two years, but it also has lots of energy. More raw than Urko. Very good record. DF (Urko/75 Windsor Road/Spalding/LINCS/PE1 1EQ/England)

COMRADES/EVERSOR • split 7"

This is an interesting mix. Evsor plays indie-rock somewhere between Jimmy Eat World and The Get Up Kids and to be honest aren't bad at all. While their sound borders on copy-right infringement, they still have all the right guitar riffs and pleasant melodies. Comrades play heavy, commie grindcore. Their lyrics sheet reads: "Comrades lyrics may or may not contain the following words:" and then has a large amount of good lyrics. I couldn't pick out a single lyric out in the music, but it's better that way. Commie grindcore all the way. GD (SOA (c/o Paolo Petralia/Via Oderisi di Gubbio 67/69/00146 Roma/Italy)

DENAK/DAHMER • split 7"

Denak play brutality stricken crustified grindcore. It does get any harder than this. There are two different singing styles similar to Monster X but with less distortion. Their lyrics are in Spanish and I am multiculturally inadequate. Dahmer is very similar except there is more straight screaming and low death metal growled vocals. All three of the songs are named after serial killers of the past and the lyrics speak of their exploits, although two of them are in French. Both bands play very powerful stuff that doesn't let up, and I'm into it. RG (Spineless Records <www.spineless.qc.ca>)

TASTE OF FEAR/UNHOLY GRAVE • split 7"

Hailing from the Eastern seaboard, Taste Of Fear offer up their blend of evil sounding thrash and sludging grind; dark and sinister. Unholy Grave were spawned in Japan, and as might be expected their music is fucked up and twisted; full on thrash with tweaked vocals and plenty of oddities to keep you guessing. KM (Clean Plate Records)

THE INCITORS/DURANGO 95 • split 7"

The Incitors play soul. Really. Their side of the 45 is complete with horns and powerful female vocals. Imagine a track that didn't make it on the Blues Brothers soundtrack. Durango 95 is similar, but slanted towards rock-steady with a love song-ish sound. I'd rather listen to Aretha Franklin or Marvin Gaye, but Kudos for doing something different. DF (Oink Records/PO Box 27813/Washington, DC 20038)

BOILING MAN/BROKEN • split 7"

Another fine release from New Haven's Broken. They come at you with more fast and furious hardcore punk rock action. This time around they have a very distinct Swedish sound in the vein of Diskonto and other bands of that fame. The only hard part for me were the vocals. I couldn't really get past the tough guy sound at first but I did get used to it. Boiling Man was alright but there was something that just didn't really click for me. I was really anticipating hearing it but I can only say it was mediocre in my opinion. The lyrics although were quite awesome, dealing with the shittiness of work. CF (Boiling Man/PO Box 158/New Haven, CT 06501)

PENSIVE/SEASONS IN THE FIELD • split CD

The Psalms Of Ariana is the name of the album. Pensive have a lot of things going on. They range from Tool sounding music, to Christian kumbaya stuff, to powerful, emotional hardcore. I enjoyed their music quite a lot. It's original sounding with many well-done songs. They play six songs, and Seasons does seven. SITF probably have the most Christian oriented lyrics I have ever heard in a hardcore record. But their singer sounding like Satan more than makes up for it, in my opinion. Their music has more of a metal edge to it. One of the members gives thanks to Creation Is Crucifixion, and it made me notice that there are some similarities in the music. But their sound is a little more polished and not quite as crazy. Both bands' recordings are very good. RG (Akeldama Records/PO Box 234/Hudsonville, MI 49426)

VIC-20/THE LEFT COAST • split 7"

Vic-20 kind of sounds like a slow, weird Smashing Pumpkins song at the beginning. Then it kind of speeds up and gets more emotional and the singer starts screaming in pain. Not literally, of course. They play one song and I found it interesting, well played, emotional mid hardcore. The Left Coast play... wait a minute! They are from Boise! That doesn't sound like the left (as in west) coast to me. Interesting, yet frustrating, and even kind of confusing. Their music is a little milder that Vic-20 and I keep waiting for it to break out with some power. But, alas it doesn't, adding only more to my confusion and by this time, mild paranoia. And now the song is over. It is a nice song, and I will stop there. RG (Icarus Down Records/405 SE Paradise/Pulman, WA 99163)

THE PAPER CHASE/ E-CLASS/LUGSOLE • Essays 3-way split CD

The paper Chase are quite strange. Experimental rock with vocals quite similar to the Vandals. Actually, despite the reference to the Vandals, their portion was quite good. E-Class was unfortunately not up to that standard. A mix between Weezer and some pop-punk band, they just didn't pull off the combo too well. Lugsole attempted the experimental-rock but didn't quite manage to pull it off and I found myself on the follow-up listeners just listening to the paper Chase (by far the star of the CD). GD (The Clandestine Project/PO Box 1659/Rockwell, TX 75087)

DETESTATION/BEYOND DESCRIPTION • split 10"

Beyond Description are from Japan and amazingly enough they don't live up to their name. I would describe them as basic thrash punk. I wasn't all that impressed, but I also wasn't all that annoyed. They were just kind of there. Vocals in Japanese with insane translations in English. Detestation offers up five songs, which don't appear to be on any of their other numerous releases. Detestation sounds like Detestation, go figure. Their sound is solid and distinctly their own. Saira's vocals are very well done, and anyone that likes Detestation will be very happy with these songs. Lyrics in English about the state of existence in the 20th Century where corporations do anything and everything to make a buck. KM (Wicked Witch/PO Box 3835/1001 AP Amsterdam/Netherlands)

MANIFESTO/HOPEFUL/ A ROOM WITH A VIEW • split CD

Manifesto are awesome. Pure power and emotion. Five songs to blow you away. Four songs in Spanish and a cover of Colt Turkey's "The Hammer Hits Hard" in English. Hopeful are more moshy than Manifesto, but they are equally as powerful. Chuga Chuga with lyrics in English. Seven songs. A Room With A View finish off the CD with three melodic and emotive tracks with pleasant singing in English. They are soothng yet very powerful, and a good way to close out a great sounding and diverse split CD. The scene in Spain must be quite healthy right now as all three of these bands are awesome in their own right. KM (AHC/Adpo. CO. 5155/50080 Zaragoza/Spain)

LD'50/KING CHARLES' HEAD • split 7"

How these two bands ended up on a record together I will probably never know. LD'50 play extremely fast, short bursts of thrashy noisecore. Just how short, you ask? Short enough to fit thirteen songs on one side of this seven inch. The vocals on just about every song sound like bah, bah, bah-bah-bah. There are nice explanations to many of the songs. Politically oriented lyrics. Flip over to the next planet for King Charles' Head, or at least to a polar opposite, and you will also be sent back in time about thirty years. I can't think of a band who they sound like, but all three of their songs are in the exact genre of "Pipeline." Maybe Dick Dale And The Deltones. I don't know. I found it to be quite enjoyable, but take heed, their nothing here that is even remotely punk. It's just three happy "Klappers" (probably named that because you can go clap clap, clap to every song. You know, like 1, 2, 4). Both bands are from Holland. RG (\$5 to Jeroen Schwartz/De Voochtstraat 9/8022 RN Zwoelle/The Netherlands)



THE SHYNESS CLINIC/EVERYONE ASKED ABOUT YOU • split 7"

The Shyness Clinic is previously unknown to me and they actually manage to turn in a pretty nice number. Although it's easily classifiable with those three infamous letters, they are able to use all the strong points of the genre—dynamics, great vocal techniques and an apparent genuine nature—to stir up the listener. If the style weren't so grossly over-populated, this group might sit high up on the pile, but now even the great ones are a little late to jump on it. Think Texas Is The Reason and Inside. Everyone Asked About You follows up a decent 7" with two lackluster songs on this split. The female vocals are, for the most part, forced and monotonous and the songs are fairly typical Promise Ring, single-note ringing over strummed rhythms. Pohoch sometimes comes to mind, but then they throw in some synthesizer and I gag slightly. Another so-so reaction to another cookie-cutter singy song. I can't help but give them some credit, but I can't keep myself from feeling that it's so fucking overdone. Nice layout. Whatever. DO (Amulet/PO Box 251565/Little Rock, AR 72225)

EXISTENCE/THE CHITZ • split 7"

You've heard this sound before: low droning guitar extremely distorted, loud drums playing a million miles an hour, and bloody scabbing crust vocals that almost makes your hair fall out. Yes, it's crazy, crazy thrash And I like it. This is Existence, by the way. Maybe I am just really in the mood for that craziness, but sometimes it feels relieving to listen to someone scream so hard that it sounds like they are going to burst, die, or something. As of The Chitz, I'd be lying to you if I said that I wasn't lying, but they play indie rock. Female vocals, continued craziness, but a little less thrash than that other band on the other side. I'm at a loss for words, but this is loud, fast, angry, and good hardcore. Scream a little louder, please. RG (Tobacco Shit Records/c/o Simon Pare/827 Goldburn/Greenfield Park, PQ/JAV 3H4/Canada)

FAT DAY/HARRIET THE SPY • split 7"

Fat Day play chaotic, abstract, rant filled punk rock that moves really well. Three tracks here that remind me what a great band can sound like. I like the song structure, and the feel... excellent. Harriet The Spy have done it again. This release offers up their standard U.O.A. influenced mayhem, but with a touch of the melodic bug that's been going around. The lyrics on track one have me a bit curious to what the actual meaning of the song is. All in all a good record. M (Donut Friends/PO Box 3192/Kent, OH 44240)

SHOREBREAK/HOPEFUL • split CD

Shorebreak play chunky and slightly catchy mosh metal hardcore. Chug-chuga for the animals, individuality, and chuga-chuga against racism. Hopeful are also playing this same sort of hardcore, but their vocalist at times uses a more frantic and higher pitched approach. Their sing-a-longs are powerful, and the sound is well done. Apparently both recordings were the demos from these two bands. KM (B Core Disc/Apt Co 3522/08080 Barcelona/Spain)

SONG OF ZARATHUSTRA/ JOHNNY ANGEL • split 7"

Song Of Zarathustra play a chaotic and frantic style of music that is getting more and more popular all the time. At some point this would have been defined as a Gravity era sound, but at this point who knows what these kids are influenced by. They do it well, in any event. Johnny Angel are similar, but maybe a little more pretentious in their white dress shirts. Their music isn't as good as Song Of Zarathustra but they do play their blend of chaotic hardcore with energy and adrenaline. Neither band has lyrics that mean a rat's ass to me, and apparently Johnny Angel has people from Unbroken, which makes little sense since they are from St. Louis, Missouri. Km (319 Recordings/PO Box 221/Iowa City, Iowa 52245)

OURGLASS/NEW DAY RISING • split 12"

Hourglass for some reason has always interested me. I have the demo and the 7" and now this. This is the last of what Hourglass will ever record, including four songs from the demo. Hourglass plays heavy screaming metal-core. In many ways I'd describe them as a more metally Rinse or Prevail. Pretty good, but not that great. New Day Rising also play a quite metally, screamy hardcore. NDR throws in quiet parts every once in a while which greatly adds to the songs. All in all, if you are into mosh metal as well as the screaming antics of bands such as Rinse or Prevail, this release is right up your alley in the straight middle. Pretty good release. GD (Moo Cow/PO Box 616/Madison, WI 53701)

MOLOKO MEN/VIOLENT DRUNKS • split 7"

The Moloko Men are straight ahead oi, fast and chugging. It's the kind of oi you want on while raising hell, drinking at the pub. The Violent Drunks have similar of vocals, structure and lyrics, but also let some other punk influences mix in. Both bands are from central CA. Recommended to those who want some more standard oi. DF (Oink Records/PO Box 27813/Washington, DC 20038)

JAPANESE TORTURE COMEDY HOUR/ LOCKWELD • split CD

Noise, noise and more noise. Japanese Torture Comedy Hour has tapped into my personal hell by producing the sound track for torture by dental equipment. Imagine the sound of the dentist drill and the vibration of your teeth being sanded away cursing through your cheek bones and into your ear drums. Yikes! It gives me goose bumps just thinking about it. I just saw the dentist for the first time in six years a few months ago; I might never go back now! Lockweld are less high pitched and scary for me. All noise of course. There are over sixty-nine minutes of noise and agony contained on this one CD. Terrifying in more ways than you might imagine. KM (Heartplug Records/37 North Belgian Road/Danvers, MA 01923)

MY HERO DIED TODAY/ MAN VS. HUMANITY • split 7"

Both of these bands are quite good, and thus combining them on one 7" is a very good idea. Both bands hail from Germany, but other than sharing a homeland they have little in common. My Hero Died Today plays powerful hardcore music with clearly enunciated and clean vocals. Man Vs. Humanity is way more thrashy and heavy and their vocals are distorted and harsher sounding. Be on the lookout for both of these bands, you won't be disappointed. KM (Scorched Earth Policy/Irisstr. 19/67067 Ludwigshafen/Germany)

V/A • Hardcore Sin Fronteras CD

There are 14 bands here with about 2 songs per band. The packaging was one of those cardboard cases and it had a nice layout. Lots of different stuff was on here: you got your basic hardcore, you got that chugga-chugga stuff, you got vein-popping screaming—hey, there is even a ska band. I didn't like this CD. It sounds "messy," if you can call stuff that. NS (\$12 to Actitud Mental Positiva Discos/c.c. 3893/Correco Central (1000/Argentina)

V/A • Living Silent CD

This compilation covers a spectrum of hardcore sounds, from the heavier mosh metal stuff from bands like Eyelid, Surface, Milhouse, Unearthed and Defect to the melodic stylings of Waxwing, Sharks Keep Moving, and A Sometimes Promise. It also includes more traditional hardcore bands like Former Members Of Alfonsin and Treadwell. It is all pretty current stuff, put out by the editor of Surface in order to document some cool music. Definitely worth checking out if you want to sample some of the bands listed. I'm not sure if most of this stuff is unreleased or not though. LO (Status Recordings/PO Box 1500/Thousand Oaks, CA 91358)

V/A • Music Does A Body Good CD

A compilation of mostly east coast punk and hardcore punk bands. There is a good variation of speed throughout the comp, with songs ranging from the Circle Jerks 54 second range to slightly over 3 minutes, so there's a lot of music packed into just over 36 minutes. The high-octane hardcore punk comes from Endeavor, Oddnormal, Comrades, Holeshot, Sindy Kills Me (a female-fronted fierce hardcore song with a dash of slower, almost X-Ray Spex moments), Devoid Of Faith, and Fastbreak. Grout, Bouncing Souls, and Vanbulderas pounce with a little less up front energy in favor of melodic moments. More popish stuff includes Weston, Felix Frump and Lifetime, while The High School Sweethearts are kind of '50s/60s proto-punk. The winner of the B'LAST! furious epic hardcore honor goes to Ensign for their song "Blue Skies," which drives forward with the rhythmic sensibility of, say, early thrash. 1ST (Glue/PO Box 320/Verona, NJ 07044-0320)

V/A • All Power To The People, Not The State CD

This is a weird bag of material. Some of the songs were horrible and some were quite good. Bands include Former Members Of Alfonsin, Gasp, UXA, Submission Hold, Malefaction, Citizen Fish, Good Riddance, Parades End, Naked Aggression... All the bands get some space to do the lyric thing and contact info, and the CD also comes with a lengthy explanation of how politics and punk go hand in hand. Personally the music was way too diverse for my tastes, but otherwise this is a well done comp with noble intentions. I'm positive that some of the stuff that I hate is adored by other people, such as Naked Aggression and Good Riddance. In any event, a portion of the profits from this CD are destined for Refuse & Exist's work with Mumia and also to the Black Star Collective. KM (Blackstar Collective/PO Box 5081/Torrance, CA 90510)

V/A • Basic Training LP

This is a three way split with Bobbykork, Pseudo Heroes, and Buttercup. It also comes with Chumpire #103 and #104. One of them is the record itself, and the other is a piece of paper I am guessing constitutes as an issue. The Pseudo Heroes play punk rock with sort of an emotional feel to it. Not exceptional, but still interesting. I thought the vocals were a little too snotty for my tastes. Buttercup plays at the end of each side to even it out. Their music sounds a little like Mexican Power Authority, except with longer songs. Fast, a little odd, and enjoyable. Bobbykork is a little cruder than the other bands, but that may be because the recording is not as good. They are on the verge of being heavy, and there is lots of screaming. RG (Chumpire Records/PO Box 680/Conneaut Lake, PA 16316-0680)

V/A • Tribute To Rejestracja CD

In 1980, a Polish punk band formed that many considered the most influential of its time. However, because of the strict reign the government had over what could be recorded, not many people outside of Poland ever heard Rejestracja. In the booklet explaining how this project came together, they compare them to UK Subs, Discharge, and Dead Kennedys. The music here is similar, but not the same. In a tribute to an influential band, Polish punk artists gathered together to record the songs. For the most part, the people that play on the CD are from Rezim, but people from bands such as Apatia, Post Regiment, Homomilitia, Schizma, Pdza Porno, 1125, and Deuter all sing on certain tracks. LO (Pasazer/PO Box 42/39-201 Debica 3/Poland)

V/A • Hardcore Ball 3: Nothing Action Nothing Have CD

Includes crazy Japanese speed-metallic, old school and thrash hardcore bands Knuckle Head, Slang, War Head, Spike Shoes, Slight Slappers, Unholy Grave, Youtherage, Bonescratch, Protect, eta and Shikabane. They're all pretty insane-sounding... enough so to impress me, at least. I'm not a great connoisseur of the style, but most of the bands play it well enough with lots of vigor. The recording on a few of the bands is sort of raw (not good), but not well. A couple of covers of Shang 69 and Spazz and plenty of original thrashy hardcore that is sure to get your blood boiling and heart rate up. Personal standouts include Shikabane, Bonescratch, Protect and Slang. 26 tracks, 45 minutes. DO (Straight Up/Kowa Bid. 2F/Minami/2 Nishi/1 Chuou/Ku Sapporo 060/Japan)

V/A • Taking A Chance On Chances CD

I would say play it safe and don't take a chance on this pile of crap. By the time I hit the two-thirds point I was sure I would hate every single fucking song, but unfortunately I did like one song. Computer Cougar has a one minute long song that is leaps and bounds ahead of the rest of this tired dung heap. The worst thing is that in the liner notes Mike Simonetti (of Troublemaker Records) basically says that the comp isn't all that great (i.e. "not meant to be an easy listen") and most people won't like most of the songs ("I am sure you will not like every band [or any] on this record"), but that the songs are cutting edge. Go figure. It all sounds like tired punk stuff that has been played for countless years by bands trying to fly the worn out flag of "cutting edge and original." Sometimes "cutting edge and original" is just a nice way of saying horrible and hideous. In any event, I don't recommend it, but maybe something on the list will interest you: Missy X, Red Monkey, Young Pioneers, Full Boney, Atom And His Package (an experimental song even for Atom), Bilge Pump, Russia, Witchknot, Sally Skull, Peeches, and some others... KM (Troublemaker Unlimited/Slampt Records)

V/A • Straight Up Records sampler CD

For those of you really interested in what Straight Up Records of Japan is bringing the world of music, check this out. All others steer clear. GD (Straight Up Records/Kowa bld 2F/Minami-2NISHI-1Chuo-KU/Sapporo 060/Japan)

V/A • Southern/Tree/Polyvinyl Winter Sampler CD

This is a sampler CD split by three labels. I'm kinda getting into these sampler CDs. See, where comps usually have shitty songs on them or if there is a good song you have to spend way too much cash for the song or two you enjoy. Then after you feel all cool because you got the rare song they'll just release it on their discography CD. And half the time the comps are all themey and you can't really tell what a band can really do. So these sampler CDs give me a chance to explore new bands generally doing one of their best songs. This particular sampler contains a lot of bands that seem to be doing the emo/midwest whacked-out no-metallic post hard core howeveryouwanttosey 90s rock thing. Bands that caught my attention were Raina Maria, Franklin, Karate and Braids all of who I hadn't heard or had heard and wasn't too into it. So this CD has done its duty. ADI (Southern/PO Box 577357/Chicago, IL 60657)

V/A • Reconstruction: 1997 Hardcore Compilation CD

30 plus bands support this rather well done CD (includes a really cool booklet with information about the "French" underground movement). The bands take you on a journey through the very diverse and yet somewhat similar genre known to us as hardcore/punk rock. This should definitely be a keeper for any fans of the French hardcore scene or anything in that vein. Choice bands for me were Toxic TV, Primitive Bunk, Mel Mor, Murder One, and the later portion of the CD (30 thru ??). The CD I listened to started skipping after track 39 so I'm not sure how many of them there are exactly. Sorry. M (Boislevre/BP 7523/35075 Rennes Cedex 9/France)



OPPRESSED CONSCIENCE/DISAGREE • split 7"

Oppressed Conscience: sort of muddled hardcore crust punk suffering from a compressed recording that requires loud playback volumes. Double vocals sound a lot like Aus Rotten and maybe even Neurosis when the energy levels peak. Disagree sound so remarkably like Scapegrace it's uncanny. The vocals are strained and throaty, sung overtop a straightforward, somewhat old school hardcore sound, but leaning towards a grind pace in the faster moments. 1ST (Tobacco Shit Records/827 Goldburn/Greenfield Park, PQ/JAV 3H4/Canada)

COCKROACH • Lost Generation demo

Straight up fast punk done well with lots of energy and a decent recording. The singer almost sounds like Dani from Cradle of Filth was in a punk band; all scream and high pitched, but throaty and not grating. There's no lyrics printed, just explanations of what the songs are about; which combined with the thanks lists make me believe that the band is pretty self righteous and political. This demo's got some spunk to it even though it's not the most original. ADI (Bryan Nyssen/Stox 1/5981 ND Panningen (lim/The Netherlands)

4TH GRADE NOTHING • Target For Disdain demo

Four very heavy, emotional hardcore tunes here. Really good. A great job vocally and the music is pretty tight. Comes with a booklet containing lyrics and explanations to them. Politically fueled hardcore, comin back at ya! (not your typical boy jock rock mentality) M (PO Box 629/Osseo, MN 55369)

TEA FREAK • demo

Eclectic, that's all I can think of to describe this. It starts out with a very metalish feel to it, the moves into emo mode and finally ends up with a poppy acoustic song. I liked some bits but had to sit through too much stuff I had no interest in to get to them. BH (Hirofumi Sakue/Mukasoi 1058/Hashimoto, Wakayama/Japan 648-0025)

SHOGUN • demo

Pretty sick shit. Shogun has tapped into the new breed of metal Hydracore, while also throwing in some tasteful mosh and shout-out parts. Dueling guitars hammer out spurts of lead fire through four brilliantly crafted songs. Pretty much the only bad thing I can possibly say about this fine demo is in a couple places the vocalist starts talking over the music which sometimes worked and sometimes didn't. Lots of screaming and plenty of destruction. Production level is very high compared to the other demos I've reviewed. Get this!!!! Only \$2. ADI (949 Marine St. Apt. C/Boulder, CO 80302)

THE SPARK • demo

I don't really know what this sounds like. I do know I don't like the recording or the fact there are no vocals. NS (321 W Ridgewood Ct./San Antonio, TX 78212)

THE SPIRIT OF VERSAILLES • demo

Very screchy vocals, accompanied by somewhat melodic music with a hard edge to it. Most of the songs drag on for far longer than they should, though there is some variety. BH (6405 Silver Pl/Sioux Falls, SD 57106)

SPINOZA • Armed Vision demo

This band consists of a dude playing bass and screaming over a drum machine. Knowing how much of a pain drum machines and MIDI shit can be I must hand out a few extra props to Spinoza's fine use of the drum machine. The bass is pretty fat sounding with distortion and fills in the space were a guitar might be pretty well. At times the bass reminds me of Shotmaker or other old emo bands, other times it can get a little heavy or even wacky, but never interrupting the well constructed flow of these songs. The drum programming is a little industrial in parts but mainly is straightforward and compliments the bass. The vocals are well controlled usually screaming and soften up once in a while but it's all good—except for when he let this friend of his sing a line and I thought she sounded like she was trying way too hard and it was kinda embarrassing listening. Lyrics are a bit abstract while still having meaning. Great work!!!! ADI (6044 Quinpool Rd/Halifax, NS/B3L 1A1/Canada)

NOWHERE FAST • Everyday Of My Life demo

Speedy hardcore punk with mosh parts here and there. Pretty old school east coast sound, with a dominating riff guitar without much of a metal reference. Vocals dominate the sound, while the guitars and drums are unfortunately tinny, but adequate. This could be entitle due to my stereo, but I doubt it. It doesn't lack in energy at all, and there are absolutely no references to slick production. Overall, an aggressive, raw hardcore sound that isn't bad. 1ST (no address)

CAMP IT UP • demo

Lo-Fi somewhat melodic metal with screamed vocals. Solid but nothing earth-shattering. BH (Hirofumi Sakue/Mukasoi 1058/Hashimoto, Wakayama/Japan 648-0025)

SOREN • The Pirates demo

Independent music that touches experimental and improvised expressions while still in a rock framework. The vocals remind me of Harry Partch in many ways, mainly through the casual, dissonant, observational tone, and spoken-word feel. This isn't "free-metal" in the Flying Luttenbacher's vein, but there is some expressive percussion and saxophone playing that emphasizes improvised technique. Overall, the guitar maintains the "rock" feel. Another piece is largely washes of sound (disfigured a bit by the recording quality) but much in the spirit of Blowhole, or even Japanese experimental psychedelic. I'm not totally sold on the whole thing—the lack of communication between the instruments impedes the group cohesiveness at times, but it's great to hear new instruments enter into the realm of hardcore; there's only so many metallic chugs a person can take. The cassette came with an 18 page tour diary and background information on the group's goals! 1ST (71 Tracy Circle/Amherst, MA 01002)

THE KINSHIP • demo

Music please. There are no songs on here as far as I can tell. NS (504 14th St. NW/Mason City, IA 50401)

DIMINISHED • Held In The Arms Of Hatred demo

Moshy power-violence, nothing terribly original nor interesting, just repetitive and boring. BH (no address)

FUN PEOPLE • Anesthesia tape

Fuck yeah these guys rock. Catchy, hard hitting punk rock from Argentina with great sing-alongs and melody. A breath of fresh air in the punk genre, bringing back the fun without absurdity. A must have for any and everyone. Also an awesome live band as well, very high energy with a sense of humor. Four stars. M (\$5 to W.C. Records c/o Juan I. Herroro/PO Box 41019/28080 Madrid/Spain)

COHERENCE • demo

Metal/hardcore with some emo-ish screaming. Pretty good shit the riffs and song structure are well composed. They've got two singers representing both genders, for the most part they both scream a lot except when the girl tries to sing which she needs to work on. I can't find my magnifying glass so I'm not sure of the lyrical content but they're probably on the emo side. The main problem is the recording which is kinda overdriven and cuts out in a couple places; the guitars are a little fucked up also. A lot of the good ideas this band had have fallen a little short of their potential due to lack of production. But I'm being picky here. This is really good shit and I'm looking forward to their next release, hopefully with a production that shall do them justice. ADI (10 Venezine/Irvine, CA 92606)

DREADNOK • demo

A six-song demo by some mysterious band called Dreadnok. Starts off okay, with mush-mouth vocals playing pretty fast hardcore, but near the middle, it starts on a downward spiral for awhile... right around the time they try to actually sing. Stick with the screaming and also stay away from the soft stuff... it's not your forte. When they rage it's a step down from Age or reminiscent of old, old Incurable Complaint... but really, it's not all that essential. Maybe given a year or so, they could turn out some really nice stuff, though. Terrible cover that is 1) hard to read and 2) useless as far as information goes. Oh well, e-mail them, I guess... DO (Dreadnok; dreadnok1@aol.com)



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SLUG & LETTUCE #56 This is a breath of fresh air and a delivery of just the kind of hardcore punk that makes my clock tick and my blood pump a bit faster with a smile on my face. It's straightforward, with a highly energetic and catchy style. It's got power and emotion, without drowning in any given genre. This just rocks and these guys are really right on. The layout is has an emo-esthetic but is right to the point, conveying their ideas and thoughtful compassionate attitudes. What more do I ever want? This is awesome! Music that gives you a kick in the butt, with heartfelt anthemic soul, an intensity and passion and it's all there in the words too! I love this!

HEARTATTACK #20 6 tracks @ 14:03. Heavy, scratchy-throated political pop-punk from Vancouver that reminds me a lot of bands like Pressgang or the Dillinger Four, only with a more spare sound. This EP gets better as it plows along. Good control of melodies, impassioned lyrics and vocal delivery, and a sense of hope in their not-so-cheery song topics help to bring their message home.

MAXIMUM ROCKNROLL #185 This is pretty cool. Very unpolished, but raw and immediate. Full of anger and compassion, these six songs put radical politics on a personal level. They pull it off, too. Musically, I hear hints of JAWBREAKER, BLACK FLAG and PROPAGHANDI, but a bit rougher than all those. Comes with a pretty long booklet, as well. I like, I like.

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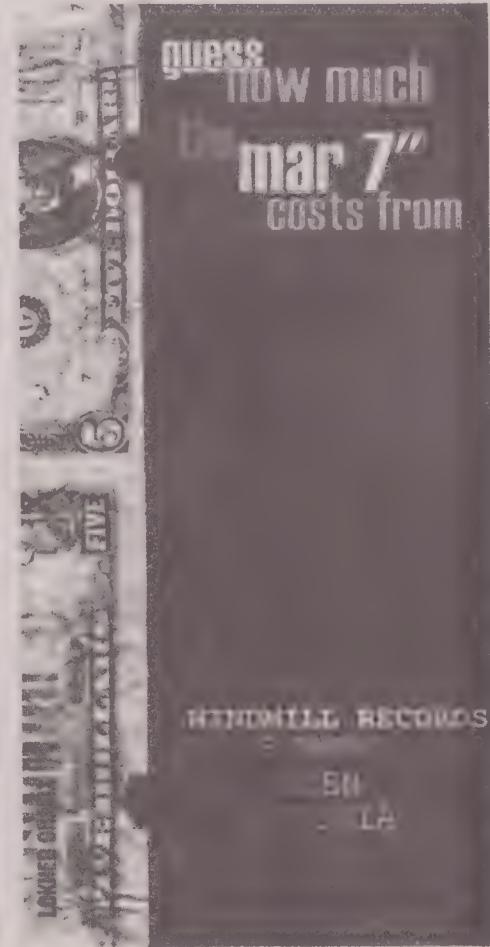
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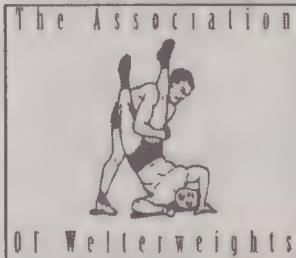
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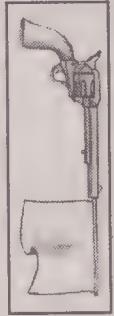
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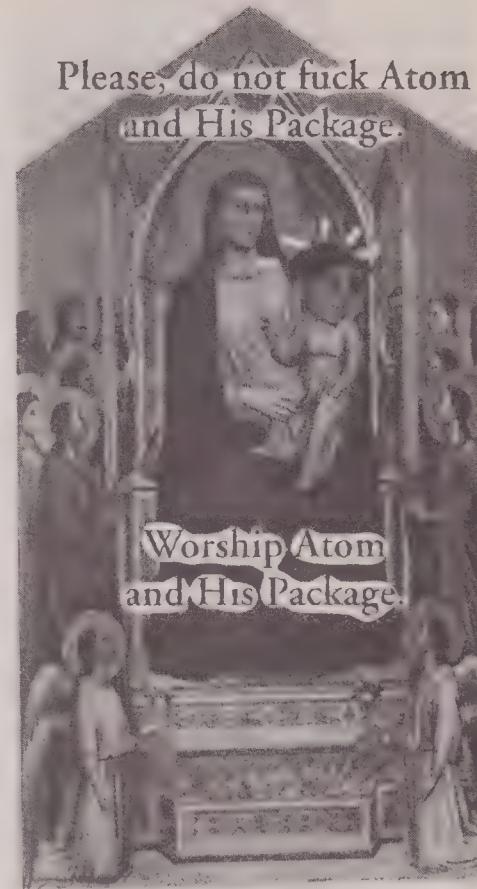
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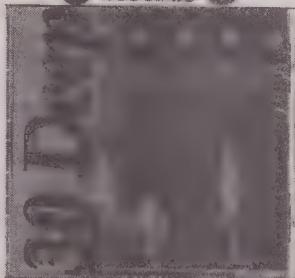
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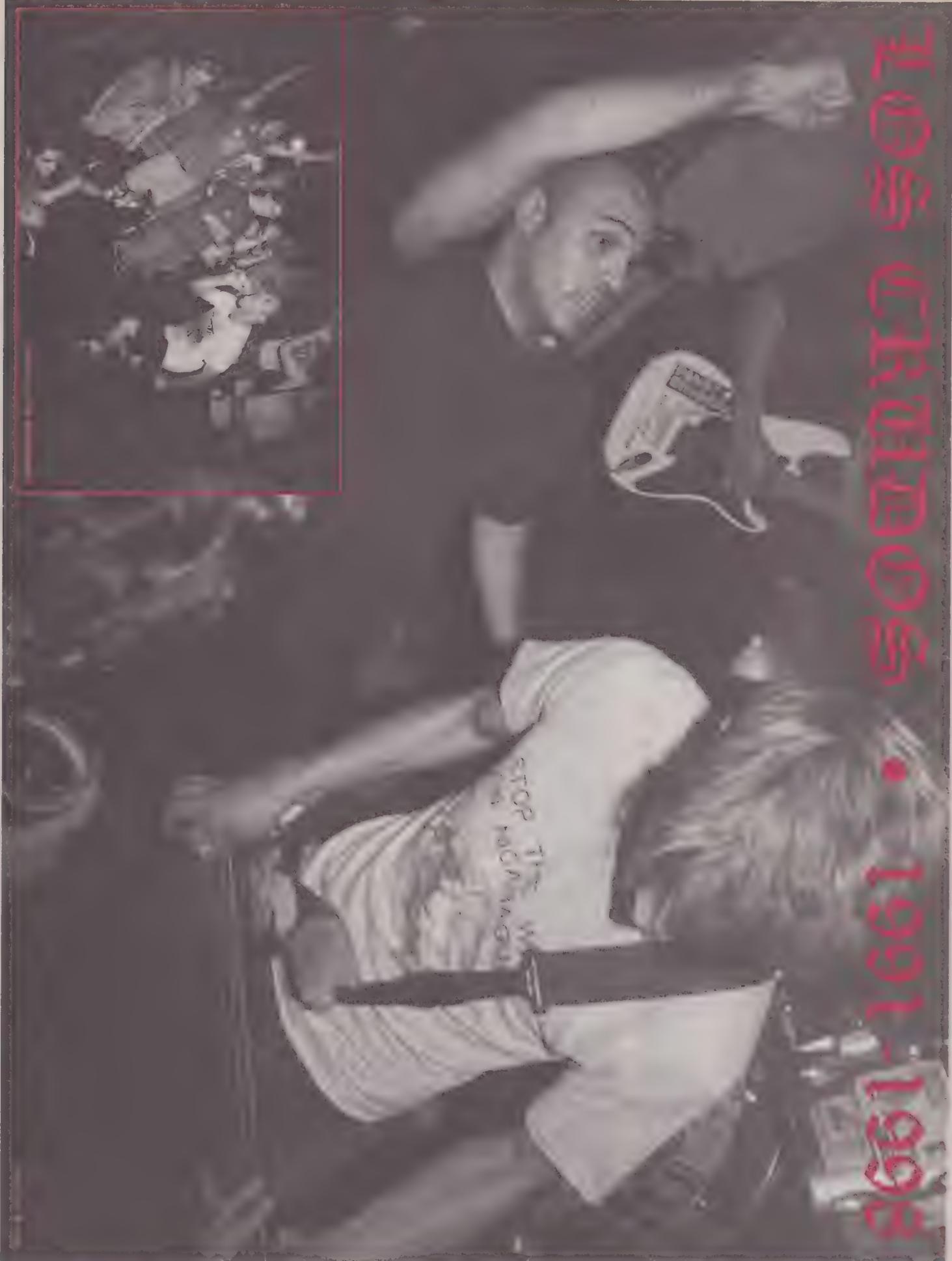
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Mike Amezcuia: ARMA CONTRA ARMA—live • DEATHREAT—live • BREAD AND CIRCUITS—live • SHORT HATE TEMPER/GODSTOMPER—split 7" • THE ROOTS—all • E-UNO CINCUENTA—todo • LIFE'S HALT—tape of new 7" • ANTI-DOGMATICS—7" • Elizam Escobar exhibit • visiting good people in Chicago

Mag: SUBMISSION HOLD—Waiting For Another Monkey To Throw The First Brick LP • SMALL BROWN BIKE—And Don't Forget Me 7" • Amateur—movie by Hal Hartley • CARME PITEO—four track demo • STILL LIFE—live in Claremont 11/14/98 • FUN PEOPLE—Anesthesia tape • THE COUP—Steal This Album CD • all the nice people I've met in the last 3 1/2 years • THE BUTCHIES—Are We Not Femme CD • the rockin' surfer who's putting out the Yaphet Kotto and Bread And Circuits records

Dylan Ostendorf: A SOMETIMES PROMISE—discography CD • VERY SECRETARY/COMPOUND RED—split 7" • ACROBAT DOWN—Time Of The Season 7" • FACEPLANT—demo tape • FUGAZI—End Hits CD • KNAPSACK—This Conversation Is Ending Starting Right Now CD • AMERICAN FOOTBALL—Polyvinyl CD single • ATOM & HIS PACKAGE—(still listening to the Society... CD religiously) • The Anti-ATOM & HIS PACKAGE ad in HaC #20 • KARATE—My Bed Is In The Ocean CD • SEAM—The Pace Is Glacial CD • PLUNGER—12"

Ryan Gratzter: BOREHOLE/KING SUPA—split CD • CONGRESS—Angry With The Sun • GOLGATHA/LUZIFERS MOB—split LP • ENEWETAK—Onward To Valhalla • FRAIL—Make Your Own Noise CD • CREATION IS CRUCIFIXION—In Silico CD • INCANTATION—Onward To Golgotha • Equinoctial by John Varley • He Who Shapes by Roger Zelazney • POGROM—Diarium CD • SPACEBOY—Getting Warm On The Trail Of Heart CD

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I'm starting up an anarcho-punk 'zine and I'd greatly appreciate any contributions anyone could send: interviews, opinions, reviews, political art, photos, protests, DIY how to's, etc. Everyone who submits something gets a free copy. Mark Silverstein/5275 Whisper Dr./Coral Springs, FL 33067

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Sunny Day Real Estate reunion video filmed 7/11/98 in Seattle. I will till tape with a Promise Ring show. Send \$15, postage paid. I have a huge list of bands: Avail, Fugazi, RFTC, Op Ivy, many others. Send stamps for list. E-mail: Choosethefayette@hotmail.com; CTH/Box 9556/Seattle, WA 98145

Sawyer Brown sings with the Downer Boys 7" out now! \$4ppd. Void 7" 4-ppd. 1 shirt \$1.50ppd. SASE for sticker, catalog. Eye 95 Records/602 141st St./Ocean City, MD 21842

Zines/labels/bands—need photos? Contact Slim & None Photography for up to date catalog (SASE). Cheap rates. Color and black/white. 2 proof sheets for a buck ppd. 120 State NE #236/Olympia, WA 98501-8212; denardoj@elwha.evergreen.edu. Visit the homepage for examples: http://192.211.16.13/users1/denardoj/home.htm

Non-racist punk, skinhead, and hardcore girls in the Tucson area and worldwide: like to be friends, penpals, and maybe eventually more. Write and send pictures to: Dave Ashal/10260 W. Mars Rd./Tucson, AZ 85734-8728/USA

Countdown To Putsch cannot be reduced beyond its most elemental parts: Don, Rich, Albert, Ben, Dij, Chris. Experience our 6-song, 25 minute demo, it's unintentionally ambient. \$3ppd from PO Box 3146/Steinway Station/LIC, NY 11103/USA. Cash only.

Iskarion Distribution for books, pamphlets and 'zines is looking for good writings to distribute over here. Please get in touch, if possible with a sample. Others: write for a free list. Thanks! Philipp Smej/Brunnenfeldg. 7/1/A-7571 Rudersdorf/Austria/Europe

Records for sale (or trade): punk, hc, grind, S.E., peacepunk, etc. '80s thru '90s, US, UK, Europe... at least 200—most in great condition. Send SASE or IRC for list. Ward Young/123 NE Fremont/Portland, OR 97212

C.I.A.I.D.S.? Appropriations for the creation, CIA/Pentagon/Military connection, Africa transmission by WHG's vaccination, Hepatitis-B for stateside contraction, chemical, biological, ethnic biowarfare, AIDS is genocide. \$2-48 page booklet, \$5—huge infopack and booklet on nazification of amerikkka. Awaken Industries/600 Mimosa Ave./Titusville, FL 32796; Casseur@Juno.com

Amigos—a label and distro. Write for a list. Available: Invazija's 12 song tape; Picismo demo and 7". Out soon: compilation with bands from ex-Soviet Union countries. Each item is \$4ppd world, c/o ROLISY Ycas/Asanavicius 8-235/2050 Vilnius/Lithuania; ROLISY@is.lt

Anti-Everything is a 'zine done totally DIY. If you want to contribute, send shit to Anti-Everything/PO Box 983/Grand Island, NE 68802. If we print it, we'll send you a free copy. Otherwise, send \$2.

Looking for Charles Bronson LP, any Dahmer and Enemy Soil stuff, also HOB 47 anything (especially Racist Regime LP) and Japan hc! Feel free and ask for my huge trade list. T. Lenz/Zum Holzfeld 12/3126 Peine/Germany

'Zines

ANOTHER NAME FOR NOTHING #3

5.5x8.5 \$1 32pgs.

ANFN is a personal, emo 'zine that is real hit or miss. The parts of the 'zine that I found interesting were: the piece about the military with interspersed quotes from *Johnny Got His Gun*, discussions of friendships, and the letters to people he knows. However, this 'zine suffers from the generic personal babble which is uninteresting to someone outside of the situation. LO (John Martin/1609 Persinger Rd./SW Roanoke, VA 24015)

ANTI-EVERYTHING #1 8.5x11 \$1 18pgs.

Boy...where to begin? The cover says it all, I guess... "Well... we tried... Here's what our critics say: 'I read this 'zine while I was on the crapper, and stayed on an extra ten minutes so I could re-read it!'" Not exactly my experience, but close. It's totally ridiculous, as they constantly remind the reader, but is entertaining nevertheless. One point that tasted a little sour to me was in the introduction, after one person wrote that they were "anti-racist, sXe hardcore, punk rock, power violence... non-biased on gays and feminists..." Less than half a page later, there's mention of how MTV should be called "RTV (Rap TV)", or some gay shit like that." Hmn... interesting. That wasn't a really great start for them. I tried to overlook that stumbling block and was able to be slightly entertained by the gossipy nature of highlights such as pornographic references in Disney movies (although I'd already known of a few of them) and pot references in *Scooby Doo*. Beyond these occasional chuckles, there's really nothing worthwhile here. More than half of the poor reviews are on Vagrant Records and half of the 'zine is pure filler. I assume that it exists only so it can quote "critics" such as myself bagging on their "zine." Go to it boys... quote me... "this 'zine is pretty pathetic." DO (5045 Piccadilly Dr./Madison, WI 53714)

ANTIPATHY #4 5.5x8.5 \$1.25 80pgs.

Another one down! This is one of the best 'zines I have ever got. The last one was just as good. Some of the best stories, best articles, best everything. All I have to say, white on black cover. Punk as they get right here, man. Hobo punks unite! All about traveling on trains...getting close to death, and his story of the asylum fest. He was the genius behind the punks in the woods fest, and the HDP were the ones behind its down fall. If any Hollywood Drunk Punks are reading this: FUCK OFF AND DIE! I'm pretty sick of these guys fucking everything up. Oh yeah. This 'zine rocks and you will buy it. CF (PO Box 11703/Eugene, OR 97440)

ANNOYANCE #18 8.5x5.5 \$1 52pgs.

Ads. Reviews. Interviews (not very good ones) with Ann Beretta and Atom (and his Package). Some ramblings. Drawings. Not much else. GD (PO Box 21/Bound Brook, NJ 08805)

ANNOYANCE #19 5.5x8.5 \$1 52pgs.

This person has some fairly odd past times which are scattered throughout the 'zine. The first are reviews of a few different kinds of root beer, for which I remark, "It's just a drink." Another is a page dedicated to new Pez designs that are coming out. Next is yo-yo's, yo-yo's, and yes, more yo-yo's. Last are a few reviews of pinball machines. Fifty cents for three balls, what is this world coming to? The only pinball game I play nowadays is Paragon, especially since it's sitting in my living room (brag). Okay, the 'zine also has interviews with Lanemeyer and Pinhead Circus, both of which I found enjoyable, though I was greatly annoyed by the fact that all of the swear words were censored, such as "f*ck" and "sh*t." What the h*ll is up with that? Is he scared his mommy is going to see them and get mad? Plus a bunch of record reviews, columns talking about life, (what he says at the end of just about every sentence) junk, and some ads. Most of the music in the reviews and ads are sort of the mainstream-type punk, or pop punk or whatever it is called, plus ska, blah, blah, blah. RG (PO Box 21/Bound Brook, NJ 08805)

A PLACE CALLED HOME Vol. 1 Issue #1

7.8x5.5 \$2 12pgs.

I liked this more than I thought I would. Well written personal writing by Terence (the editor) and other people as well. Record/ 'zine reviews and an interview with Enemy Soil round out this issue. A good read. ARB (Terence Hannum/10561 Regent Cr./Naples, FL 34109)

ARMCHAIRWATERBOY #7 7x8.5 \$1/trade 32pgs.

Poetry done well. Succinct. Introspective. Beautiful. Every issue of this 'zine I have read has come out well. Some might call it abstract jargon that leaves you in confusion, but I think it is simply reflections of the intricacies of life-confusing and as fucking irrational as time and space. Support DIY poetry and art. Support 'zines like *Armchairwaterboy*. Keep this shit alive. SA (3418 W 7th St./Little Rock, AR 72205)

ASK WHY? #5 5.5x8.5 \$1/trade 24pgs.

A small, personal 'zine coming from the Twin Cities (like it matters, I just needed to finish that sentence). This guy has a positive attitude about people's roles in this world and how they can make a difference. He writes about sexism, sexuality, being straight edge, computers, homeless people, and a little fiction piece. There are a couple 'zine and record reviews. A bunch of addresses are printed on various pages for activist organizations. Small and personal. RG (1600 Grand Ave./St. Paul, MN 55105)

THE ASSASSIN AND THE WHINER #9

5.5x8.5 \$1 16pgs.

Another excellent comic. Once again, we find our protagonist mulling over life, love, and all the other shit. If you haven't seen this endearing and entertaining 'zine yet, I urge you to check it out. "Nuff said." LO (Carrie/PO Box 963/Havre De Grace, MD 21078)

BURN COLLECTOR #9 5.5x8.5 \$1 24pgs.

Another sordid chapter in Al's life. For those of you familiar with *Burn Collector*, you can expect even more of the same entertaining stuff. In these pages he details his life and all the intertwining complexities of it. The pieces are short, but still full stories in themselves. While the last issue covered some of the more depressing moments, this issue features more highlights of his memory. One piece seemed so familiar, I think I had read it in a previous issue. All the same, it is ten times better than most of the stuff people try to pass off as stories in most 'zines. LO (Al Burian/307 Blueridge Rd./Carboro, NC 27510)

THE BEARD #1 5.5x8.5 \$2 40pgs.

Straight off I would like to say that anyone who sends their little note on Spice Girl stationary will get a good review by me. This 'zine is put together with love, care, and pretty little pictures that often correspond to the words being written. There is some poetry that tells a story with pictures to go along with it. Interesting. There are also stories and fun stuff, such as real pictures of Satan and info on the devil. There is one story where about twenty cats that are in this person's life are named. And I couldn't help wondering: it was mentioned in the beginning of the 'zine that all of the people who have their stuff in it are all under alias', so are the cats' names changed for security reasons as well? Personally, I would much rather harass a cat any day over a human. Come here, little Catastrophe. RG (1220 Lake St./Kent, OH 44240)

BLACK CAT 13! #3 8.5x11 \$2 32pgs.

This 'zine is based around the editor's fascination with horror/monster movies and the lifestyle that results from it. On newsprint with dabs of color (mostly pukey green and orangy-red) the 'zine consists of lots of short reviews of movies, books, and catalogs focused on the occult, as well as short articles on Halloween and lycanthropy (werewolves). Apparently the editor is Tim Burton... not of *Nightmare Before Christmas* fame, but the second bassist for The Promised Ring. Interesting. Overall, there's not a whole lot of substance, but there are funny ads and enough filler to keep me interested for a good hour or so. In time, with some work (and proofreading to get rid of all the extra apostrophes) this could be a fun alternative to *Fangoria*. DO (5045 Piccadilly Dr./Madison, WI 53714)

THE CLEANSING POWER OF FIRE #1

4.25x5.5 \$1 32pgs.

As stated in the intro, the purpose of *The Cleansing Power Of Fire* is to communicate. The editor is nervous about making his private thoughts turn public material and that sometimes comes through in the pieces. Personal reflection mixes with short theories told in fiction. LO (Evan's Prosthetic Limb/504 North St./Meadville, PA 16335)

CHIMPS #6 5.5x8.5 \$2+1 IRC 40pgs.

Chimps has so much to read inside, it is easy to spend hours with just one issue. The type is small and the thoughts just keep on coming. Layla is of the new breed of hip feminists, whose 'zines have been coming into their own the past couple years. Everything in here lets you in, every piece talks not just about the specific topic but also about her. One special feature in this issue is the interview with Kim Thompson that talked about her place in the punk scene. Layla's style is convoluted and repetitive, but once you read what she is saying it all starts to make sense, and she means to do it this way. I like this 'zine a lot. LO (14 Batavia Mews/London/SE14 6EA/UK)

CHUMPIRE #108-#110 8.5x11 SASE 2pgs

More news, reviews, and thoughts from Greg. Pick this up for free or send him a stamp. A two minute read with plenty of information. LO (Greg Knowles/PO Box 680/Conneaut Lake, PA 16316-0680)

COMPLETE CONTROL #2 5.5x8.5 55¢ 32pgs.

In this issue, Greg talks about the political history of his city/neighborhood and the punk rock history of his house. Most of the writing is about human rights/housing issues, and it is generally pretty interesting. It starts to drag a bit when he just sort of delineates some things about his house, but the other pieces make up for that. There is also a contribution from a prisoner about some of the conditions behind bars in Iowa. LO (PO Box 5021/Richmond, VA 23002)

CORNFLAKE OVERDOSE #2 8.5x11 \$1 28pgs.

The makers of this 'zine have an affinity for horror movies. They have art inspired by and straight out of them, as well as a list of the best and worst movies. They invite the reader to send in their list as well. Along with the general content of reviews and columns, they also interview Bobby Steele, Erie Von, Tom Sullivan (the maker of *Evil Dead*), and a zombie from *Night Of The Living Dead*. The long talk was Tome Sullivan was my favorite, though they also had an interested reprinted piece on corporate welfare. LO (38 Highland Ave./Battle Creek, MI 49015)

1ST=Eric Furst, MA=Mike Amezcuia,
GD=Graham Donath, CKC=Carrie Crawford, ARB=Adam Brandt,
DO=Dylan Ostendorf, NS=Noel Sullivan, JLG=Jamie Gluck, PCD=Paul Dykeman, RG=Ryan Gratzer,
LK=Leslie Kahan, KM=Kent McClard,
SJS=Steve Snyder, & LO=Lisa Oglesby

THE DEFENESTRATOR #8 news \$1 8pgs

"Throwing power out the window" is exactly what this progressive and right-on newspaper does. Headlines read: "Pennsylvania Supreme Court Tramples Justice to Kill Mumia." One of the most important issues that we must act upon this year: Mumia Abu Jamal, the most celebrated political prisoner of our time, is days away from being assassinated by the Justice System: the same system that has tried and tried again to destroy any opposition it has faced. Other articles discuss police brutality on the streets, sweatshop labor fascists like Nike, and other educationally motivated pieces that everyone should read. If you don't know about Mumia already, get this paper immediately or ask other progressive people. We cannot let this prophet die from a racist and classist system. To *The Defenestrator* and other progressive 'zines I give my positive appreciation and respect. Thank you!! SA (4434 Ludlow St./Philadelphia, PA 19104)

DISMAL FANZINE #11 5.5x8.5 \$1 20pgs.

A nice little 'zine with content dealing mostly with politics and society. Some of the things written about were the stupidity of Thanksgiving and it's alternative, the National Day of Mourning, plus freedom, theory versus ideology, strength and leadership, and a piece and a letter on a jailed anarchist. Interesting 'zine addressing dismal issues which are always in need of, and always are, addressed. RG (Marc/5275 Whisper Dr./Coral Springs, FL 33067)

DIAL TONE #3 5.5x8.5 \$1 16pgs.

No intro or anything, this 'zine just starts right up. Beginning with a critique of the 1980s. Next there is a critique of the 1990s. He calls it the information age, and states that we have defied history by naming our decade before it is over. Well, son, this is not the information decade, just as the industrial age was not a single decade. The last section of the 'zine is made up of five parts: I. "I've been hearing voices for the last four or five months"; II. "Don't ask; Don't tell"; III. "Us and Them: Religion, Corporations, and Politics"; IV. "An Atheistic World: A Better Tomorrow"; and V. "Sell your blood as soon as possible." It's a nice 'zine, a little on the ostentatious side. RG (Dave Lancey/PO Box 994/Chapel Hill, NC 27514)

DISHWASHER #15 8.5x5.5 \$1 40pgs.

Dishwasher Pete continues his quest to wash dishes for pay in each of the 50 states. This issue finds Pete in Louisiana looking for a suitable dishing job. He has little success with restaurants on land so he decides to try washing dishes as a galley hand on an oil platform in the Gulf of Mexico. He becomes acquainted with his co-workers, one on parole and on the run from multiple fiancés and girlfriends, the other a former CIA operative with penchants for sex with barnyard animals and murder. Pete's descriptions of his first helicopter ride, dealing with the arrival of more groceries than there is storage space, and his observations of the daily cycle of the Gulf waters make for exceptionally enjoyable reading. Also in this issue you will find several pages of quotes concerned with washing dishes at sea, a comic about the Dish King and a long interview with a Seattle dishwasher who put much effort into getting his fellow hotel employees involved in their union by publishing a 'zine critical of it's leaders. A highly recommended 'zine. SJS (PO Box 8213/Portland, OR 97214)

EAT THE STATE! Vol. 3 #15 news \$1 8pgs.

A short political weekly from Seattle that deals with anti-authoritarian issues. There are columns, reports, community information and ads. LO (PO Box 85541/Seattle, WA 98145)

ELECTRIC FIELD DANCE 5.5x8.5 \$2 64pgs.

Talk about fuck shit up. This incredibly technical and detailed list of scams, weapons, infractions and general advice is fascinating to read. Every section is well written and given the weight it deserves. There is even a helpful part about what to do when you are caught. I would truly suggest this to anyone interested in subversive behavior. The final section goes into a more personal look at anecdotes of behavior. Taken separately or in unison, the two halves of this 'zine create a gratifying body of work. LO (Richard Thrush/PO Box 19394/Cincinnati, OH 45219)

EXISTENTIAL COWGIRL 5.5x8.5 \$1 32pgs

I have been putting off writing this review because I simply don't know what to say. I liked this. A lot. I find the writing to be quite well done, and it leaves me wanting more. But how to describe it? I can start by saying that there are two distinct parts to this 'zine—the first part consists of writings about life and experiences, while the second part is written in the form of a screenplay. It is all extremely introspective in a sort of philosophical and intriguing (to me, at least) way. I finished this 'zine hoping that there will be more to come. LK (Laura/515 Arden Way #4/Carmichael, CA 95608)

EXTRA 'ZINE 8.5x11.5 free 20pgs.

This one comes from Spain. It's glossy and very professional looking. Looks more like a music industry magazine than an actual punk 'zine. It's got interviews with punk bands *Furious Planet*, *Los Residuos*, *Frogger*, *Chococrispis* and *Supermartillo*. The interviews were dry and boring, following the question/short answer, question/short answer format which really doesn't make me want to go out and search for these bands' music. There are also ads, reviews, and a couple of articles. I'm not sure why they sent this to HaC just now, this issue is dated August of '96. MA (Extra-Info/Aptd. Co. 152/13250 Daimiel/Ciudad Real/Spain)

FALSE FEELINGZ PLASTIC TITZ 8.5x11 1IRC 4pgs.

This short newsletter from Slovenia has record reviews, a *Noothgrush* interview and a science fiction story. LO (Dejan Pozezar/Smetanova 82/2000 Maribor/Slovenia)

FEAR NO LOVE #14 8.5x12 1IRC 4pgs.

This generally quick read expands out to four full pages of information and thoughts this time around. The account from the Vort 'n' Vis festival and a few reviews are the main sections of this issue, but there is also plenty of commentary and record news. LO (PO Box 935/18036 Zürich/Switzerland)

THE FIFTH GOAL #2 5.5x8.5 \$2 70pgs.

A review of *The Fifth Goal* would not be complete without mentioning the influence of Krishna. Blake is deeply involved in the constant search for self-realization, and a good deal of his writings focus on that goal. Other topics include direct action and addiction, along with an interview with Ray Cappo. Some of the writings were interesting, though I feel that I would have enjoyed them more if they were a bit more in depth. There is also a large section of graffiti photos. If you despise Krishna, this is one to avoid... if Krishna interests you, Blake's 'zine and distribution could be a good resource. LK (Blake Donner/PO Box 970085/Utah, UT 84097)

FLAME #7 8.5x11 \$1.55 18pgs.

Formerly known as *Pixie Chix*, but the name started to sound too much like the country band *The Dixie Chix*. Lots of the content is oriented towards political awareness. I found the columns on vegetarianism, fast food, animal testing, the environment, and the politics of meat industry to be very interesting and well written. There are also a few nicely written stories, fiction and nonfiction. One page has some vegan recipes, including a vegetarian food pyramid. In the intro she wrote that she used to write about pro-life views (among other things) in past issues of *Pixie Chix*, but after reading this 'zine I got the impression that she was not pro-life. So maybe that was a typo, or she changed her views. RG (Miriam Eason c/o MCAE/6135 Olsen Mem. Hwy/Golden Valley, MN 55422)

FRACTURE #4 8.5x11 \$2 64pgs.

From Cardiff, Wales *Fracture* is a newsprint 'zine set up in the MRR tradition, featuring a clear and uncrowded layout that reads easily. There is a Derby scene report and interviews with Urko, Cress, and Area Effect that cover issues and concerns of bands and folks in the north of England scene. The interview with Ian of Subjugation Records is short but informative. There are essays on accepting folks with disabilities in the punk scene and the implications of US air strikes on suspected terrorist locations. At the center of this issue is a long and very worthwhile conversation with the current MRR coordinators Jacqueline and Mark. They talk about where they hope to go with a bunch of reviews that are serviceable but not terribly informative. *Fracture* is a good 'zine, the MRR interview makes this issue indispensable. SJS (PO Box 623/Cardiff, Wales/CF3 9ZA/UK)

FRACTURE #5 8.5x11 \$2 64pgs.

In the sea of music based magazines out there, it is nice to find an island of charm. Many of the columns were entertaining and original. I enjoyed reading the pieces on the internet, COPEX, and work. The interviews this issue are with the UK's Stampin' Ground, Jonathan Baker, and One Car Pile-up. They also did a great job with the book reviews and numerous record and 'zine reviews. Supporting DIY and entertaining the kids. LO (PO Box 623/Cardiff, Wales/CF3 9ZA/UK)

FLUKE #5 5.5x8.5 \$2 32pgs.

It starts out with a story on meditation. Not a guide on meditation, mind you, but a story. So it's a little weird. This person really likes little games that help pass the time, such as chess and backgammon and about twenty other things that will cure boredom. There are also some nonfiction and fiction stories, a lot of poetry, which he calls "fleety." That seems to suit it better since a lot of it seems like eight lines of prose. There is a story on the band Boy Scouts(z) written by a former member and an interview with a Palestinian, born in 1944, who came to the US a while ago. Quite a nice amount of material. RG (417 11th Ave./Seattle, WA 98122)

FREAK TENSION #1 8.5x11 stamps 16pgs.

Begins with six fairly long show reports, with pictures. After that there are four short stories, which, personally, are my favorite things to read in 'zines, so this gets my mighty nod of approval. Now bow down and kiss my feet... whoops, sorry, I got carried away. This also contains a couple paragraphs in which we meet the Finnish band Impaled Nazarene. There are about four pages of record reviews, many of which deal with Victory, Lookout, Equal Vision, etc.-type bands. Has some ads: Victory, Nitro, etc. And last and least, a few poems. RG (Matthew Johnson/2124 Orchard Pl/Eau Claire, WI 54703)

FUN FUEL #2 5.5x8.5 \$1 12pgs.

As with many 'zines, I think I would like this more if I knew the creator. There is a lot of cutting-and-pasting going on here, both with original artwork and magazine/newspaper clippings. The main form of the writing is poetry-type ranting with drifting themes. One thing I don't understand, though, is that Rochelle says that she doesn't really want this issue to be better than the last one... hmm? Maybe I'm missing something, but I think that the goal of constantly improving is one of the best things about doing a 'zine. LK (PO Box 61/Glynnie Qld 4570/Australia)

THE FUTURE PHATNESS #13 8.5x11 \$7 26pgs.

This all fiction 'zine has a taste for action packed tales of sin and retribution. Each of the three stories reminds me of a movie I've seen, there is a big screen quality to the dialogue. There are also comic book review and a few other notes, but the real focus here is the stories. It is nice to see people writing fiction. LO (Unreal Workshop/335 Luuwater Dr. Wilmington, NC 28403)

GALAXY 666 #7 5.5x8.5 \$2 60pgs.

A metal cover for a metal flavored 'zine. MRR type layout with the typicals: reviews, ads, interviews etc. Nothing that really floats my boat. But maybe I'm getting tired of these 'zines. It is a good read though, and I'm damn sure a lot of people will like it. Rock on. CF (PO Box 1714/Buckley, WA 98321)

THE GIRL NEXT DOOR #9 5.5x8.5 free 16pgs.

As the cover says, it includes reviews, Y2K, Veggietales, hate crimes, smokers vs. gluttons, and *Commando*. *Commando* is a comic at the end which is copied so bad that it impossible to have any idea what is going on. There is also stuff about Christians, such as which ones are bad and which ones are good. (And, being that this is put together by people who are Christians, I can begin writing my list of complaints about that. But I won't.) Not much of a 'zine = not much of a review. But there are still at least some interesting things to read, as mentioned above. RG (16514 Burlingame Rd./Little Rock, AR 72223-9616)

GOOD INTENTIONS FANZINE #1 8.5x11 \$3 32pgs.

Photocopied, but pretty good quality sxe hardcore 'zine. Interviews with Tiebreak, Peter Amdam, and Ray Cappo. Decent pictures and okay interviews. I'd check out #2 if I saw it again. GD (Vegaro Jarness/O. Sverdrups 7/3600 Kongsgberg/Norway)

GOT A LOT TO SAY #5 5.5x8.5 \$1 24pgs.

Short observations, stories, and reviews are the bulk of this 'zine. A piece on ARA skins, media discrimination, and general misconceptions all caught my eye. See what you think. CKC (Adam MacArthur/715 Howard St./Northboro, MA 01532)

GRRR! #3 8.5x11 \$1 64pgs.

Three reasons why I like and recommend *Grrr!*: 1) it is for reals; 2) veganism is discussed in a non-preachy, informative, and helpful way (including recipes); and 3) with all the rants, observations, random quotes, brochures, and postcards ranging in topics from animal rights to work to sleep deprivation to a classic cartoon about berry picking, you never know what is going to be on the next page. My only complaint about this 'zine is that sometimes it is a bit too cutesy, but it does have my blessing. JLG (Andy/PO Box 85/Grafton, VT 05146)

GULLIBLE #16 4.25x5.5 55¢ 32pgs.

This long running personal 'zine delineates the life and times of Chris Terry. His thoughts and misadventures are all in here. I can't always get into this 'zine but this issue pleased me. Some of my favorite pieces were the story of the milk crates, Andy Warhol, and building a loft. If you have been thinking about getting a copy of *Gullible*, I suggest this issue. LO (PO Box 4909/Richmond, VA 23220)

HAZLO TU MISMO #5 8x11 \$1.25 32pgs.

Definitely one of the better punk/hc 'zines around right now—and I don't just mean in Argentina, this one can hold it's own with many of the bigger 'zines around the globe. From what I can see, the Argentine DIY punk/hc scene is in full force right now, meaning that it's very productive with tons of 'zines, labels, and distros arising. And the kids from HTM are leading the way at this moment. Looking through this 'zine (and past issues) I find an obvious HaC influence yet it's quickly presenting a style of it's own and won't be surprised if in the future we begin to make HTM references about other 'zines. This issue looks great, the layouts are very creative, there are columns, tons of reviews and interviews with Againe, Sentimientos Optimistas, Autocontrol, Jade Tree and Peace of Mind. If there's ever been a time for you to learn Spanish, the time is now. Learn it and get this. MA (CC 213 SUC 12 (B/CP 1412 Buenos Aires/Argentina)

HERE BE DRAGONS #3 5.5x8.5 \$1/trade 28pgs.

Another interesting issue of *Here Be Dragons*. This political 'zine is comprised mostly of commentary and information, looking to shed light on topics such as work, Catholicism, and endangered plants. There are also two good interviews with a teacher and Greg from *Chumple*. I'd like to see this 'zine grow in pages because I think they are just on the tip of the iceberg in terms of their potential. LO (2036 Wendover St. Apt. #44/Pittsburgh, PA 15217)

HEARTCORE 'ZINE #5 6x8.5 free 28pgs.

A nice little personal 'zine in English and Spanish that discusses some political issues as well. There is an interesting interview with a woman who was involved in Take Back The Night and her local rape crisis center and a few informational pieces on resistance to McDonalds' ever growing global empire. Cool. LO (Albert/C-Vent 34 B1/08031 Barcelona/Spain)

HELP MY SNOWMAN'S BURNING #4/
LIGHTWEIGHT #3 8.5x11 \$1 32pgs.

HMSB is sort of a directionless 'zine filled with random tidbits and articles, including an article on selling your soul to the discount devil, dumb band names and dumb song titles, and horoscopes. Also has some advertisements. *Lightweight*, on the other hand, seems more music and gossip oriented. There is an interview with Avail and Muckhole, an article on Iraq, some record reviews, and other things. Has some advertisements as well. I enjoyed reading two different 'zines such as these all in one. Also interesting because they are from New Zealand. RG (HMSB/PO Box 14562/Kilburne/Wellington/New Zealand)

HEXBENDER #1 8x11 free 32pgs.

"An aggressive music journal." This is a great first issue but it's not for everyone. With that I mean that not everyone will enjoy a two page graphic story on the slaughtering and fixing up of a pig. Also just reading about the band Scissorfight may make some people cringe. This also features some news about who signed who and what not, and a very informative, well-written piece on MSP, or Munchausen Syndrome by Proxy, which is a disorder where parents do twisted things to their kids for the sake of attention. Most of the 'zine is taken up by interviews, such as one with Scissorfight (which is more of a story about the interviewer venturing to their secret lair), Shadows Fall, John Garcia (ex-singer of Kyuss and present one with Unida), Cryptopsy, Nasum, and Nile. There are also seven pages of record reviews. RG (J. Bennett/PO Box 470/Allston, MA 02134)

I AM AN IDIOT #1 7x8.5 \$7 40pgs.

While the layout follows an appealing style, the written content leaves much for this reader to desire. Most pieces by the editor were anecdotal, talking about love and parties, while the two contributions were layered with much thicker metaphors and arty language—sometimes easy to follow, sometimes incoherent. The real gem here is the mixed media art; comparable to experts from *Scenery* previously cited in this magazine. LO (Braden Govoni/PO Box 5583/Richmond, VA 23220)

AN IMPULSE OF ANTIPATHY
AND NARCISSISM #5 4.25x5.5 \$2 10pgs.

A short little booklet done in one night that details some thoughts on the author's apathetic and narcissist state of mind. Sometimes interesting, sometimes annoying. Understandable project though. LO (Joris/Beukelaan 34/2275 Lille/Belgium)

IMPACT PRESS #18 8.5x11 \$2 48pgs.

I had hoped to find some sharp content, but was let down by this issue. Most of the pieces that pose as researched articles come off as knee jerk rants about whatever leftist cause. Those include women's relationships to plastic surgery, Viagra, liberalism, and homelessness. Even with my bias towards the themes, I was unimpressed. Let's hope next issue is better. LO (10151 University Blvd. Suite 151/Orlando, FL 32817)

**I DEFY #7** packet \$2 240pgs.

This issue of *I Defy* comes with a number of supplements, hence the incredible amount of pages. The 'zine itself is well written and interesting; there is a nice balance between personal stories and articles/interviews. Some highlights are the pieces on research universities and alternative media, the interview with April Rosenbaum on Mumia, and the other interview with Palatka on a number of things. Other content is taken up by the recanting of Casey's adventures. The supplement titled *Love And Revolution In The Kitchen* is part vegan cookbook, part information booklet on nutrition from his friend Rachel. *Soothing The Savage Beast* is the review supplement, filled with pages of his thoughts on records and 'zines. In an attempt to get people interested and engaged in the independent press, there are address and contact information in the *Alternative Media Resource Guide*. There is also reprinted interviews with Noam Chomsky and Robert McChesney about Microsoft and the internet. If you can get your hands on this packet, check it out. Though sometimes overwhelming it is worth the time. LO (see above address)

I STAND ALONE #11 8.5x11 \$1 48pgs.

Once again *I Stand Alone* has cover art that mimics a bad tattoo. This issue features interviews with Kid Dynamite, Buried Alive, Kent McClard, Out, and A By The Grace Of God tour diary. For the most part *I Stand Alone* is well done, though I can't claim to be all that much into most of the bands that appear in these pages. I of course generally like myself, and did enjoy reading my own interview, being egotistical and always in awe at the level of insanity that I am capable I can't help but be curious about what I had to say. Efficient and effective, especially if you like the style of music they are covering. KM (PO Box 321/Buckner, KY 40010)

IN MEDIAS RES #13 6x8.25 \$1/trade 20pgs.

Written by people and about people who are very involved in the anarchist scene in Croatia. It starts out with a history of anarchism in ex-Yugoslavia, starting from the second half of the 19th century. It's two pages long and written very small, so it contains a lot of information. Then it gives some reports from activities that people are doing, such as a McDonald's protest and a Critical Mass. There are also columns on international laws and on the computer industry. There is a column by Mumia Abu-Jamal on international law as well. An interview is done with a guy named Stefan who runs a 'zine distro in Belgium. Within this 'zine is a newsletter called *Zaginflach* #12. It is four pages long and gives a bunch of reports on anarchist and anti-fascist activities in Croatia. This newsletter also reviews some records and 'zines, mostly from Eastern Europe. At the end there is a funny story called, "What Is Capitalism and How Does It Work." Throughout the 'zine are many addresses for activist organizations. Very informative. RG (Marko Stipic/Rakusina 3/10000 Zagreb/Croatia)

INTERNATIONAL STRAIGHTEDGE BULLETIN #25 5.5x8.5 \$3 48pgs.

According to Yann, this is the last issue he's going to put out. He's pretty much sick of the hardcore scene, and is frustrated with everything. I think that's funny because personally I find the most interesting 'zines are written by people that are jaded and pissed off and sick of all the dumb shit that comes with hardcore. Who wants to read anything by someone who's happy all the time? I don't even want to know someone who's happy all the time. Throughout this issue, Yann's cynicism in his editorial and reviews is really what makes the issue enjoyable. For those not familiar with iSExBx, it offers an INVALUABLE resource guide for making contacts around the globe—including Indonesia, the Philippines, France, Argentina, Australia, Uruguay, Chile, Brazil, Indonesia, Peru, Poland, Lithuania, Russia, etc. Now that I think of it, THIS is what "unity" is!!! The one person who doesn't use it as a bullshit slogan, and he's calling it quits. Oh well... PCD (Y. Boiselle/B.P. 7523/35 075 Rennes Cedex 3/France)

IT'S ALIVE #17 8.5x11 \$2 60pgs.

I've enjoyed this issue of *It's Alive* more than the last few. That's not because it is a photo 'zine with less content, but because it is a compilation of photos from over the years with small stories and thoughts from Fred accompanying each one. It is great to think of hardcore as something stays with you in such a profound way. To be able to look back at a time, tell some good stories, and feel it all again. Hardcore for life. LO (Fred Hammer/PO Box 6326/Oxnard, CA 93031-6326)

THE JACOB SAVAGE NEWSLETTER #1

5.5x8.5 \$3 58pgs.

This is a personal 'zine with a nicely developed personality. Much of the JSN is given to three reoccurring themes. First there are scattered reviews of records found at flea markets for cheap. From Antonio Carlos Jobim to Venom to Joy Division, it's all rather entertaining. There is a series of conversations with a homeless man who talks about life experiences in freely meandering interviews that range from growing up in Germany to housebuilding and music. It doesn't seem to make much sense but then occasionally something really cool pops out. The editor writes extensively about his problems with bicycle thieves and their varying degrees of ingenuity and ruthlessness. Other articles include a story about young Mormons and sex on videotape, as well as a comparison of the film and book versions of Stanislaw Lem's *Solaris*. *The Jacob Savage Newsletter* is a full of good stuff cover to cover. SJS (Jacob/740-A 14th St. #138/San Francisco, CA 94114)

JUST WANTED TO WALK IN THE WOODS

5.5x8.5 \$2 16pgs.

This short piece is written by Judi Bari, an Earth First! activist. The 'zine tells, from her perspective, a few anecdotes from the movement, included the FBI conspiracy against the group and how she was the victim of a bombing. I'd suggest this to anyone interested in this sort of activism because reading her own account comes at it from a new angle. LO (Empower Communications/55 W 9th Ave. Apt. #2/Columbus, OH 43201)

KEEPIN' IT REAL #1 5.5x8.5 \$1 12pgs.

This 'zine with not much content, only about 2 minutes worth of reading. Record reviews which we provide with the following pearl of wisdom "typical Frenchmen: old as fuck—at least thirty. They are featured wearing no shirts." Hm... okay. This does however mention Judi, master tape maker and altogether cool guy, which makes any 'zine worthwhile. ARB (Griff Sombke/1314 S Grand Blvd. Suite #2-273/Spokane, WA 99202)

KÉROSÉNÉ #7 8.5x11 20FF 56pgs.

Independent music 'zine in French. Along with the standard reviews, news, ads, and pictures there are interviews with Three Mile Pilot, A Minor Forest, All, Tortoise, Burning Heads and Dr. Strange Records. LO (BP 370/54097 Nancy Cedex/France)

THE KAN DU #1 8.5x11 \$7 32pgs.

The Kan Du's first issue is a pretty slick number that, unfortunately,

PUNK

tries to cover too much ground but subsequently is unable to cover any one thing thoroughly enough to make it all that effective. Interviews with Ink & Dagger, Ten Yard Fight, Driven, Staydown and Tommy & the Bankrobbers consist of less than a page and about 8 questions that hardly scratch the surface of real issues. The fact that it's written in English make the translation a bit rough, even though it IS easier for me to read than German. An interesting piece on sexism inherent in the English language and proposed changes by a linguistics professor, which are nice, but result in some pretty stupid-sounding substitutes... in any case, the 'zine also includes some short (and somewhat ineffective) reviews, a mini poster with Converge on one side and Refused on the other. I did actually get something out of the Ink & Dagger mini-interview and the Prohaska soccer symbolism was slightly interesting as well. Room for improvement. DO (Aaron/7534 Olbendorf 606/Austria)

KIDFURY #1 5.5x8.5 \$1 40pgs.

I hope some of this is a joke. A straight-edge dating service? Also ads, reviews, and an interview with Bloodlet. Articles on why you should hate smokers, sharks, and a tale of Lifetime's last show. Oh, we can't forget the wonderfully written, fantastic tale of the fight with the goth. Give me a break. GD (Matias/669 Westminster Ave./Ottawa, ON/K2A 2V7/Canada)

LAW OF INERTIA #3 8.5x11 \$2 84pgs.

I don't like to read 'zines when ink rubs off on my hands, but with interviews with Elliott, Avail, and No Knife it's okay. I really liked the photo collage part; they put a bunch of pictures on one page instead of all through the 'zine. NS (205 Dryden Rd. Suite 154/ithaca, NY 14850)

LIFE WITH SPLENDOR #1 & #2 5.5x8.5 free 28pgs.

Hmm... What can be said about the first issue. Rambling thoughts verging on disturbing. The editor worries that a reader might take his commentary; like how cock and love are the sought after goals of our repressed society. Or maybe about how our lives are such shit but if we could "fuck that beautiful big titted blonde on MTV" maybe we could be released. I had a hard time seeing any of his commentary as nothing more than stream of consciousness notes unable to diverge upon some great point. He almost says he is misunderstood, I guess he is right on that one. Issue #2 continues along the same trend; though, arguably, there are more linear stories and anecdotes than in issue #1. His intro delineates some experiences he has had in Portland over the past few months, but also makes note that he actually has nothing to report. Still, the stories persist all in a somewhat offensive, Bukowski-esque modern style. Not my cup of tea. LO (4935 Old Post Rd. #83/Ogdan, UT 84403)

LIGHT WATER #1 8.5x11 \$1 32pgs.

While this is only the first issue it seems like the editor already has a certain direction he wants his 'zine to take, according to him, "...something with some real life to it." That's great, but that didn't quite happen with this issue. Instead, it became as predictable and lifeless as most of these music-focused type of 'zines are. Plus the huge amount of pop punk labels ads selling music I could care less for just clutter this 'zine. This one has a Long Island scene report, an interview with Ian MacKaye, poetry, recipes, and music/film reviews. No question the 'zine is put together well, nice clean layouts and easy to read fonts but it just doesn't have any content here that held my attention. MA (PO Box 7152/Garden City, NY 11530)

MAKE YOUR OWN 'ZINE #3 7x8.5 \$2 60pgs.

Animal liberation now! Everything you ever wanted to know about animals, how to set them free and how to stop supporting the bastards that are keeping 'em down. All this really is, is a 'zine about being vegan, being concerned, and knowing how to read really itty bitty font. All you who that have ever been concerned about animal liberation should definitely check out. There were some cool facts that this vegetarian didn't know either. CF (Gani & Adie/146 A. Dela Cruz St./Tayabas/4327 Quezon/Philippines)

MANUAL RESISTANCE #12 5.5x8.5 \$1.66 52pgs.

I should learn to real not judge a book (or 'zine) by its cover. I thought I would be in for an anarcho-punk free for all with this one. But, what I got was a *Cometbus* type 'zine. You know the deal, really stream of thought splurging onto the paper. I have always considered these 'zines a bit of a public type diary. I really enjoyed the little tidbit about places our fearless has lived. I really wish I could find places that cheap. CF (Matu/PO Box 94632/Lincoln, NE 68509)

MEDIA BLITZ #5 5.5x8.5 \$1.50 32pgs.

This is a decent photocopy-format 'zine that covers the traditional punk bases. A few interviews, some personal writing, a handful of reviews, some ads, and a decent cut'n'paste layout that combines an eclectic mix of personal philosophy, music, politics, and observations. Although the brevity the writing tends toward leaves me wanting a little more, there are interesting insights to glean from segments discussing work, the Staten Island scene, and witnessing cops leisurely beating homeless people at a Greyhound terminal. The cop piece certainly got me thinking about the importance of just getting out there and writing about the things you see in life—documenting the way things are and trying to wrestle "reality" from the one manufactured by the media, advertisers, public relations agencies, and the like. This issue of *MEDIA BLITZ* also features interviews with D.O.A. and The Loiters and an article on the fascist conspiracies in the US during the 30's depression. 1ST (PO Box 60104/Staten Island, NY 10306)

MIDGET BREAKDANCING DIGEST #9

8.5x11 free 40pgs.

A basic newsprint 'zine made of columns, reviews, ads, and interviews. The columns are mostly descriptions of personal experiences that won't be of much interest unless you know the author. One very short column addresses the fact that the punk scene is overwhelmingly Caucasian. I don't remember much else. There are short interviews with Ed Temple and The Smooths and a longer interview with The Thumbs. The 'zine reviews are brief but mostly informative and cover a range of lesser known 'zines. The record reviews are equally informative and diverse. The 'zine closes with the editor engaged in point/counterpoint with some hate mail which is, of course, stupid and pointless and unworthy of print. SJS (see below address)

MIDGET BREAKDANCING DIGEST #10

8.5x11 \$1 40pgs.

But it says free on the cover! Newsprint with a nice, clean layout. Lot's of ads. There are some columns, fiction, many record and 'zine reviews; plus interviews with At The Drive-In, a short one with two guys from Mineral, The Criminals, the guy who does Microcosm Records and *Eve Candy* 'zine, Mollie of Kat records, and the person who does Rotodesign web site. Nonfiction pieces include a person's experiences with getting cancer, another person's experience going to the Conan O'Brien show, the history of breakdancing, and Arias's legacy to the industry. Quite a few things to read, and an overall interesting 'zine. RG (Stuart Anderson/PO Box 271/Hygiene, CO 80533-0271)

MEGABEEF #2 7x8.5 \$1 44pgs.

Not very PC, so not for everyone, but I think it's pretty funny and enjoyable. Especially since not a lot offends me. Let's start with an editorial called, "Fuck Cussing," and next move on to a completely made up interview with Tim Armstrong from Rancid. Some people (especially certain pesky 'zine editors) call me paranoid, but I'm nothing compared to this article on AIDS being a US government created virus. Give me a break, that is one of the stupid things I have ever heard. Did anyone see the Barbara Walters interview with Will Smith where he said that he thinks AIDS was created by the government to kill black people? Or something like that. Well, Barbara's reaction was (paraphrased), "So, when did you first start rapping?" This 'zine also gives advise on how to cuss, prompted from hearing a bad cussier complain. "Don't touch my ass, asshole!" Also has an interview with The Neurotiks, record reviews, advertisements, and random info throughout on the makers' band The Infertil, with their slogan, "Putting the heat back in straightedge." RG (PO Box 16281/Alexandria, VA 22302)

MESSAGE FROM THE HOMELAND #2

8.5x11 \$1 42pgs.

Rants on almost everything along side reviews and some religious commentary. 42 pages. Very simple. Nothing reached out and grabbed my interest. GD (David Lucander/26 Davenport St./Chicago, MA 01013)

MIND WRECK #5 5.5x8.5 \$1/trade 48pgs.

Mind Wreck has the great "black and white personal 'zine" layout that involves lots of thick lines and crazy type. His helps to make the content more heartfelt. The written pieces are all personal notes, with one longer diary entry of his trip to the Detroit festival. I like the way he combines band photos and song lyrics to remind the reader that there really is meaning behind the music. In the middle of the 'zine, he gives 16 pages to what seems like another 'zine but is really one long contribution. Here, Tanja uses the space to discuss the Tibetan freedom movement, Mary Wollstonecraft, Nike's use of sweatshops, and a few personal notes. LO (lan/PO Box 85054/Lincoln, NE 68501)

COOL READS:**Electric Field Dance****Here Be Dragons #3****Paper Tigers****The Jacob Savage Newsletter #1****Fracture #4****Synthesis #4****Diswahlser #15****War Crime #10****Profane Existence #37****Scenery #9****THE MORE THINGS CHANGE #3** 5.5x8.5 \$3 98pgs.

Three dollars is a fabulous deal for this 'zine because 42 of the 98 pages mentioned above make up a supplementary vegan cookbook. The 'zine itself contains personal writings, a lot of them having to do with his dislike of multinational companies, and political/emo natural pieces. I don't really feel like commenting on specific things, but I must say that there is a whole lot to read in here. The cover has the same picture that was on the latest MK Ultra 7" and I still have no idea what it means, or what is going on. But I'm pretty sure that many people do. I found the argument against TV to be extremely weak and using the title of a great work offends me. Read my other reviews to try and figure out if I am telling the truth. Besides, I like many of the aspects of television. RG (David Hyde/26 Lacona Dr., Patterson NY 12563)

MY VIEWS CHANGE OVER TIME #2

5.5x8.5 \$1 16pgs

Sensitive, positive, and non-conformist would be the basic description of this 'zine. It feels stunned and pissed—maybe to the point of dulled reaction? A collection of honest observations and rants. I see a ton of potential in this 'zine, and would love to see longer articles, more room to get fired up and active. Go! CKC (Rob/237 1-2 SW 2nd Pl./Gainesville, FL 32601)

NATURAL MYSTIC #8 8x11 \$3 32pgs.

Quickly after enjoying issue #7 we get #8 for review. Damn, that was fast. But no complaints here cuz this one's a good read. It seems Checho has been getting a lot of slack for printing nude pictures of women in his 'zine, so you'll find none this time around. Touchy situation, but let's move on to the content in this issue. Everything you'd love about this 'zine is in here, interesting columns, good letters section, and tons of reviews. Interviews with Nada Que Hacer, A Message To You, Expressa Tu Emocion, Otra Salida and a scene report from Venezuela. This one's a keeper. MA (C.C. 3893/Correos Central/1000/Argentina)

NEWSKASTER #6 8.5x11 2 IRCs 4pgs.

This short ska 'zine features interviews with The Porkers and Pezz and a bunch of reviews. There is also a short columns and two even shorter poems, but the paper got water damaged en route to HaC and that was all illegible. This is set up as a ska and punk newsletter for the Philippines, so send them info. LO (Jerry Cruz/P.O. Box 51640/Mey Cauayan, Bulacan/Philippines)

NO BARCODES NECESSARY #7 8.5x11 \$4 32pgs.

A pretty good hardcore 'zine out of North Ireland. Interviews with Boy Sets Fire, Knuckledust, Outlast, Area Effect, Ebola. As you can probably guess by the title, this 'zine is really big on keeping DIY alive. Over all, this is a good representation of the European hardcore scene. I did find the Lagwagon ad a little out of place though, since I think Fat uses bar codes. PCD (Mel/83 Glebe Park/Chanterhill/Enniskillen/BT74 4DB/N Ireland)

NO GUTS, NO GLORY #1 8.5x11 \$1 44pgs.

Some of the content in here meant nothing to me because it was centered on the Baltimore scene which I know nothing about. It appears to me that Karl is trying to make a difference in his hometown scene, which is something that I both commend and respect. That stuff aside, I can't say that this 'zine is one of my favorites, though I think Karl achieves the goal that he set out to reach. In the introductory pages he says that some people might not like his 'zine because they are, "too much of a pussy to handle hearing the truth." Well, in that case, perhaps I am a pussy. Hm. He goes on to state that "people get dissed like bitches in this 'zine." Ugh. There is some stuff about starting a band and reviews of both records and 'zines. Also included is some sort of survey for heterosexual males to fill out in the hopes of proving that men don't all go for the tall, thin, blonde woman. I suspect that his intention is good, but I have to ask, what has happened to respecting women for more than what they look like? LK (Karl Groves/P.O. Box 1803/Glen Burnie, MD 21060-1803)

NOR I 'ZINE #3 5.5x8.5 \$1.66 40pgs.

You'll find no bands, ads, or reviews of any kind here. Just life experiences recorded onto paper. It's nice to see a 'zine coming out of the city where I live. There are a few out here but not too many—at least not that I know of. This one stole a good amount of time from me, which is good because I enjoyed it. Included here are submissions of personal stories and writings, some taken from other 'zines and some written by the editor himself. The type of stories that focus on the little details of occurrences that seem pointless yet at the end you find yourself nodding in agreement because somehow you've been there before. You know what I mean? MA (Ron A./P.O. Box 2505/Los Angeles, CA 90078)

NOT REALLY BETTER 5.5x8.5 \$1 12pgs.

This short story narrated by a man who works in a slaughterhouse. It goes into his head and discusses some of the disturbing images and parts of the job. An interesting little piece of fiction. LO (3548 Garfield Ave. #1/Minneapolis, MN 55408)

OFF! #5.5x8.5 \$1 64pgs.

Off! is the SUNY Binghamton campus magazine, which made me a bit nervous at first, but it wound up being a pretty cool read. Some of the stuff was Binghamton centered, but there was a bunch of political stuff included as well that made reading it more than worthwhile. Thoughts on capitalism, political prisoners, straight edge, military spending, and lots more are all presented. A few of the articles were really well thought out and thorough, and others scratched the surface of some pretty major issues. I'm not certain how often this comes out or if it has issue numbers, but I'm sure the folks at *Off!* will send something your way if you send them a buck or two. LK (Off! Editor c/o Off Campus College/SUNY Binghamton/Binghamton, NY 13902)

PAGAN REVIVAL #41 8x11 \$7 64pgs.

Dear god! Or in this case, gods. The goals these people claim to pursue is to promote the religion of Asatru which worships the living gods Odin, Thor, Tyr, Frey, etc. and a few goddesses as well. The goal which I see from these people, while wrapped up inside a wad of deceptive and vague words, is the total victory of the white (whoops, I didn't capitalize that oh-so-sacred word, but then again, they never capitalize the word "black") race. In fact, one person named Trothsjalmr ends his/her letter with a fully capitalized: "ONWARD TO TOTAL WHITE VICTORY!" There is too much stuff inside this magazine to name all, but a few things include bullshit about the so-called Jewish conspiracy, "classic dark pagan music" reviews, tons of letters, a short history of Odinism in the English speaking world, and a bunch of religious crap. This very much appears to be a stupid cult, perturbed by anyone who disses the Aryan race, and avoiding any mention of actually calling themselves racist (that I found). Each time someone asks for a subscription in the letters section, the editor advises that it would be even better if they could write a column for each issue instead of sending money. Gee, can we spell "recruits for freakish cult?" Next we can learn to spell "deceptive propaganda." Moving onward in the review amidst my disbelief... *Promoting sex roles? Women are elected to give birth to our children? Combating Europhobia and xenophobia?* I don't think so! From what I read, these freaks are completely xenophobic when it comes to any country that doesn't have Nordic Aryan people living in it. Anyone stupid enough to promote eugenics is hardly worth listening to, and more worth destroying. Please reader, either ignore these people or give them the ass-whooping that they deserve. The US is most certainly a melting pot. RG (PO Box 686/Bonsall, CA 92003-0686)

PISSING IN THE OCEAN #1 8.5x11 \$1 36pgs.

All you ever (or never) wanted to know about the Flagstaff, Arizona scene. Some of it was a little boring for someone like me who has no idea where Fresco or 66 is. There is an interview with some dude named Jeremy DeVine, book reviews, a pretty story by Jake Burdick, some information about the Zapatistas, and a bunch of excerpts from this person's diary. Not bad, not bad at all. RG (PO Box 21012/Flagstaff, AZ 86001)

PISSING IN THE OCEAN #2 5.5x8.5 \$1 32pgs.

PITO is a good read out of Flagstaff, AZ. I was pleased to see that along with the usual band photos and scene stuff, this also has book reviews. There is an interesting interview with a local writer, which was refreshing after too many boring band interviews. There is also a piece about the expansion of Phoenix and suburban sprawl. All in all, an enjoyable 'zine that held my interest. ARB (Bobby Carlson/PO Box 21012/Flagstaff, AZ 86011)

A PLACE CALLED HOME Vol. 2 Issue #2

Mostly art, personal writing, and poetry. Record/zine reviews thrown in for good measure. Again, pieces from multiple people. This issue has some writing about spirituality and god that gave me the impression that he is Christian, which isn't usually my thing, but it wasn't too overbearing or preachy. Okay stuff. ARB (see other review in "A" section)

PERDITION #1 5.5x8.5 \$1 28pgs.

An abundantly beautiful small photocopied 'zine from Quebec that features text (in French) and high-contrast images and illustrations, all hand-stitched together. From what I can gather with my remote language skills, these are mostly personal reflections on music and environment complemented by sensitively disturbing imagery in the illustrations and photographs. The framework of outward interest in environmental and social issues interweaves with hardcore involvement, reporting several trips through the US (one to the More Than Music Fest) with photos of Assück, Franklin, Born Dead Icons, and others. Pick it up. 1ST (Claude/1 St-Michel/St-Anne De Sorel, PQ/J3P 2Y7/Canada)

POTATOE... #3 5.5x8.5 \$1 40pgs.

Robert has put together a pretty good collection of writings here. Stories about squatting buildings, swimming in Oklahoma, and a section beginning with the definitive statement "Arkansas is..." (as well as other writings) make up this issue. I enjoyed his writing style and was actually glad to read a 'zine without any music reviews or interviews, which makes this a nice change of pace. I especially enjoyed his story about taking a walk at 3:00 in the morning, and the idiot cop that decides to stop and harass him. The format is nice and friendly—so pick this one up if you can. PCD (Robert Bell/PO Box 1891/Fayetteville, AR 72702-1891)

POTTSIE NATION #11 8.5x11 \$2/trade 64pgs.

Potssie Nation has a lot of content. So much so, that I doubt I'll have time to mention everything in the space of this review. In this issue there are multiple letters to the editor, columns, personal anecdotes, comics, poetry, controversial opinions, and pages upon pages of reviews. There is even a gigantic quiz for you to send in. I enjoyed reading many of the columns and letters, but not everything inside it amazing. Worth checking out. LO (Suzy/15501 SW 42 Ave./Ellendale, MN 56062)

PAPER AND STAPLES #1 5.5x8.5 \$1/trade 24pgs.

Personal writings on global capitalism, stupid right wingers, depression, amusing stories of Catholic school days. Also has a printed article on Zapatistas and a paranoia corner section which talks about M15. And I must apologize, but I didn't have a clue what M15 or M16 is. Now I see that it is some sort of investigating security service. I wish I could say more about this 'zine, but I just can't. That isn't to say it is bad or anything. I've just said all that I can, and I can't say any more. Peace out. RG (Mark/269 Lodge Ln./Grays, Essex/RM17 5PR/England)

PAPER TIGERS 5.5x8.5 \$2 52pgs.

The bulk of this 'zine is long, detailed political commentary and biographies of visionaries and radicals. There reports on Kathy Acker and Lucy Parsons, as well as a piece lamenting American radicals simultaneous support of the Zapatistas and rejection of militia groups. They also printed a rebuttal to the piece they had received, with was also intelligent and comprehensive. I was pleased with the general content of this 'zine. LO (PO Box 2945/Tulsa, OK 74101-2945)

PRINTED MATTER ONLY #1 4.25x5.5 \$2 36pgs.

Quaint describes this 'zine to a tee. The maker of *Printed Matter Only* creates a 'zine that requires a lot of attention because of its cozy and beautifully done layout. A lot of text reading from life at its obscure moments and poetry defining what a personal 'zine should read like. Best when read in one sitting so to soak up all the printed matter layed out all at once. Nicely done and well hand crafted. SA (Cicada Press/Box 147/1472 Commercial Dr./Vancouver, BC/V5L 3X9/Canada)

PROFANE EXISTENCE #37 8.5x11 \$3 80pgs.

Well, I guess all good things come to an end. I would rather be writing a review for the last issue of *Maximum Rock'n'roll* than for *Profane Existence*, but such is the unjust nature of life. If you don't know anything about PE by now, then I guess it doesn't matter all that much. Once again this issue is pack full of politics and punk. I doubt if another 'zine can fill the void that will be left by the demise of PE, since PE was the backbone of the anarchist punk community in the USA. Don't miss out on the final issue. Maybe if we're lucky the PE crew will want to take up the offer to do some pages in HaC after they get a much needed break from the cycle of PE work. KM (PO Box 8722/Minneapolis, MN 55408)

PSST/FORKBOY #4 5.5x8.5 \$7 80pgs.

After reading Joris' *An Impulse Of Antipathy And Narcissism*, I wasn't exactly excited to pick up *Forkboy*. So I read *Psst* first. I liked *Psst* a lot. It wasn't anything magnanimous, but there was a lot of really honest writing inside. The editor allows numerous submissions from others, most of which are short personal reflections. There are also two interviews, one with Prohibition and other called "The Narcissus Interview". The latter was a long conversation between her and Joris. It was mostly just about life, but it showed how these two personalities come together and inspire one another. *Forkboy* had much commentary as well, but there are also more straightforward political pieces, like the one about the repression of Kurdish people in Turkey. Joris also interviews Section 8 and a bunch of punk parents. I have to say the punk parents interview was the best thing in his 'zine. LO (Joris/Beukelaenlaan 34/2275 Lille/Belgium)

A PUNK KID WALKS INTO A BAR #12

8.5x11 \$1 32pgs

A funny issue filled with random observations and stories. In my opinion, 'zines can hardly get any more interesting to read than this. Other than the after-the-fact intro, some specific things included within are words to live by, advertisements, reader mail, a couple columns, movie trivia, as well as a shitload of record reviews where he basically says how each record sucks over and over. I almost forgot about the highlights from the New Jersey Hardcore Fest, well, they are in here. Interesting 'zine and definitely worth the read. RG (PO Box 254/Rye, NY 10580)

RAISED TO APOTHEOSIS 5.5x8.5 \$1 28pgs.

Raised To Apotheosis combines a lot of popular contents: personal bits, interviews, and reviews. Though, unfortunately, none of the stood out too much. This issue features interviews with Year Of Our Lord and Joe Grillo of Garrison and Stricken For Catherine. Most of the personal pieces were stream of consciousness notes to the self, but there was also a travel diary. LO (Shawn Macomber/44 Whitehouse Rd./Rochester, NH 03867)

RAPID ACTION #1 8.5x5.5 \$7 24pgs.

Starts out with a column on how Hot Topic sucks, and I couldn't help wondering what the hell Hot Topic actually was. It continues with part of a story copied out of a newspaper about three people who died and the editor talks about her disgust for the pictures of the dead people. The pictures show their mugshots. The 'zine also contains an interview with The Tom, Dick, And Harries. Random cut-outs plague it as well, with lots of weird drawings. A few reviews, some excellent pick-up lines, horoscopes, a moronic column on overweight people, and some relationship advice, which I found quite helpful. Thanks Jen! (I think that is your name) Insert a big smile on my face. RG (Jen/6814 Kirkwood Dr/Mentor, OH 44060)

RATS IN THE HALLWAY #9 8.5x11 \$1 48pgs.

This 'zine's on issue #9 but still seems to be a young 'zine—but it does have potential. I don't like the fact that only 10% is dedicated to record reviews. Bands include Fury 66, Tilt, and some others. A lot of the pictures are too dark though. NS (PO Box 7151/Boulder, CO 80306)

RATS IN THE HALLWAY #10 8.5x11 \$1 48pgs.

Rats In The Hallway follows your basic music 'zine specifications. There are reviews, interviews, columns, articles, and highlight pieces on special topics. This issue features Agnostic Front, Billyclub, Tiltwheel, Sam The Butcher, publisher Lawrence Ferlinghetti, Earth Crisis, New Red Archives, Shogun, and a piece on freeing Mumia. Since this hails from Colorado, much space is given to promote the scene and let others know what is going on there. LO (see above address)

RESKATOR #1 8.5x11 30Kc 48pgs.

Hardcore music 'zine in Czech that features interviews with Ensign, Sunshine, Indecision, Balaclava, and Ken Olden from Better Than A Thousand and Battery. They also do pieces on Downcast and Warzone, reprinting all the lyrics and explanations in Czech. It would appear that the entire Downcast booklet from the LP is in there for people to check out. To finish it off, there are also a couple reviews and ads. LO (Thomás Cerveny/Samoholova 2051/Praha 4-Chodov/149 00/Czech Republic)

ROBOTS ONE HUMANS ZERO #4-#6

2.75x4.25/2x3 stamps 12/16/28pgs.

These small 'zines are the story of a young man's mind, told in obscure cartoons. Issue #4 is all about how life sucks and everyone can fuck off. This one was cool. Issue #5 laments his unrequited love and how his take on life doesn't really work for anyone else. It is melancholy and fantasy. Issue #6 shows how he can only talk in pictures by going through examples of strange word association. Of course, there is also a bit about the girl he likes. Poor Lee. I sort of wish he'd get over it and stop talking about her in terms of an angel, that bit bothers me. I wonder what this kid is like in real life. LO (PO Box 251565/Little Rock, AR 72225)

SALT FOR SLUGS Vol. 2 Issue #3 & #4

8.5x11 \$2.50 54pgs.

Punk based magazine of underground pop culture. The highlights from Issue #3, for me, were the interview with SiFu Raymond Fogg and the long piece about the current state of the Waco compound. Issue #4 has some interesting stuff in it, too. One was with talk radio man Alex Jones, another was a piece on wages in Austin, and yet another on the experience of one temp. Each issue has regular columns, ads, and reviews as well. LO (PO Box 50338/Austin, TX 78763)

SCENERY #9 4.5x5 \$1 28pgs.

Another installment of *Scenery*. Great drawings and ordinary, and yet interesting, observations about life on this planet. A few pages in Spanish. Very cool. Seriously. KM (Mike/PO Box 14223/Gainesville, FL 32604)

SCIZOID #6 4.25x11 trade 16pgs.

Awkward size dimensions on this 'zine. Photocopied cut 'n' paste style. There's an interview with noise junkies Amps For Christ which makes up most of this issue. Also reviews of books that seem very interesting which I should go and seek out. Plus a small written piece in relation to societies, robotic-like cycle of the working world. MA (195 Hanson Dr./Springfield, MA 01128)

**SCIZOID #16** 4.25x5.5 \$1 16pgs.

Compilation issue by those who inspire the editor. This is an arty little number with transparencies and texture on the outside and random bits of irony, humor and pained reflection, a millennial rant I don't understand, and a certain under current of intensity I sense but can't fully grasp, on the inside. Perhaps a theme/inside joke is a play? Send for yours today, the address was very obscured, but luckily I had another issue handy. CKC (see above address)

SCIZOID #17 4.25x5.5 \$7 32pgs.

Half sense and half nonsense. The 'zine begins with a handful of indepth, well done book and fanzine reviews. For this reason, this issue is subtitled "Page Turner". After that, there are a few short written pieces before the composition moves into abstract scrap art and random words. Hard to grasp. LO (see above address)

SCIZOID #20/BRUTE #16 8.5x11 \$1 22pgs.

Split 'zine that is heavy on collage and symbols. It presented quite a challenge to find the flow, though the short quips can jump start your critical skills, if you let them. High point for me was the stucco facts. Neat. CKC (see above address)

media.

SCRAWL SHOP #5 8.5x11 \$7 48pgs.

My big complaint here is the part I actually wanted to read, the intro and short column-style pieces specifically by the editor, were illegible while the less interesting interviews were in a big, clear font. There are interviews with Vision Of Disorder, Drogued, Seize Control, and Fleshmantle, as well as music, movie, website and fanzine reviews. LO (Rallye Ibanez/11-K Cabotane St./SFDM, QC H1N 1L5/Philippines)

SCREAM #9 8.25x8.25 \$3 40pgs.

I can't read a word of French, so I have no freakin' idea what is in this 'zine. Well, I do know that there are Man Is The Bastard and Jean Seberg interviews in here, since their names are in English. But I still enjoyed this 'zine because it looks very good. The design is top notch, and even though the photo quality suffers a lot from low resolution the images are good. I spent at least an hour just looking at the pages and admiring the design. Well done. KM (Luc Ardilouze/8 Rue Tourasse/64500 St. Jean De Luz/France)

SEASONS END #2 4.25x5.5 free 24pgs.

I tucked this in my pocket as I headed for the laundry. The whole thing took about 7 minutes to read, the length of the first wash cycle. As the clothes spun, I read personal, prevalent thoughts of young life. Memories are easy to lose, so it is good this person has a way to remember them. Although they didn't evoke much in this reader, the testimony to youth cannot be ignored. LO (Jeff Austin Jr./1306 Costine Dr./Lakeland, FL 33809)

SILENT ALL THESE YEARS Vol. 2 5.5x8.5 free 28pgs.

It's a self-proclaimed autobiographical 'zine. Hopefully that gives an idea of the content without me having to go in to great detail. The layout is done on a typewriter with other stuff pasted around. I thought it looked interesting. Included are recommended books, a top 100, and lots of writing. Ignoring the idea that I may bore many readers, I am going to answer the reader survey. Don't worry, you probably won't have any idea what I am talking about. Book recommendations. Staples and typos. No. Hardcore. The Beatles. Yes. Yes, probably. Just this one. The ones I get to review. The New Yorker. PC Gamer. Books. Tolkien. The Goonies. X-Files. Shows. Um. SB. To review. Depends. No. Okay, that is it, this 'zine may not be music oriented, but it is still interesting. RG (Chris Lett/81 Patterson Village Dr. Apt #5/Dayton, OH 45419)

SINK LIKE LEAD #1 5.5x8.5 \$1 28pgs.

Tim, of *Bedterdays* 'zine, has it out with city life in this new project, *Sink Like Lead*. The main theme details his growing distaste for San Francisco's shortcomings that wore him down, like being mugged and the exorbitant rent. A few other pieces diverge from that and talk about relationships with people all over. Some of it deals with going home again and finding people throwing their lives away with addictions. Some of it deals with the inspiration he feels for punk right where he is. All of the writing is very honest, and that makes it pleasing to read. LO (Tim Sheehan/PO Box 42068/San Francisco, CA 94142)

SIX DEGREES OF SEPARATION #1 5.5x8.5 \$1 24pgs.

Six degrees of what? Oh, I thought at first it might be the second six degrees of Kevin Bacon book, which I love so much, but then I realized it's just another 'zine. Just kidding, it's not just another 'zine, it's an original collection of an assortment of works by various individuals. It contains some personal writings, poetry, pictures of friends and then snowboarding and stuff, and pictures of bands. So, why should you buy this? I don't know I'm not a fucking advertiser. But I have to say that I found it interesting and even stimulating. I might have lost the little scrap of paper which is usually stuck in every 'zine, so I'm not sure about the price. Sorry. RG (see other review)

SKINNY 'ZINE #12 5.5x8.5 \$1/trade 24pgs.

This issue of *Skinnny* 'zine is composed of personal stories and thoughts about and by the editor, Melissa. Each rant is separated by a specific heading, alluding to what the piece will hold. I think it is great that people have a medium, such as 'zine, to communicate with their community. While Melissa's pieces don't always effect the reader the way she is affected, it is cool to read. Also included is the catalog from her 'zine distro. LO (PO Box 890701/Oklahoma City, OK 73189-0701)

SKYSCRAPER #3 8.5x11 \$3 38pgs.

This issue of *Skyscraper* includes interviews with Elliot, Civ, Eyelid, and Kent McClard. Interviews, in my opinion, are about the last thing that I would consider enjoyable to read, but these were better than most. The record and 'zine reviews were definitely above average, with a lot of time and effort being put out to write a lot about each band, so that is a plus. A few short articles about rats and "Virus X" help keep things interesting. A good effort. ARB (Peter Bottomley/PO Box 4432/Boulder, CO 80306)

SLAVE #2 8.5x11 \$2 96pgs.

This very literate 'zine reminds me a bit of *Crimethinc* 'zine. Tons and tons of stuff to read, with a good portion of it being overtly political. The design is solid and lends itself to reading, which is a very major plus. Inside you will discover reviews (books and records), interviews (Boy Sets Fire and Reversal Of Man), and a ton of articles. The articles were also well done, and much better than a lot of the crap that makes it into the pages of a good number of 'zines. I hope *Slave* continues, but it is obvious that a ton of work went into this so I wouldn't hold your breath waiting for the new issue. Cool. KM (PO Box 10093/Greensboro, NC 27404)

SO FUKIN' WHAT? #4 8.5x11 \$1.25 34pgs.

Well, well, well. 110% punk rock attitude from back east. Charged hair and spiky leather jackets are probably not really required to read this 'zine, but it would probably help to be down with the in crowd. Lots of D.R.I. attitude packed into a big Crassholian type 'zine. What else can I say but it's pretty damn punk in that back east, burnin' squad cars and beatin' up cops type way. Oh yeah, Oi! CF (253 Alexander St. Apt. #322/Rochester, NY 14607)

SKAMP #3 5.5x8.5 \$1 40pgs.

Photocopied. These kids mean well, but unfortunately their thoughts are not articulated well at all. Mostly personal stories, with a few reviews and a few pictures of skateboarding. Oh, don't forget the explanation of why one should try/participate in the joyful experience of moshing. GD (Box 3398/Courtenay, BC V9N 5N5/Canada)

Tune in.

SKRATCH #33 8.5x11 free 84pgs.
This is the "Anti-Issue" so this is going to

SKRATCH #34 8.5x11 \$2 80pgs.

Southern California punk magazine that focuses on more well known acts. This issue features Channel 6, Longfellow, Voo Doo Glow Skulls, Bouncing Souls, and more. There are plenty of ads and show/record reviews as well. A good resource for someone in L.A. or Orange county who is into this stuff. Supposedly free in California. LO (see above address)

SIX DEGREES OF SEPARATION #2 7x8.5 \$2 28pgs.

The sophomore issue of *Six Degrees Of Separation* consists mostly of interviews. Brendan and Co. talk with Six Going On Seven, Atom, and Stephen Pederson of Cursive. Most other content is personal stuff, thoughts, feelings and a tribute the editor's car. One piece I found cool was the one where Pete Zetlan talks about doing a benefit fest for breast cancer research in memory of his mother. There are also a few record reviews and lists of labels. LO (Brendan/Box 7112/71 Wilder St./Lowell, MA 01854-3097)

SOUND VIEWS #52 8.5x11 \$2 48pgs.

Just when I thought *Sound Views* had totally turned away from the more punk rock or hardcore content they put *Indecision* on the cover of the new issue. Unfortunately, they cover so much underground music that *Indecision* was about the only band I had heard of. They also interview Firewater, Eric Mungo, and Richard Barone. While the interviews were good, they weren't absorbing enough to satisfy my novice readership. Overall, their traditional music magazine content was nothing for me to get too excited about. However, I have to commend them on staying so underground and strong for so many issues. LO (PO Box 23523/Brooklyn, NY 11202-3523)

SPANK FANZINE #25 8.5x11 \$3 56pgs.

Nothing that really stands out here. There are lots and lots of music and 'zine reviews, and also interviews with Mercy Rule, At the Drive-In, Zen Guerrilla, Apocalypse Hoboken, The Exploder, Bangs, Four Letter Word, and All Natural Lemon and Lime Flavors. Good Lord, that's a lot of interviews. So, pretty much interviews and reviews, reviews and interviews. Not that they're bad; they're quite good actually, but there's just a fuck of a lot of them. PCD (Michelle & Doug/1004 Melrose Ave./Des Moines, IA 50315-3000)

SQUARE SUCKERS #9/TO SMEAR YOUR FACE IN AMERICAN DIRT/GULLIBLE #15/NOTHING IS COOL #4 5.5x8.5 \$2 32pgs.

I think this issue of *Square Suckers* is my favorite thing I've read this issue. The diary-like reflections convey not only what she is thinking to the reader, but also a deeper meaning. It really is great reading. The short stuff from TSYFIAD followed the same style, but the personal entries were much shorter. I enjoyed reading this as well. *Gullible* is also a notebook type 'zine, but the pieces in this issue don't go much beyond that basic description. The stories are familiar, but after reading the *Square Suckers* part they seem really inconsequential. I guess that's the brakes with split 'zines. The final piece, *Nothing Is Cool*, is just a short article about the editor facing up to his manic depression. He does a good job of describing a lot of the everyday obstacles. LO (Kim/PO Box 56614/Richmond, VA 23220)

STOP BREATHING #6 8.5x11 \$2.95 92pgs.

I've been sitting on this issue for over a month now, reading it bit-by-bit in the car, in hospital waiting rooms, in boring-ass lectures and even at home in my spare time. It's chock-full of really well-written and painstakingly thought-out content... which, in itself is sort of weird, since it champions indie-rock: a genre that is often criticized as being apathetic and, I don't know, snotty? In any case, Trevor is determined to create 'zines that are not only nice to look at, but that have plenty of reread value. Reviews that are actually "musical retrospectives" and take up a good half a page and intelligent interviews with folks like Superchunk, Joan of Arc, Pavement, Shipping News and Son Volt that are more than "who plays what?" and "which are your favorite songs to play?" He asks questions that get interesting reactions and actually cause the reader to want to know what they'll answer. I was a little nervous about even attempting a review of it, simply because I don't have the ability (or the vocabulary) to do it justice... or to live up to any of the "reviews" in HIS 'zine. This is a terrific 'zine for anyone who is interested in real indie-rock. It's often mockingly referred to as "college rock" by many folks on the HaC staff... and I guess for good reason. I learned more stuff in this 'zine than in any of those aforementioned college classes. DO (PO Box 1156/Simi Valley, CA 93062)

SUB-PULSE #5 8.5x11 free 32pgs.

This 'zine had some cool bands like Los Crudos, Hot Water Music, Braid, and others. It had some cool pictures, but with lots of ads and only like 2 pages of record reviews and 'zine reviews it kind of fell short. NS (Daniel Kingerly/1215 E Hyde Park Blvd. Apt. #109/Chicago, IL 60615)

SYNTHESIS #4 5.5x8.5 \$3 36pgs.

I was impressed with how well written this 'zine was. The pieces are articulate and generally interesting—even when I didn't necessarily agree I thought the editor expressed herself well. This issue features really cool fiction and engaging articles on revolution, human rights, Hollywood movies, children's and human rights, punks and computers, and fresh feminist rants. Check this out. LO (Laura/332 New Cross Rd./London/SE14 6AG/UK)

THIRTEEN #1 5.5x8.5 \$1.50 28pgs.

This short 'zine is made up entirely of thirteen images and their short explanations. The art is all thick pen, comic style stuff. If you are really into drawing, you should check it out. I liked it. LO (Burn/807 SE 35th Apt. B/Portland, OR 97214)

TRUTH WILL OUT FANZINE #5 8.5x11 \$2 40pgs.

Interviews with Pete Chilton, Luke Garro, Corey Jones, Mikey Boutillette, and a Test Yard Fight tour diary. Ads and a couple of columns, but altogether there wasn't much here, particularly for \$2. GD (A.J./34 John St./Worcester, MA 01609)

TIN CAN #3/STRANDED #3 7x8.5 \$1 48pgs.

This is a split 'zine from Columbia, SC that centers around personal writings and a lot of visuals, mostly photos, comics, and illustrations. *Tin Can* features longer personal observations and a quest for "love" that is echoed in *Stranded*. There's a "Who's Punk" quiz that ends in a good twist and some cool photos of (mostly) halfpipe skating. *Stranded* positions itself around a well-drawn story of a young woman's transition into the post-high school world. New people, new situations, attempts to establish a continuity between colliding and diverging past and present worlds, self-confidence, and testing convictions are themes that weave this interesting tale. I'm sure any reader will find a resonant period in their life. The accompanying material in *Stranded* includes several smaller illustrated pieces, personal reflections, poetry, and band photos. The creative element expressed in this 'zine is nice, and it benefits from a somewhat collective authorship. 1ST (Mark/2855 Dubard St./Columbia, SC 29204)

UNDERDOG #25 8.5x11 \$2 48pgs.

Another cool issue covering the underground scene of Chicago. This latest issue features a couple real interesting articles as well as all the Chicago news and information. Their regular columnists are always a little wacky, but generally entertaining. Some of the pieces I enjoyed covered overpopulation, resistance, killer Richard Speck, and lots of other wacky shit. I can't really explain everything about this 'zine in one review because it is so diverse. Check it out. LO (1513 N Western Ave./Chicago, IL 60622-1747)

UNDER OATH #3 5.5x8.5 \$1 20pgs.

Politically charged fanzine that takes on freedom, hatred, anarchism, and other forms of activism. The pieces are short, but do a good job of displaying the editor's fire. They are also affiliated with a P.E.A.C.E. Press, so get in touch to get your hands on other informational literature. LO (1 Patterson Cres./Carleton Place, ON/K7C 4H2/Canada)

URBAN GUERRILLA 'ZINE #5 5.5x8.5 \$1.25 44pgs.

This comes straight from Berkeley, and mixes politics and fun together for an interesting 'zine. It tells about the newest movement the area, which is the movement against our problematic prison system. I have to disagree with the statement, "Free all political prisoners," though, because that is such a blind cry of rebellion. Just because someone is in prison for political reasons does not mean they deserve to be free from punishment. Lately, I saw something in the newspaper for people rallying to free some political prisoners from another country who were arrested for conspiracy to bomb buildings. Enough said. This 'zine also has an interview with Penny Rimbaud from Crass. Each of his answers are about 500 words. Excellent.

Plus record and 'zine reviews, and 8 pages of excerpts from the ever-so-interesting Starr report. Talk about softcore porn, baby! And a bunch of other things. Meshel, your section sucked. RG (1442A Walnut St. #419/Berkeley, CA 94709)

UPHEAVAL #3 5.5x8.5 \$1 52pgs.

This 'zine comes out of Boston, but its content consists mostly of out-of-country reports and interviews. There are interviews with Desastre from Brazil, Cojoba from Puerto Rico, Conclude from Japan, and Lie Detector from the Philippines. There are scene reports from Bolivia, Bulgaria, Boston, Curitiba, Sampaloc, Manila, and the Philippines. Columns include the usual don't-support-corporate things, an anonymous piece about why the writer hates straight people (meaning not gay), and many others. It ends with a load of record and 'zine reviews. There is a lot of stuff here, but for some reason I wasn't terribly interested. Maybe it's because I have been spending a good portion of a very long time constantly reading 'zines to review. Very multicultural. Oh yeah, Craig, you forgot to put your zip code for your address on your split record with Negative Control—but you probably already know that. RG (PO Box 471/Allston, MA 02134)

WAR CRIME #10 8.5x11 \$2 64pgs.

If you're even remotely interested in animal rights, anti-racism, corporate evils, and direct action, then this 'zine should be of interest. I have found that many political 'zines tend to cross the line between being an informative newspaper and a propaganda rag. I found *War Crime*, on the other hand, to be a good resource 'zine for political happenings all over the nation and, above all, a very good guide for those who believe in direct action. Included are articles on the hunger strike of animal liberationist Barry Horne, a how-to guide on how to sink whaling ships, and a piece on cutting headwaters naturally. Also included are music and 'zine reviews. Mike offers this 'zine free to prisoners. PCD (Mike Kramer/PO Box 2741/Tucson, AZ 85702)

WAVES COME CRASHING #1 8.5x11 \$1 30pgs.

This issue has interviews with H20, Trial, A.F.I., Grade, and Model American, as well as some columns and reviews. I found this pretty empty. Maybe it's just me, but when reading the newest hardcore music 'zine, I sometimes feel like I've mistakenly picked up *Seventeen* magazine. Oh well... I can now brag that I know when Davey from A.F.I.'s first kiss was (he was 15), and I can ponder over the conflict most girls are facing today when deciding whether to be a "Mary Anne or Ginger." The Trial interview was the highlight, as well as the top ten list of "people who would be cooler if they were straight edge." (Skeleto is my favorite.) PCD (Todd Phillips/1972 Betien Dr./Dublin, CA 94568)

WE DARE BE FREE news \$1 48pgs.

This is basically *Profane Existence* without the musical coverage. *We Dare Be Free* is straight anarchist politics with lots of info about what is going on with anarchist groups all over the world. Some of the liberation through armed struggle rhetoric is a bit hard to swallow, especially coming from Cambridge, MA. That aside, I tend to agree with most of the political sentiment in *We Dare Be Free*, and I would recommend this to those interested in anarchist thought and grass roots organizations. KM (PO Box 390085/Cambridge, MA 02139)

WHAT IS TO BE DONE #1 8.5x11 33¢ 4pgs.

Hmm... four commentaries on what is considered the "curse of Yakub." The curse, as far as I understand it, is the plight and challenge of the young white man. Each writer takes a different approach in defining and then discussing their response to this. The first piece has the basic story line of "the curse" but I found it confusing. It was interesting to read the thoughts of these four guys, but I'd like to talk to them in person in order to get past it. The back page has lyrics, which led me to think this whole Yakub thing was a band. But all that is unclear. Weird. LO (9 Carriage Way/Montclair, NJ 07042)

WHAT ONE TAKES 4.25x5.5 \$4 16pgs.

This short book, as the editors refer to it, consists of photography and poems. The pictures are all real photos, set into the pages with the antique style of photo mounts. This gives the accompanying poems a signifying point for anyone who doesn't generally get into words on their own. I think the two mediums compliment each other well. For anyone into the real arty shit. LO (May West Press c/o Emily Dunlap/Calder Square/PO Box 10374/State College, PA 16805-0374)

WHAT WE WANT: AN ANARCHA-FEMINIST PERSPECTIVE ON FEMINISM 5.5x8.5 \$1/trade 16pgs.

The title of this one pretty much says it all... but be warned that this 'zine is a reprint of an academic paper, and therefore has a somewhat textbook/school-like feel to it. While I don't feel like that detracts from the writing, I can see how it might be a nuisance to some. A good portion of the information comes from Jennifer's stay on the small island of Malta. The women there who were interviewed offered up an interesting perspective. I'd say if you're particularly interested in anarcha-feminism (including an introduction to it and definition) this is a good resource. The interview material is definitely what interested me the most, and more of it would have increased my appreciation of this effort. LK (PO Box 528037/Memphis, TN 38152)

WHOUR #4 5.5x8.5 \$2 16pgs.

Opinionated, honest and critical Dutch/Belgian 'zine that packs a punch. I can imagine having a very fast paced and animated conversation with this fellow. I finished the 'zine almost out of breath. Very pro-DIY, the interconnection of punk rock and politics is obvious here. Highly recommended. CKC (Smissestr. 6/9800 Deinse/Belgium)

WIDESPREAD #1 8.5x11 48pgs.

I wish I could read this. I really do because it looks like it could be good. From what my poor Spanish can decipher, there are interviews with Ten Yard Fight, Rudy Medea, The Van Pelt, and Tear Me Down. There are some ads and decent pictures. GD (Giangiaco De Stefano/Via M. Curie 23/A/40026 Imola (BO)/Italy)

WINDCHILL #6 5.5x8.5 \$1 56pgs.

Pretty descent interviews with One King Down, Ian MacKaye, and Immigrant Sun records. There are also reviews, ads, and a few commentaries. All in all, pretty good. GD (Nick/88 Woodlawn Rd./Dartmouth, NS/B2W 2S5/Canada)

WROTH! #9 5.5x8.5 \$1 28pgs.

This is a juvenile 'zine of ego-inflation centered on professional wrestling, fiction, misogynistic fantasy, and glam rock. The fake Mötley Crüe tour diary was worth a chuckle, but overall, this is a waste of time and paper. 1ST (Matt Roth/2929 Macbeth Dr./Rocky River, OH 44116-2923)

YARD WIDE YARNS #6 8.5x5.5 \$1 42pgs.

This is a 'zine full of personal stories and observations from Gainesville, FL. Jessica, the editor, writes about her struggle to become a cheerleader during middle school, how she finally made it to the top of the cheerleading heap in high school while remaining punk and how those experiences effected her confidence in herself. She also writes about decisions made based on work and her punk related concerns which have spurred her to move to new cities for a job or quit a job to go on tour. Jessica spends some time writing about her day as a poll worker during a local election and some thoughts on being the only woman on the Warp tour. There is a long interview with The Donnas and some short retrospective contributions by a few of Jessica's friends. SJS (PO Box 12839/Gainesville, FL 32604)

Art from 3rteen

XABSTENTIONX #2 5.5x8.5 \$1 40pgs.

Short 'zine. All of the personal pieces are either about straight edge or the impetus for this 'zine, breaking up with his girlfriend. Harvest and Despair interviews, too. LO (Jeromy/344 S Dunn #2/Bloomington, IN 47401)

YOU & ME #2 5.5x8.5 \$2 52pgs.

This is a really nice 'zine from Croatia in fact this is the best 'zine I have seen from that part of the world. In many ways this issue reminds me a lot of the "sex" issue that HaC did a few months ago, though *You & Me* is concentrating more on love, pornography, and sexuality. They ask a ton of different people (me included) a set of questions. Most of the responses are fairly interesting, and all in all this subject always makes for good reading. There is one other article worth mentioning here as well. *You & Me* has an interview with one of the world's biggest pain in the asses, Brob. Love him or hate him, you have to admire his ability to stick to his guns. He has been a thorn in my ass at times, and anyone that knows him knows what I mean. Anyway, I always find his words of interest. KM (Teo Petricevic/Poljski 29/40315 M. Sredice/Croatia)



Y2K

Some thoughts on the apparently imminent demise of western civilization by Al Burian

While gyrating suggestively on the dance floor of "the bootie barn" in Tampa, Florida—Woah!! Perhaps I should back up a bit. That may be a little too jarring an opening sentence, especially in lieu of the fact that this may well find itself inserted between a vegan recipes column and an investigation of DIY hedge ornamentation, causing brains of readers to make a noise not unlike changing gears in a manual transmission car without using the clutch—OK, look: one has to understand, culture is all relative, and, while on a trip to, say, Washington DC, I might be somewhat titillated to be in the presence of some bouffant-sporting scenesters at a punk rock show, that doesn't take away from my desire to also visit the Smithsonian. When I go to Rome, Italy I may want to check out a punk squat but I'll also want to see the coliseum. Yes, I realize that my analogy fails in that it equates the great artifacts of Western Culture with that peculiar Floridian dance move wherein the rump vibrates as if hooked to high-voltage jumper cables, to which I can only respond: well, Western Culture, in the immortal words of Janet Jackson, "what have you done for me lately?"

So anyway: I'm gyrating suggestively on the dance floor of "the bootie barn" in Tampa, Florida, involved in the activity only on account of my pure social-scientific interest in observing indigenous culture, you understand—to my immediate left Jon Asher of the Red Scare rock band is himself involved in quite a compelling approximation of high-voltage buttock wiring, causing nervous but not totally unapproving glances to be cast in the general vicinity of the spacious area we've cleared for ourselves in the center of the dance floor with the aid of flailing, uncoordinated limbs. Jon turns to me suddenly, in mid-dance move, his face serious and somber. "Man," he mutters, "that Y2K is some fucked up shit."

Notice how these thoughts always come to you at precisely the most incongruous times? Did the ancient Romans, sitting in the stone bleachers of the Coliseum, being fed grapes by eunuch slaves as they drunkenly cheered a lion disemboweling some unfortunate gladiator, ever pause in mid-revelry to note that their empire was in decline? We create diversions to mask the unravelling of the social fabric; look at 1930s pre-fascist Germany, with its culture of extravagant denial, or the disco dancing which pre-figured Reagan in 1970s America. The difference between the fall of the Roman empire and the fall of the American empire, though, is that while drunkenly revelling at the Coliseum, your average Roman may have had some vague notion of barbarians amassing on the horizon, ready to one day sweep in and loot and pillage, but there was no set date for this ransacking. We, on the other hand, have constructed an elaborate doomsday clock for ourselves, and set the alarm to go off at midnight, year 2000.

The reason Asher is freaked out about the impending collapse of industrial society is not on account of his being a computer programmer or technician. He is freaked out about Y2K because he has been hanging out with me for a week. I'm somewhat of a (and yes, the irony of invoking analog technology for my metaphor does not escape me here) "broken record" when it comes to the topic. I've noticed a disturbing correlation between apocalyptic survivalism related to the computers shutting down and actual hands-on exposure to the problem—disturbing because, as far as I can tell, unlike most conspiracy theories and end-of-the-world scenarios, it seems like the main people who are presenting a case for the Road Warrior coming true are the, um, experts in charge of solving the problem. I personally know nothing about computers, but I like to be on the side of experts, especially panic-stricken doomsday experts with large stores of canned goods, and so have been doing my best to incite millennial panic and terror in the population, using several pieces of anecdotal evidence which I myself have

gathered to support the worst case scenario:

1) I went to the bank the other day to get a checking account. The computer which my customer service representative, a nice lady by the name of Mary, was using to enter all my personal info, seemed to be particularly sluggish, and Mary apologized, explaining

that the system was slow because that day happened to be the one on which they were installing the 2000-compatible software for their branch.

"Well, at least my money will be safe in the twenty-first century," I ventured optimistically.

"Yeah, right," she muttered ominously, "if they ever actually get the system to work."

"Oh, are you having problems?" I asked. "Are you worried about it? Are you worried that everyone's going to panic and take their money out of the bank in December 1999?"

"Look," she said, lowering her voice, speaking confidentially. "I work at this bank, and I think I have a pretty good sense of what goes on around here... and, between you and me, I'll be taking all of my money out of this bank in December of 1999."

"Hmmm," I said. Ominous. Fortunately, I have a meticulously planned-out budget for the year which has me slated to be totally destitute and pawning all my possessions by mid-August, so I am not immediately concerned. However, the broader social ramifications seem grim.

2) My housemate met a computer programmer named Terri Baxter who has been working on the problem of Y2K since the mid 1980s. Baxter echoes Mary the bank employees' grim prognosis, but with a considerable bit more specific knowledge, and an accompanying much greater conviction of worldwide calamity. "I've worked for about ten power companies in the US, and between what I've seen and what I've read, I'd say about 28% of them are 2000 compliant," says Baxter. The result? Baxter predicts: "The lights going out and Anarchy? I'd say there is a good chance of it... the only thing to be debated is how hard we're going to be hit. I'm one of the people that's been fixing the problem, and I'm saying 'pretty damn hard.'"

3) The Pentagon, in a move I can sort of sympathize with because I often fake having seen movies and then end up giving myself away by not even having the slightest notion of what the general plot is, apparently tried to pass off having 2000-proofed their computer system but, it more recently has come out (I read about it in *The New York Times*), have not only not done so but apparently figured they could just kind of get away with saying they did. I sometimes pretend I vacuumed at my job when in fact I haven't, but then again that's precisely why I'm the sort of person who should have nothing to do with the maintenance and safeguarding of a gigantic nuclear arsenal.

That's my evidence, in a nutshell. As to why I'm so intent on spreading the word of the coming apocalypse: there seem to be two potential ends to the twentieth century. In a matter of months, either the computers will all break down, leading to dance clubs being taken over by right-wing militias who convert the dance floors into military tribunals and stage kangaroo trials, executing all the weirdos and dorks with no survivalist skills to offer in the realm of hunting and gathering (John Asher and I, with our barely passable bootie-dances, rudimentary guitar-playing abilities, and generous archives of largely pointless anecdotes, do not make the grade); alternatively, the computers will not break down, in which case all this dance-while-ye-may-for-tomorrow-we-shall-die premised behavior is going to seem even more arbitrary and pointless than ever, and, Western Civilization grinding and droning on in the fashion it seems to grinding and droning lately, we'll all end up settling into our lives as Prozac-popping office flunkies cruising internet chat rooms for the rest of eternity, or at least until the year 20,000. As long as a somewhat plausible case exists for option A, though, it seems hard to argue for, well, anything really. The prospect of wide-scale technological and social breakdown seems to render all political discourse, long-term life planning, employment prospects, schooling,

and most other non-foraging-related topics null and void.

Seriously, people. There is a good chance that the Apocalypse is coming. Please, stop recording your self-indulgent rock bands and releasing records. Stop writing 'zines and reviewing records. For the love of God, stop participating in things like emo chat rooms.

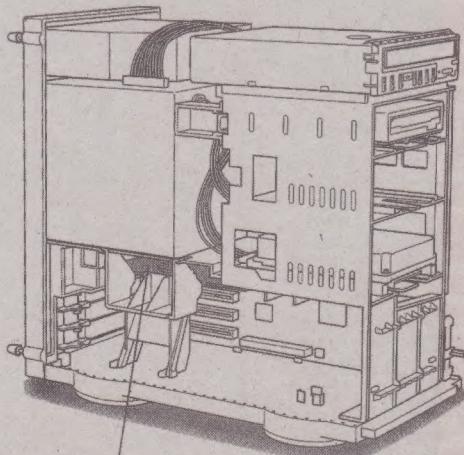
Why not instead learn some useful survival skills? I've spent a good deal of time and energy building up a network of friends and compatriots in this little hardcore-punk subculture of ours over the last years, and I'm going to be pretty damn disappointed if the Road Warrior scenario goes down and none of you know how to build a camp-fire or which mushrooms are poisonous. In the Road Warrior, the people with the mohawks and unorthodox piercings are the most bad-ass of them all in the post-civilized wasteland; but I fear that reality will disappoint. That Jawbreaker bootleg which makes everyone hang out with you (yeah, I know— you think it's your scintillating personality) will no longer be impressive in a matter of months—point me to the guy with the canned goods and firearms.

Of course, I could be looking pretty foolish telling you all to start preparing for the end when, in a matter of months, option B occurs and everything goes anti-climactically on as usual. However, I myself do not like or endorse the way things are going now, much as the alternatives also discomfort me. I don't want to take Prozac, I don't want an office job, and the first long-term study of internet usage (recently released) reveals the rather unsurprising evidence that it is socially retarding and causes not only a breakdown in actual social support and friendship networks, but leads to increased feeling of alienation and disconnectedness from others in the user. So I don't think learning skills which allow us to live in ways where we take care of each other, fix each others' stuff, feed one another, etc. (i.e. all the things we're going to have to figure out how to do if/when the technology conks out) is a particularly bad call in either case. If the system does survive intact into the twenty-first century all the things which are currently void and null—political discourse, long-term planning, etc.—will be back in effect, and, having heaved our heavy sighs of relief that civilization is intact, we'll have to get back on task figuring out how to subvert and destroy it. In the meantime, though, as we await the crucial moment when the lights go out or don't, I recommend learning a few survival skills and otherwise making a concerted effort to have as good a time as you can before the foraging begins. Check out a museum, go to a dance club. Whatever you want your last moments to be.

If you want more information on this whole Y2K thing, I can send you Dave Laney's "fact sheet and guide for the millennium" pamphlet, which spells it all out for us non-computer people.

write: al burian/307 Blueridge Rd./Carborro, NC 27510

Exhibit A: the doomsday device



Processor card (behind retainer)

YAPHET KOTTO - The Killer Was... LP
SUBMISSION HOLD - Waiting For... LP
SUBMISSION HOLD - Waiting For... CD

BORN & RAZED - Holy Wars 12"
AMBER INN - All Roads Lead Home LP

AMBER INN - Serenity In Hand 7"

TORCHES TO ROME - 12"
VICH - La Vie Devant Soi 10"

PORTRAITS OF PAST - 01010101 LP
PORTRAITS OF PAST/BLEED - split 7"

BLEED - True Colors Running 7"
ECONOCHRIST - double CD discography

ECONOCHRIST - Skewed 7"
ECONOCHRIST - Another Victim 7"

ECONOCHRIST - Trained To Serve LP
END OF THE LINE - 12"

ICONOCLAST - CD
LOS CRUDOS/SPITBOY - split LP

SPITBOY - Rasana 7"
DOWNCAST - LP

DOWNCAST - 7"
STRUGGLE - 12"

STRUGGLE - 7"
STILL LIFE - From Angry Heads... double LP

SEEIN' RED - Marinus 7"
MONSTER X - Attrition 7"

...some other stuff we distribute...

ASSUCK - Blindsight 7"
A//POLITICAL - Punk Is A Ghetto 7"

BROTHER INFERIOR - Six More Reasons 7"
CAVE IN - Until Your Heart Stops double LP

DEATHREAT - Reason To Live... 7"
DEATHREAT/TALK IS POISON - split 7"

DISKONTO - Silenced By Oppression 7"
DEMON SYSTEM 13 - Aborted Teen... 7"

ENEWETAK - Onward To Valhalla CD
EXHALE - Ends In A LP

GORDON SOLIE MOTHERFUCKERS - 7"
HIS HERO IS GONE - Fool's Gold 7"

IRE - I Discern An Overtone Of Tragedy... CD
INDIAN SUMMER - live CD

JOHNNY ANGEL - Fucked Up... CD
LEFT FOR DEAD - Splitting Heads CD

LOCUST - 12"
LÄRM - Discography CD

LOS CRUDOS - discography LP
NEMA - Bring Our Curses... CD

NEMA - Bring Our Curses... LP
NOORTHGRUSH/WELLINGTON - split 7"

ORCHID - 7"
RESIST & EXIST - Date To Struggle... 7"

REVERSAL OF MAN - 10"

...some other stuff we distribute...

SEPARATION - 10"
STILL LIFE - Madness And The Gackle CD

SILLY LIFE - Slow Children At Play... CD
SHOREBREAK/HOPEFUL - split CD

SPORTSWEAR - It Runs Deep 7"
SEEIN' RED/REDMK ULTRA - split LP

SEEIN' RED/REDCATWEAZEL - split 10"
SUICIDE NATION - LP

STACK - Selbstfindungsgruppe 6"
TOTALITÄR - Sin Egen Motstandare LP

UNHOLY GRAVE/TASTE OF FEAR - split 7"
UNRUH - Misery Strengthened Faith LP

YOUR ADVERSARY - 7"
YOUTH AGAINST - Vansinnetts Historia 7"

REPROACH - Negative Approach covers 7"
with Drop Dead, Spazz, Chokehold, Rupture,

Man Is The Bastard, Voorhees, Uranus, etc...

IN THESE BLACK DAYS - double 7" comp with

Cavity, Cable, Jesuit, and Overcast

LIBERAME - comp 7" with Los Crudos, Swipe,

Youth Against, Huasipungo, Godstompers, etc...

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